WALKER's

HIBERNIAN MAGAZINE:

OR,

Compendium of Entertaining Knowledge,

For NOVEMBER, 1795.

THE PONEY RACES,

At the Theatre Royal, CROW-STREET.

(*Embelliſhed with an elegant Repreſentation.*)

"*HAVE you ſeen it?*—I ſaw it! —Will you ſee it?—I muſt ſee it!—And ſo it was ſettled, that *Maria*, the faireſt of her ſex, but not half ſo fair in her face, as in her mind; and her two ſiſters and I ſhould go and ſee the Rage,—but not the comedy of that name. No, the rage I mean, the Poney Race at Daly's.

Seated in the pit, we beheld the aſtoniſhing ſpectacle. There were three ponies of the fineſt make, and three youths of active and perfect forms—*light as feather'd Mercuries*—they vaulted into the ſaddle, and crack went the whip;—off flew the horſes. *Maria's* colour went and came in beautiful ſuffuſion, while they flew like lightning over the courſe. Sweet ſenſibility! It endeared the charming maid to me, a thouſand times more than ever; ſhe feared that ſome accident might endanger the riders. I could perceive the palpitation of her boſom, her fine eyes beſpoke the agitation of her ſoul, and while I felt the ſoft preſſure of her hand, which ſhe involuntarily laid on mine,—Yes, *Maria*:—indeed my pulſe fluttered, my eyes ſpoke, and my agitation was indeed equal to hers.

"*It is ſuperior to Aſtley's!*" ſaid *Maria*, turning to me quickly. It is, ſaid I, and Daly is deſerving of the higheſt praiſe and encouragement, and may he meet with it, ſaid *Maria*. I heartily wiſh him ſucceſs. Lucky manager, thought I, while I gazed in ſilent extacy upon her roſy lips;—to have *Maria*, my angel Maria's beſt wiſhes, muſt indeed render thee fortunate; and you have my beſt wiſh, *Maria*, for my wiſhes are in uniſon with thine, as I hope our lives will be united.—"*And already*, quoth I, ſpeaking aloud, *our wiſhes are fulfilled*, for the croud that preſſed into the Theatre, proved to me that the public opinion of Mr. Daly's merits as a manager, were equal to *Maria's* and mine. C.

Dublin, November 30, 1795.

The divine Goodneſs to the United States of America. A Diſcourſe, on the Subject of National Gratitude, delivered in Philadelphia, on Thurſday the 19th of February, 1795, recommended by the Preſident of the United States. By Samuel Stanhope Smith, D. D. Vice-Preſident and Profeſſor of Moral Philoſophy and Divinity, in the College of New Jerſey.

IN this diſcourſe the preacher harangues, with a conſiderable degree of eloquence, on the happineſs of the American ſtates, in the exerciſe and ſucceſs of their federal government; in the continuance of peace with the powers of Europe, and the proſpect of returning peace with their ſavage neighbours; in their internal tranquillity, and the ſuppreſſion of the late inſurrection; and in the enjoyment of the chriſtian religion, unſhackled by power, and uncorrupted by fraud. The American form of [illegible]ment is extolled

tolled as containing an admirable baance of liberty and energy. On the ſubject of war Dr. Smith thus emphatically expreſſes himſelf. P. 21.

'War, in our preſent ſituation, particularly with Europe, would be to us one of the moſt fatal calamities.—— Not to ſpeak of the evil of an accumulated national debt that oppreſſes the people, that overloads the ſprings of government, that checks public enterprize and improvement, and muſt neceſſerily long hold a young country in a ſtate of infancy and depreſſion. Our own remembrance of the miſeries of the late war with Britain will teach us to eſtimate its evils in the deſolation of our cities—in the ruin of our agriculture and commerce—in the conflagrations and rapine that ſpread diſtreſs throughout the United States—in the loſs of our friends and fellow-citizens by battle, captivity, impriſonment, and contagion.——O Britain! thy priſonſhips, thoſe vaults of contagion, thoſe dungeons of infernal cruelty and torture, the eternal reproach of thy humanity, ſtill fill our ſouls with horror at the recollection. Theſe cruelties that robbed us of our brothers, affect us infinitely leſs for their loſs than for the *manner* of their death.'

Adverting to the peculiar good fortune of America, in having been preſerved from being ſucked into the gulf of European politics and wars, he expreſſes, in pretty ſtrong terms, the reſentment of his countrymen towards Great Britain. P. 23.

'It is but lately that we have been reduced to a moſt delicate and hazardous criſis by the haughtineſs and violence of one nation, and by the audacious attempts of the miniſter of another*. Has not the former, affecting a tyranny, and dictating a new law of nations upon the ocean, committed the moſt injurious and inſolent ſpoil upon our commerce? Has ſhe not treated our

N O T E.

'* On this ſubject, when I freely cenſure the meaſures of two nations which are invidiouſly ſaid to govern our political parties, if it be aſked to which party I attach myſelf, I ſay, to neither, but to the people of America.'

citizens with every outrage that could flow from hatred and contempt? Has ſhe not held fortifications? has ſhe not claimed dominion within our territories? Is ſhe not known to have excited that ferocious war that has ſo long afflicted our frontier—to have kindled againſt us the rage, aſſiſted the councils, and concentrated the force of the ſavage tribes? Is it not plain, that ſhe meditated hoſtilities? That ſhe had already conceived the purpoſe of attacking us, and only waited the opportunity to carry it into execution? What her violence could not do had been almoſt effected by the artifices of a bold and inſolent miniſter. Contrary to the rights of our ſovereignty and the obligations of our neutrality, he equipped hoſtile armaments in our ports—he arrayed our citizens under the banners of his nation—he endeavoured to incite the people to rebellion againſt their own government. In projects ſo daring and atrocious he was ſupported by a party in the republic, not inconſiderable in numbers and influence, who attempted, in the purſuit of their favourite deſign, to brave all the conſtituted authorities of their country, and who were clamorous for war. Different motives ſeem to have actuated this party. Some were, and others affected to be, influenced by miſtaken gratitude to a nation ſtruggling for its liberties which had rendered us the moſt neceſſary and efficient aids, while we were contending for the ſame glorious object*. Some, I fear, were governed by a deplorable ambition which hoped to mount into notice and diſtinction only by the confuſion and miſeries of their country. Others, fired by a generous

N O T E.

'* But not to mention that thoſe to whom we were moſt directly indebted have all been obliged to flee their country, or have paſſed under the guillotine, they ſeem to have forgotten that theſe aids were the reſult, not of national friendſhip, but of national intereſt, and that the claims of gratitude therefore, extend no farther than is equally conſiſtent with our own intereſt.'

indignation

indignation againſt that government from which we have received ſo many injuries, were willing to retaliate its inſolence and crimes. But, ſhall we, in purſuing either reparation or revenge, inflict tenfold injuries on our own country? It is lawful, ſay they, it is laudable to deteſt, and to nurſe in the hearts of our children, a military rage againſt a nation that has been willing to deſtroy us, and that ſtill harbours againſt us the moſt hoſtile reſentments. This maxim, my brethren, is contrary to the ſpirit of our holy religion. But, religion apart—be it as they will—let every American have been led by his father, like Hannibal, to the altar, to ſwear eternal hatred againſt the enemy of his country—ſhould he not, like Hannibal, wait the proper moment to avenge her wrongs? Should he not at leaſt be compelled by neceſſity alone to wage a diſadvantageous war.'

Dr. S., whilſt he inſiſts with great animation on the importance of religion to the proſperity of a ſtate, ſpeaks with equal firmneſs againſt eccleſiaſtical tyranny. P. 32.

'This holy religion we enjoy, freed from the degenerating influence of civil, or of eccleſiaſtical domination. *They* corrupt in the church whatever they touch. Among us truth is left to propagate itſelf by its native evidence and beauty. Stripped of thoſe meretricious charms that, under the ſplendor of an eſtabliſhment, intoxicate the ſenſes, it poſſeſſes only thoſe modeſt and ſimple beauties that touch the heart. It recommends itſelf by the utility of its effects. Wealth and power are apt to enflame the pride, and foſter the indolence of the prieſthood, in whoſe hands religion then degenerates into a liſeleſs form, or into a frivolous ſyſtem of foppery and ſuperſtition. But in America, a diligent and faithful clergy reſting on the affections, and ſupported by the zeal of a free people, can ſecure their favour only in proportion to their uſeful ſervices. A fair and generous competition among the different denominations of chriſtians, while it does not extinguiſh their mutual charity *, promotes an emulation that will have a beneficial influence on the public morals.

The Happy World. A Viſion.

IN a dream, I thought myſelf in a ſolitary temple; I ſaw a kind of phantom coming towards me, but as he drew near, his form expanded and became more than human; his robe hung majeſtically down to his feet; ſix wings whiter than ſnow, whoſe extremities were edged with gold, covered a part of his body; then I ſaw him quit his material ſubſtance, which he had put on not to terrify me; his body was of all the colours in the rainbow. He took me by the hair, and I was ſenſible I was travelling in the ætherial plains, without any dread, with the rapidity of an arrow ſent from a bow drawn by a ſupple and nervous arm.

A thouſand glowing orbs rolled beneath me; but I could only caſt a rapid glance on all thoſe globes diſtinguiſhed by the ſtriking colours which infinitely diverſified them.

I now ſuddenly perceived ſo beautiful, ſo flouriſhing, ſo fertile a country, that I conceived a ſtrong deſire to alight upon it. My wiſhes were inſtantly gratfiied; I felt myſelf gently landed on its ſurface, where I was ſurrounded by a balmy atmoſphere. I found myſelf repoſed at the dawn on the ſoft verdant graſs. I ſtretched out my arms, in token of gratitude, to my celeſtial guide, who pointed towards a reſplendent ſun, towards which ſwiftly riſing he diſappeared in the luminous body.

I roſe, and imagined myſelf to be tranſported into the garden of Eden. Every thing inſpired my ſoul with ſoft tranquillity. The moſt profound peace covered this new globe; nature was raviſhing and incorruptible here, and a delicious freſhneſs expanded my ſenſe

NOTE.

'* Uncharitable contentions uſually ſpring from the excluſive poſſeſſion of emoluments and privileges by one party.'

to ecſtaſy; a ſweet odour accompanied the air I breathed; my heart, which beat with an unuſual power, was immerged in a ſea of rapture; while plea, ſure, like a pure and immortal light penetrated the inmoſt receſſes of my ſoul.

The inhabitants of this happy country came to meet me; and after ſaluting me they took me by the hand. Their noble countenances inſpired confidence and reſpect; innocence and happineſs were depicted in their looks: they often lifted their eyes towards Heaven, and as often uttered a name which I afterwards knew to be that of the Eternal, while their cheeks were moiſtened with the tears of gratitude.

I experienced great emotion while I converſed with theſe ſublime beings. They poured out their hearts with the moſt ſincere tenderneſs; and the voice of reaſon, moſt majeſtic, and no leſs melting, was, at the ſame time, conveyed to my enraptured ear.

I ſoon perceived this abode was totally different from that which I had left. A divine impulſe made me fly into their arms:—I bowed my knees to them; but being raiſed up in the moſt endearing manner, I was preſſed to the boſoms that encloſed ſuch excellent hearts, and I conceived a preſentiment of celeſtial amity, of that amity which united their ſouls and formed the greateſt portion of their felicity.

The angel of darkneſs, with all his artifice, was never able to diſcover the entrance into this world;—notwithſtanding his over-watchful malice, he never found out the means to ſpread his poiſon over this happy globe. Anger, envy, and pride, were there unknown; the happineſs of one appeared the happineſs of all; an extatic tranſport inceſſantly elevating their ſouls at the ſight of the magnificent and prodigal hand that collected over their heads the moſt aſtoniſhing prodigies of the creation.

The lovely morning, with her humid ſaffron wings, diſtilled the pearly dew from the ſhrubs and flowers, and the rays of the riſing ſun multiplied the moſt enchanting colours, when I perceived a wood embelliſhed by the opening dawn.

The youth of both ſexes there ſent forth hymns of adoration towards heaven, and were filled at the ſame time with the grandeur and majeſty of God, which rolled almoſt viſibly over their heads: for in this world of innocence he vouchſafed to manifeſt himſelf by means unknown to our weak underſtandings.

All things announced his auguſt preſence; the ſerenity of the air, the dyes of the flowers, the brilliancy of the inſects, a kind of univerſal ſenſibility, ſpread over all beings, and which vivified bodies that ſeemed the leaſt ſuſceptible of it; every thing bore the appearance of ſentiment, and the birds ſtopped in the midſt of their flight, as if attentive to the affecting modulations of their voice.

But no pencil can expreſs the raviſhing countenance of the young beauties, whoſe boſoms breathed love. Who can deſcribe that love of which we have not any idea, that love for which we have no name, that love, the lot of pure intelligent beings, divine love, which they only can conceive and feel? The tongue of man, incapable, muſt be ſilent!—The remembrance of this enchanting place ſuſpends at this moment all the faculties of my ſoul.

The ſun was riſing: the pencil falls from my hand.—Oh Thomſon, never did you view ſuch a ſun!—What a world, and what magnificent order! I trod with regret on the flowery plants, endued, like that which we call ſenſitive, with a quick and lively feeling; they bent under my foot, only to riſe with more brilliancy: the fruit gently dropped, on the firſt touch, from the complying branch, and had ſcarcely gratified the palate when the delicious ſenſations of its juice were felt glowing in every vein; the eye, more piercing, ſparkled with uncommon luſtre, the ear was more lively; the heart, which expanded itſelf all over nature, ſeemed to poſſeſs and enjoy its fertile extent: the univerſal enjoyment did not diſturb any individual, for union multiplied their delights, and they eſteemed themſelves leſs happy in their own fruition than in the happineſs of others.

This ſun did not reſemble the comparative paleneſs and weakneſs which illumines our gloomy, terreſtrial priſon; yet thy eye could bear to gaze on it, and, in a manner, plunge itſelf in a kind of ecſtaſy in its mild and pure light: it enlivened at once the ſight and the underſtanding, and even penetrated the ſoul. The bodies of thoſe fortunate perſons became, as it were, tranſparent: while each read in his brother's heart the ſentiments of affability and tenderneſs with which himſelf was affected.

There darted from the leaves of all the ſhrubs that this planet enlightened, a luminous matter which reſembled, at a diſtance, all the colours of the rainbow; its orb, which never was eclipſed, was crowned with ſparkling rays that the daring priſm of Newton could not divide. When this planet ſet, ſix brilliant moons floated in the atmoſphere; their progreſſion in different orbits, each night formed a new exhibition. The multitude of ſtars, which ſeem to us as if ſcattered by chance, were here ſeen in their true point of view, and the order of the univerſe appeared in all its pomp and ſplendour.

In this happy country, when a man gave way to ſleep, his body, which had none of the properties of terreſtrial elements, gave no oppoſition to the ſoul, but contemplated in a viſion, bordering on reality, the lucid region, the throne of the Eternal, to which it was ſoon to be elevated. Men awaked from light ſlumber without perturbation or uneaſineſs; enjoying futurity, by a forcible ſentiment of immortality, being intoxicated with the image of an approaching felicity, exceeding that which they already enjoyed.

Grief, the fatal reſult of the imperfect ſenſibility of our rude frames, was unknown to theſe innocent men; a light ſenſation warned them of the objects that could hurt them, and nature removed them from the danger, as a tender mother would gently draw her child by the hand from a pitfal.

I breathed more freely in this habitation of joy and concord; my exiſtence became moſt valuable to me: but in proportion as the charms which ſurrounded me were lively, the greater was my ſorrow when my ideas returned to the globe I had quitted. All the calamities of the human race united as in one point to overwhelm my heart, and I exclaimed piteouſly,—"Alas! the world I inhabited formerly reſembled yours: but peace, innocence, chaſte pleaſures, ſoon vaniſhed.—Why was I not born among you? What a contraſt! The earth that was my ſorrowful abode is inceſſantly filled with tears and ſighs: there the ſmaller number oppreſs the greater; the dæmon of property infects what he touches, and what he covets. Gold is there a god, and they ſacrifice on his altar, love, humanity, and the moſt valuable virtues.

We are moreover dependent on the ſeaſons, the elements, and the meaneſt inſects: all nature rebels againſt us; and even if we ſubdue her, ſhe makes us pay dearly for the benefits our labour forces from her. The bread we eat is earned by our tears and the ſweat of our brow; then greedy men come and plunder us, to ſquander it on their idle favourites.

Weep, weep with me, my brethren! hatred purſues us; revenge ſharpens its poniard in the dark; calumny brands us, and even deprives us of the power of making our defence; the object of friendſhip betrays our confidence, and forces us to curſe this otherwiſe conſolatory ſentiment. We muſt live in the midſt of all the ſtrokes of wickedneſs, error, pride, and folly.

Whilſt my heart gave a free courſe to my complaints, I ſaw a band of ſhining ſeraphs deſcending from Heaven, on which ſhouts of joy were immediately ſent forth from the whole race of theſe fortunate beings. As I gazed with aſtoniſhment, I was accoſted by an old man, who ſaid, "farewel, my friend! the moment of our death draws near, or, rather, that of a new life. The miniſters of the God of clemency are come to take us from this earth; we are going to dwell in a world of ſtill greater perfection."—"Why, father," ſaid I, "are you, then, ſtrangers to the agonies of death, the anguiſh, the pain, the dread, which accompany us in our laſt moments?"—

"Yes,

"Yes, my child," he replied, "these angels of the Higheſt come at ſtated periods, and carry us all away, opening to us the road to a new world, of which we have an idea by the undoubted conviction of the unlimited bounty and magnificence of the Creator."

A chearful glow was immediately ſpread over their countenances; their brows already ſeemed crowned with immortal ſplendour; they ſprang lightly from the earth in my ſight; I preſſed the ſacred hand of each for the laſt time, while with a ſmile they held out the other to the ſeraph who had ſpread his wings to carry them to heaven.

They aſcended all at once, like a flock of beautiful ſwans that taking flight raiſe themſelves with majeſtic rapidity over the tops of our higheſt palaces. I gazed with ſadneſs; my eyes followed them in the air, until their venerable heads were loſt in the ſilver clouds, and I remained alone on this magnificent deſerted land.

I perceived I was not yet fitted to dwell in it, and wiſhed to return to this unfortunate world of expiation: thus the animal eſcaped from his keeper returns, following the track of his chain, with a mild aſpect, and enters his priſon. Awaking, the illuſion was diſpelled, which it is beyond the power of my weak tongue or pen to deſcribe it its full ſplendour: but this illuſion I ſhall for ever cheriſh: and, ſupported by the foundation of hope, I will preſerve it until death in the inmoſt receſſes of my ſoul.

Singular Incidents, Biographical Sketches, and Characteriſtic Traits; from the year 1400 *to the year* 1548.

IN 1513, died the moſt powerful baron and active ſoldier of his age, Gerald Fitzgerald, earl of Kildare. He had been, during thirty-three years (at different times) chief governor of Ireland, and was too potent to be ſet aſide; otherwiſe his ſtrong attachment to the houſe of York would probably have been his ruin. The untameable ſpirit of the earl ſometimes involved him in trouble, from which he was extricated by a lucky bluntneſs; as when once when charged before Henry VIII, with ſetting fire to the cathedral of Caſhel. 'I own it,' ſaid the earl, 'but I never would have done it had I not believed that the archbiſhop was in it.' The king laughed, and pardoned the ludicrous culprit. The biſhop of Meath was his bittereſt foe. He accuſed him to Henry of divers miſdeeds, and cloſed his accuſation with, 'Thus, my liege, you ſee that all Ireland cannot rule the earl.' 'Then,' ſaid the perverſe monarch, 'the earl ſhall rule all Ireland,' and inſtantly made him lord deputy. The Engliſh loved the earl because he was brave and generous, and becauſe his good humour equalled his valour. Once, when he was in a ſerious paroxyſm, a domeſtic who knew his temper whiſpered in his ear, 'My lord, yonder fellow has betted with me a fine horſe, that I dare not take a hair from your lordſhip's beard; I pray, my lord, win me that wager.' The earl's features relaxed, and he ſaid to the petitioner, 'Take the hair then, but ſhouldeſt thou exceed thy demand, my fiſt ſhall meet thy head.' This eſquire was ordered to diſcontinue his motto 'Crom a Boo,' as it cauſed feuds between noble Iriſh families.—*Collins. MSS. relative to the Fitzgeralds, &c.*

In the ſame year, the corporation of ſurgeons (conſiſting of twelve, a number then, as it appears, thought equal to the care of the metropolis) petitioned parliament to be exempted from bearing arms, or ſerving on juries and pariſh officers, and ſucceeded in their requeſt.—*Pub. Acts.*

In the ſame year, the apprentices of London, thinking that the inhabitants of Iſlington, Hoxton, and Shoreditch had too much leſſened their uſual places of exercife and recreation, by inclosing their grounds, determined to right themſelves, and, on a ſignal given by a man in diſguiſe, who ran through the ſtreets crying, 'Spades! Spades!' aſſembled in a body, with proper inſtruments, to the devoted pariſhes, and levelled every fence. The lord mayor of London was ſharply reprimanded for ſuffering this illegal proceed-

nd warned to take better care in fu-
ure.—*Herbert.*

In the year 1522, Pietro Torregiano, great ſculptor, (who had reſided ng in England, and who, with the rbulence of Henry's temper, had al- adopted his religion) ſtarved himſelf. death in the priſon of the Seville in- ſition, to which he had been ſent for aiming an image that he had rmed of the bleſſed Virgin Mary. enry had given him vaſt preſents, of hich he uſed to boaſt, and, as a bro- er-artiſt ſays, 'Ogni giorno ragio- ava delle ſue bravure, con quelle beſ- e di quelli Ingleſi.' He valued him- lf alſo on having once ſtruck the great ichael Angelo, with ſo good a will at he felt the bone of his noſe yield the preſſure of his knuckles. The perb tomb of Henry VII, that of argaret of Richmond, in Weſtmin- er-abbey, and that of Dr. Young, in e Roll's chapel, are done by Torre- iano.—*Walpole's Anecdotes, &c.*

In 1523, died William Lily, an in- ſtrious and uſeful ſcholar. He was orn at Odiam, Hants, in 1466, and ed at Magdalen college, Oxon.— hence, prompted by the bigotry of is age, he went on a pilgrimage to e Holy Land. To Lily, this wild xpedition was the ſource of ſcience; ſiding five years in Rhodes, he be- me, by the aſſiſtance of ſome learn- d refugees from the capital of the urks, a complete maſter of the Greek ngue; and, by ſtudying the Roman aſſics under two eminent profeſſors Italy, he gained a perfect know- dge of the Latin. He now returned London, where a ſchool, in which e taught rhetoric, poetry, and the anguages, ſoon attained to great fame. In 1511, Lily was appointed by his iend and patron, dean Colet, the firſt aſter of St. Paul's ſchool, which he ad juſt then built and endowed; where e preſided during the reſt of his life ith great reputation. He fell a mar- r to the plague. In the compoſition his well-known Latin grammar, he as aſſiſted by Eraſmus, dean Colet, nd Thomas Robinſon, all celebrated nguiſts, and the haughty Wolſey con- eſcended to write a recommendatory reface.—*Leland. Bale, &c. apud Henry.*

In the ſame year, deceaſed Thomas Lynacre, or Linacer, one of the moſt polite ſcholars of the age. He wa well deſcended, born in 1460, at Canterbury, and bred at All Souls college, Oxford, whence he travelled to Italy. At Bologna he ſtudied under Angelo Politiàn, whom he is ſaid to have ſurpaſſed in pure latinity. At Florence, he was much regarded by the duke Lorenzo, and became perfect in Greek by the aſſiſtance of Demetrius Chalcondylas, a Conſtantinopolitan fugitive. He ſtudied philoſophy at Rome under Hermolaus Barbarus; and on his return to England was ſucceſſively appointed phyſician to Henry VII and VIII, prince Edward, and the princeſs Mary. He tranſlated many difficult pieces from the Greek of Galen; gave lectures on medicine at Oxford, to which univerſity he was a benefactor, and founded the College of phyſicians in London.— Not long before his deceaſe he took holy orders; for this ſeveral reaſons are given, but none ſatisfactory. Sir John Cheke ſays, that a little before his death Lynacre began to read the New Teſtament; but, ſtruck with the purity of its precepts, he hurled it away in a paſſion, crying, 'Either this is not the goſpel, or we are not Chriſtians!' —*Aikin.*

The damaſk roſe is ſaid to have been introduced to England by this eminent phyſician, not long before his deceaſe,

In 1523, the aſtrologers having propheſied inceſſant rains and fearful floods, the abbot of St. Bartholomews, in Smithfield, built a houſe on Harrow-the-Hill, and ſtored it with proviſions. Many perſons followed his example and repaired to high places.— However, no extraordinary floods appearing, the diſappointed ſoothſayers pacified the people by owning themſelves miſtaken juſt one hundred years in their calculation.—*Hall.*

In 1527, the firſt Scottiſh martyr to the doctrines of reformation was brought to the ſtake. Mr. Patrick Hamilton, noble by birth and allied to royalty as being nephew to the earl of Arran. During his travels in Germany

he

he imbibed the opinions of Luther so deeply, that he could not, on his return to Scotland, resist the temptation of publicly expressing his aversion to popery. In consequence he was tried and condemned as a heretic; and his execution was accompanied with peculiar circumstances of cruelty. He was only in the twenty-third year of his age; and had the compassion of every spectator.—*Hall. Hakluyt.*

Very soon after this, friar Alexander Seaton, the king's confessor, having preached several sermons on the necessity of repentance and a holy life, and not having mentioned pilgrimages, prayers to saints, &c. as more efficacious, was reprimanded by the archbishop of St. Andrew's, and charged with having styled the non preaching prelates 'Dumb dogs.' The friar replied, with sharpness, and ridiculed his accusers for confounding him with Isaiah and St. Paul, who had been quoted by him, and were alone to answer for the harsh expressions; finding however that the king looked on him with unusual coolness, he repaired privately to England, where he found protection in the family of the duchess of Suffolk.—*Spottiswood.*

In February 1528, the Londoners were amused by a battle between a Dutch and a French vessel, fought close to London-bridge, to which the former had actually pursued the latter. Walsingham, lieutenant of the tower, boarded and seized both the combatants, and the matter was left to the council to determine.—*Holingshed.*

In 1530, Mr. William Hawkins (father of the great navigator sir John Hawkins) fitted out a stout ship, the Paul of Plymouth, and sailing to the coast of Guinea and Brasil, began a practice which, although it has been since very profitable to his country, has covered it with disgrace; that of seizing the unfortunate natives of Africa and transporting them to foreign shores, there to end their days in slavery.

In 1531, the wandering bands, styled, 'gypsies,' were so numerous and noxious in England, that an act was passed to banish them from the realm on pain of imprisonment and confiscation of goods.

The earl of Arran, regent of Scotland, a few years afterward, took a different method to get rid of these hated vagabonds, by ordering all sheriffs and other magistrates to assist John Faw, 'lord and earl of little Egypt,' to collect together his subjects, the gypsies (many of whom had rebelled against Faw, under the guidance of one Sebestian Lalow) that he might carry them back to their own country, as he had engaged to do.—*Pub. Acts.*

This year 1531, two priests and a lawyer suffered death by fire in Smithfield, on account of some disturbances between the superior and inferior clergy. And a cook, named Richard Rous, was boiled to death in the same place, by an *ex post facto* law, for poisoning seventeen persons in the bishop of Rochester's family.—*Stow, &c.*

In 1532, died an elegant but unfortunate scholar, Richard Paice; who from a low extraction in Worcestershire, had, by his great talents, under the successive patronage of the prelates Langton and Bainbridge, become dean of St. Paul's, secretary to the King, and frequently his envoy to foreign parts. He had prepared himself for these great employments by long study, and by a particular attention to languages at Padua, and other Italian universities. From an embassy to Venice he returned to England sick, but laden with kind recommendations from the doge. Soon after his arrival at London he fell into disgrace with cardinal Wolsey: soon he sunk beneath the frown of that capricious protector, was sent to the Tower, and in 153[illegible] died raving mad. He was an almost universal linguist, and wrote many curious treatises; one of which is entitled 'De fructu quæ ex doctrine percipitur,' 'Of the profit which may accrue from learning.'—*Bale. Pitts.*

The Deſperate Negro.

QUASHI was brought up in the family with his maſter, as his play fellow, from his childhood. Being a lad of towardly parts, he roſe to be driver, or black overſeer under his maſter, when the plantation fell to him by ſucceſſion. He retained for his maſter the tenderneſs that he had felt in childhood for his playmate; and the reſpect with which the relation of maſter inſpired him, was ſoftened by the affection which the remembrance of their boyiſh intimacy kept alive in his breaſt. He had no ſeparate intereſt of his own; and, in his maſter's abſence, redoubled his diligence, that his affairs might receive no injury from it. In ſhort, here was the moſt delicate, yet moſt ſtrong, and ſeemingly indiſſoluble tie that could bind maſter and ſlave together.

Though the maſter had judgment to know when he was well ſerved, and policy to reward good behaviour, he was inexorable when a fault was committed; and when there was but an apparent cauſe of ſuſpicion, he was too apt to let prejudice uſurp the place of proof. Quaſhi could not exculpate himſelf to his ſatisfaction for ſomething done contrary to the diſcipline of the plantation; and was threatened with the ignominious puniſhment of the cart-whip; and he knew his maſter too well to doubt of the performance of his promiſe.

A negro, who has grown up to manhood without undergoing a ſolemn cart-whipping (as ſome by good chance will, eſpecially if diſtinguiſhed by any accompliſhment among their fellows), takes pride in what he calls the ſmoothneſs of his ſkin, its being unraiſed by the whip; and he would be at more pains, and uſe more diligence to eſcape ſuch cart-whipping, than many of our lower ſort would uſe to ſhun the gallows. It is not uncommon for a ſober good negro to ſtab himſelf mortally, becauſe ſome boy overſeer has flogged him for what he reckoned a trifle, or for his caprice, or threatened him with a flogging, when he thought he did not deſerve it. Quaſhi dreaded this mortal wound to his honour, and ſlipped away unnoticed, with a view to avoid it.

It is uſual for ſlaves who expect to be puniſhed for their own fault, or their maſter's caprice, to go to ſome friend of their maſter's, and beg him to carry them home and mediate for them. This is found to be ſo uſeful, that humane maſters are glad of the pretence of ſuch mediation, and will ſecretly procure it, to avoid the neceſſity of puniſhing for trifles; it otherwiſe not being prudent to paſs over without correction a fault once taken notice of; while, by this method, an appearance of authority and diſcipline is kept up without the ſeverity of it. Quaſhi therefore withdrew, reſolved to ſhelter himſelf and ſave the gloſſy honours of his ſkin, under favour of this cuſtom, till he had an opportunity of applying to an advocate. He lurked among his maſter's negro huts; and his fellow-ſlaves had too much honour and too great a regard for him, to betray to their maſter the place of his retreat. Indeed, it is hardly poſſible in any caſe, to get one ſlave to inform againſt another; ſo much more honour have they than Europeans of low condition.

The following day a feaſt was kept, on account of his maſter's nephew then coming of age; amidſt the good humour of which, Quaſhi hoped to ſucceed in his application: but before he could execute his deſign, perhaps juſt as he was ſetting out to go and ſolicit this mediation, his maſter, while walking about his fields, fell in with him. Quaſhi, on diſcovering him, ran off, and the maſter, who was a robuſt man, purſued him. A ſtone or a clod tripped Quaſhi up, juſt as the other reached out his hand to ſeize him. They fell together, and wreſtled for the maſtery; for Quaſhi alſo was a ſtout man, and the elevation of his mind added vigour to his arm. At laſt, after a ſevere ſtruggle, in which each had been ſeveral times uppermoſt, Quaſhi got firmly ſeated on his maſter's breaſt, now panting and out of breath; and with his weight, his thighs, and one

hand, ſecured him motionleſs. He then drew out a ſharp knife, and while the other lay in dreadful expectation, helpleſs, and ſhrinking into himſelf, he thus addreſſed him:

"Maſter, I was bred up with you from a child; I was your playmate when a boy; I have loved you as myſelf; your intereſt has been my ſtudy; I am innocent of the cauſe of your ſuſpicion; had I been guilty, my attachment to you might have pleaded for me. Yet you have condemned me to a puniſhment, of which I muſt ever have borne the diſgraceful marks: thus only can I avoid them."

With theſe words, he drew the knife with all his ſtrength acroſs his own throat, and fell down dead, without a groan, on his maſter, bathing him in his blood.

To the Editor.

Some Hints on Agriculture.

SIR,

THOUGH agriculture has, for the laſt half century, been made a ſubject of much diſquiſition, of which many uſeful diſcoveries have been the reſult, yet, it is a ſubject of ſuch univerſal importance, and ſuch great extent, that it is well worth the ſtudy of every friend to his country. This ſtudy I am ſatisfied is beſt purſued by experiment, by which means though many may fail, as to the firſt intention of the tryer, yet, from numbers may ariſe ſomewhat extreamly advantageous to mankind in general by introducing new modes of huſbandry. I know that there are many who laugh at ſuch an idea, and the numbers of treatiſes that have appeared on this ſubject, within the abovementioned time, and with the inferior claſs in both this and our ſiſter kingdom, prefer trudging on the beaten track of their anceſtors, than deviate from it, on the recommendation of the moſt approved of thoſe books, or different ſocieties formed on the liberal principles of improving our country, though this recommendation has been founded on repeated ſucceſsful experiments. Man is a free agent, and in too many inſtances acts from his own opinion rather than try to eſtabliſh a better.

But as this is not univerſally the caſe, leaving ſuch men in the full enjoyment of their partiality to themſelves and their grandfathers, I venture through the channel of your very uſeful publication, to lay before my countrymen a few hints on this ſubject, ariſing from experiments acknowledged by others to anſwer expectations.

The principal objection of the lower claſs of tillers, or what we call cottiers, to the tryal of any experiment is the expence and want of time: now my hints, here communicated, are not productive of either, nothing but obſtinacy can prevent their receiving the benefit intended thereby.

This claſs of our people are, to my knowledge (and I believe that of many of your readers) extreamly diſtreſt, in ſummer, and the half of harveſt, for food, their winter ſtore of potatoes is conſumed, and now they muſt buy at a high price, which their neceſſities alone raiſe, that article to. On being aſked why they do not plant early, theſe are their anſwers, we cannot collect dung, and even when it is collected; not one in fifty of them have a horſe to draw it out. The way they obtain one, is this; they are obliged to give two or three days of their own labour (for an horſe one day) to their neighbour, who happens to have one. Suppoſe this done, the poor creature who has thus paid before hand, muſt wait till the landlord and owner of the horſe have done their ſpring buſineſs, ſo that moſt of May, nay ſometimes part of June are elapſed before he can plant; three months too late for his wants; fodder is exhauſted, the wretched horſe (hard wrought, ſorely galled, and half ſtarved) is not able to do half a day's work, himſelf and family have eaten up the ſeed, it is now high priced, which he again muſt work for: here indeed Dr. Maunſell's uſeful diſcovery comes to his aid, a diſcovery fully proved to anſwer, and the communication of which to the publick, merits the higheſt applauſe of the rich, and grateful prayers of every potatoe champer in this kingdom. Now

if

if according to the calculation published by that truly patriotick gentleman, so many thousands are saved, what must be the saving from taking the two following hints?

1st. The cottier's mode with his garden is this, half is under corn, and half potatoes. I will suppose him to reap pretty early in September, following the method here proposed—as soon as that is done he must sow the stubble with rape seed, to the quantity of one peck to the acre, make his wife and children pull up the stubble and scatter it equally over the ground, which is then highly manured for the ensuing crop of potatoes, the expence at the highest 1s. 6d. his own expence, &c. I don't charge, as it costs him much looking for horses in spring after having paid their hire—when his rape begins to blossom he must lay out his ridges, by a line, tread down well what grows on the ridge, and pull that in the furrow laying it on the ridge, then trench the whole a spit and half deep, and any time or times for five or six days let the same hands plant sets or snaggs by the line 14 inches asunder and six deep with a setting stick, closing the earth well over them.

N. B. If snaggs are planted, I recommend the lines to be 18 inches distant from each other, planted perpendicular, and the top of the root just covered, as they are to be molded.

I am almost certain the whole expence of this process will amount to less than the time lost in seeking horses.

2d. This hint I took from observing how well the soil was mixed, and the manure divided in digging out the potatoes; from whence I concluded much labour might be saved, and the poor very greatly served in the articles of time and horse hire.—I designed the ground for here, and having some cleaned in the barn, I sent for seed, and sowed it thus. I pulled and carried off the potatoe stalks, then dug two sods on either side of each furrow, picked the roots out clean, then sowed the grain even over the whole ground, and dug out the middle of the ridges, making the labourers dig a little way into the quick, and scatter the whole of what they dug even; from this I had rather a better crop than from the plowed ground beside it.

N. B. I also tried this method with wheat and found it answer as well, and am certain it would do for barley, as that grain has been found to stand the winter as well as any of the others. The advantages of this mode appear obviously these,

1st. You have your corn in ground as soon as the potatoes are out, by which a plowing and harrowing are saved.

2dly. You sow your corn early and in good weather, which (if you wait for the digging out the potatoes) may not be the case, as at that season, in our climate, heavy rains or severe frosts generally come on, which impede the sowing, till oft times that which should be winter becomes spring corn.

3dly. If the weather be at all mild, the blade gathers great strength to resist frosts and your harvest comes in early, which is of great advantage in the saving.

I am sir, yours,

AGRICOLA.

Dissertations on the Polite Arts.

(Continued from our last.)

No. III.

IN our former papers we have endeavoured to shew, that the polite arts consist in imitation, and that the object of their imitation is nature represented to the mind by enthusiasm. We have nothing more to do than to shew the manner in which this imitation is made. And by this means we shall have the particular difference of arts, whose common object is the imitation of nature.

Nature may be divided with regard to the polite arts into two parts, one which we take in by the eyes, and the other by the ministry of the ears; for the other senses are quite barren with regard to the polite arts. The first part is the object of painting, which represents upon a plan all that is visible. It is the object also of sculpture which represents nature *in relievo*; it is

the object likewiſe of the art of geſture, which is a branch of the other two arts juſt named, and which differs in what it includes, only in this, that the ſubject to which geſtures are given in dancing is natural and alive, whilſt the painter's canvas and the marble of the ſtatuary are not ſo.

The ſecond part is the object of muſic, conſidered ſingly, and as a ſimple tune, bearing the ſecond place to poetry, which employs words, but words in metre, and calculated in all its tones.

Thus painting imitates nature by colours, ſculpture by relievos, dancing by the motions and attitudes of the body. Muſick imitates it by inarticulate ſounds, and poetry by words in meaſure. Theſe are the diſtinctive characters of the principal arts; and if it ſometimes happens that thoſe arts join with one another, and are confounded, as, for example, in poetry, if dancing furniſhes geſtures to the actors upon the ſtage; if muſic gives the tone of voice in declamation; if the pencil decorates the ſcene; theſe are ſervices which they render mutually to one another, in virtue of their common end, and their reciprocal alliance, but it is without any prejudice to their particular and natural rights. A tragedy without geſtures, without muſic, without decoration, is ſtill a poem. It is an imitation expreſſed by diſcourſe in metre. A piece of muſic without words is ſtill muſic. It expreſſes complaint or joy independently of words, which help it indeed, but neither give nor take away any thing that alters its nature. Its eſſential expreſſion is ſound, as that of painting is colour, and of dancing the movement of the body.

But here a remark is to be made, that as arts ought to chuſe their deſigns from nature, and perfect them, they ought alſo to chuſe and perfect the expreſſions they borrow from nature. They ſhould not employ all ſorts of colours, nor all ſorts of ſounds; they muſt make a juſt choice, and an exquiſite mixture of them; they muſt be connected, proportioned, ſhaded, and put in an harmonious order. Colours and ſounds have ſympathies and antipathies among themſelves. Nature has a right to unite them according to her will, but it is art that ſhould do it according to rules. It is not ſufficient that it *hurts* not the taſte, but it ſhould *flatter* it, and flatter it as much as it is capable of being flattered.

This remark may be applied equally to poetry. Words, which are its inſtruments or colours, have in poetry a certain degree of beauty, which they have not in common language; they are the ſmooth aſhlar, the marble choſen, poliſhed, and cut, which make the edifice more rich, beautiful, and ſubſtantial. There is a certain choice of words, turns, and above all a certain regular harmony, which gives its language ſomething ſupernatural, that charms and lifts us above ourſelves.

WHEREIN ELOQUENCE AND ARCHITECTURE DIFFER FROM THE OTHER ARTS.

WE muſt recal for a moment the diviſion which we made of arts in the firſt diſſertation. There were ſome invented from want alone; others for pleaſure; and ſome owed their birth firſt to neceſſity, but having ſince found out the way to adorn themſelves with beauties, they began to be reckoned in the number of thoſe which we call *Polite Arts*. Thus architecture, having changed thoſe caves which neceſſity had dug out for the retreat of mankind into elegant and commodious dwellings, deſerved a diſtinction among the arts which it had not before.

The ſame obſervation holds good with reſpect to eloquence. The neceſſity which men had to communicate their thoughts and ſentiments to one another, made them orators, and hiſtorians, as ſoon as they could make uſe of words. Experience, time, and taſte added new degrees of perfection to their diſcourſe. They formed an art which is called eloquence, and which for the pleaſure it affords to the mind may ſhare the palm with poetry: its relation and reſemblance with poetry indeed gave it occaſion to borrow and deck itſelf with thoſe ornaments which

might ſuit it: and hence we have round periods, meaſured antitheſes, ſtriking pictures, and allegories well ſuſtained: hence alſo the choice of words, the arrangement of phraſes, the uniform progreſſion of harmony. It was then that art ſerved for a model to nature, which ſometimes indeed happens, but always upon this condition, which ought to be the baſe and fundamental rule of all arts, viz. that in thoſe arts which are for uſe, pleaſure takes the character of neceſſity itſelf, every thing in them ought to look as if they were for uſe. In the ſame manner, as in thoſe arts which are deſtined for delight, uſe has no right to enter, except where it has the character to procure the ſame pleaſure as if it was calculated ſolely to pleaſe.

Thus poetry and ſculpture, having taken their ſubjects from hiſtory or from ſociety, would have but a weak excuſe for a bad performance, by urging the juſtneſs of their copy from the model they had taken; becauſe it is not the *true* but the *beautiful* that we expect from them: in the ſame manner eloquence and architecture would deſerve the greateſt reproach if the deſign of pleaſing appeared ſtrongly in them. It is in theſe that art bluſhes if it is diſcovered. Every thing that is only ornamental is vicious.

There are occaſions, however, where eloquence and architecture may ſoar a little. Heroes are to be celebrated, and temples to be built; and as it is the duty of theſe two arts to imitate the grandeur of the object, and to excite the admiration of men, they are permitted to riſe ſome degrees, and to expoſe all their riches; but ſtill without wandering from their original end, which is uſe. We expect beauty upon theſe occaſions, but a beauty at the ſame time that is ſtrongly connected with utility.

What would be thought of a ſumptuous edifice which could be of no uſe? The expence compared with the uſeleſſneſs, would occaſion a diſagreeable diſproportion to thoſe who ſaw it, and the utmoſt ridicule to him who built it. If the edifice requires grandeur, majeſty, and elegance, it is always in conſideration of the maſter who is to inhabit it. If there is proportion, variety, unity in it, it is to render it more compact, more ſolid, more commodious: every beauty, to be perfect, ought to have ſome uſe; as, on the contrary, in ſculpture, things of uſe ought to become pleaſing and delightful.

Eloquence is ſubmitted to the ſame law. In its greateſt liberties it is always fixed to uſefulneſs and truth; and if ſometimes the *likely* or the *agreeable* become its object, it never goes far, and only makes uſe of theſe liberties becauſe truth has never more credit than when it is pleaſant.

The orator and hiſtorian have nothing to create; their genius ſerves them only to diſcover the real appearance of their object: they have nothing to add, nothing to retrench; they ſcarcely dare to tranſpoſe; whilſt the poet makes models for himſelf, without troubling himſelf with reality: inſomuch that if we were to define poetry by oppoſing it to proſe or to eloquence, which I here take for the ſame thing, we ſhould ſay that poetry is an imitation of beautiful nature expreſſed by diſcourſe in meaſure; and proſe, or eloquence, is nature itſelf expreſſed by free diſcourſe. The orator ought to tell the truth in a manner which may make it be believed, with that force and ſimplicity that perſuade. The poet ought to tell the probable in a manner that renders it agreeable, with all the grace and energy that charm and aſtoniſh. Nevertheleſs, as pleaſure prepares the heart to perſuaſion, and as profit flatters mankind, who are not apt to forget their own intereſt, it follows, that the agreeable and uſeful ought to unite in poetry and in proſe.

There are poetical fictions that appear in the ſimple habit of proſe; ſuch are romances, &c. We alſo ſee ſubjects that have truth for their objects, dreſt and adorned with all the charms of poetic harmony: ſuch are the didactic or inſtructive kinds of poetry. But theſe inſtances of poetry and proſe are pure in neither kind: they

are a mixture of both, to which our definitions have no regard, they are caprices made on purpoſe to be out of rule.

No. IV.

OF TASTE.

NATURE, having provided for all mankind, has diſtributed to every man in particular a portion of taſte which determines him principally to certain objects. This ſhe has done, by forming the organs in ſuch a manner, as to be attracted by one part of nature rather than by all. Well-formed ſouls have a general taſte for all that is natural, and at the ſame time have uſually a maſter affection which attaches them to certain objects in particular.

Let it be conceded to us then, that every one has his taſte, provided it be for ſome part of nature. Some may admire the chearful, others the ſerious; theſe love a conceit, and thoſe what is grand and majeſtic, &c. Such objects are in nature, and increaſe each others beauties by the contraſt. There are ſome happy geniuſes capable of embracing all: they admire the ſerious in a grave ſubject, and the comic in a facetious one; they are equally prone to weep at a tragedy as to laugh at a comedy.

There is an *ideal perfection* in Poetry, in Painting, and in all other arts. The mind may conceive a work of nature quite perfect, entirely without a fault, in the ſame manner as *Plato* has conceived his *Republic*, *Xenophon* his *Monarchy*, and *Cicero* his *Orator*. As this idea might be the fixt point of perfection, the value of all works might be judged by their degree of ſimilitude or unlikeneſs to this point. "*This work has faults:*" ſuch a judgment is in the power of moſt people to make. But, "*This work has not all the beauties it is capable of,*" is another, which is reſerved only for judges of the firſt order. We may eaſily perceive the reaſon both of the one and the other. To give the firſt judgment, it ſuffices to compare the performance with the ordinary ideas which are always with us when we would judge of arts, and which offer us plans, or ſketches at leaſt, by which we may find out the principal faults in the execution. But for the ſecond, we muſt have taken in all the poſſible extent of art in the ſubject choſen by the author; a gift ſcarcely granted to the greateſt geniuſes.

You have the idea of a perfect *tragedy*. You have felt the emotions increaſe at each ſcene; the ſtile is *noble* and *elevated*. You are attached to the fate of unhappy *Romeo*, you weep for him, you are fond of your grief, and you *enjoy* your grief. Remember what *kind* and *degree* of feeling you have experienced; and it ſhall for the future be your rule to go by. If another author is happy enough ſtill to add to it, your taſte becomes more elevated and more exquiſite: and it muſt be by that degree of perfection that you judge of other tragedies.

Let us try to reach this *ideal beauty*, which muſt be our ſupreme law. Let us read the moſt excellent works of the ſame kind. We are raviſhed with the enthuſiaſm and ecſtacy of *Homer*, and with the wiſdom and neatneſs of *Virgil*. *Shakſpeare* elevates us with his grandeur, and *Otway* charms us with his ſweetneſs. Let us make a happy mixture of the ſingle qualities of theſe great men: thence we ſhall form an *ideal model* much ſuperior to any one that exiſts; and this model ſhall be the ſovereign and infallible rule of all our deciſions. It was thus the ſtoics judged of wiſdom by the ideal ſage they created; and that *Juvenal* found the greateſt poets beneath the idea he had conceived of poetry, by a ſentiment which his words could not expreſs:

Qualem nequeo monſtrare & ſentio tantum.

OF PAINTING.

HAVING in the foregoing diſſertations ſpoken of all the *Polite Arts* taken

taken together, we ſhall now treat of them ſeparately. And firſt of Painting.

Poetry and Painting have ſo exact a reſemblance to one another, that to treat of them both at the ſame time, we ſhould have nothing to do but to put poetry, fable, and verſification, in the room of painting, deſign, and colouring. It is the ſame genius that creates in one and the other: the ſame taſte that directs the artiſts in the choice, diſpoſition, and aſſortment of the great and little parts: that makes the groups and contraſt; that lays on and adapts the colours: in a word, that regulates the compoſition, deſign, and colouring. We ſhall afterwards ſpeak more largely of poetry: ſo that we ſhall here ſay only a word or two concerning the methods painting takes, in imitating and expreſſing nature.

Suppoſing the ideal painting has been conceived according to rules in the painter's imagination: his firſt operation to expreſs and produce it, is the *Sketch*: this is what begins to give a real being, and independent of the mind, to the object he is about to paint; and this gives him the bounds he is to obſerve: it is called the *Deſign*.

The ſecond operation is, to place the lights and ſhades, to give objects their proper jutting, roundneſs, and relievo; to connect, detach them from the plan, to draw them near, or to lengthen them from the ſpectators. This is the *Clair-Obſcure*. The third is, to lay on the colours, ſuch colours as thoſe objects have in nature, to blend, to ſhade, and weaken them as there is occaſion, in order to make them appear natural: this is called *Colouring*. Theſe are the three rules of pictureſque expreſſion.

OF MUSIC AND DANCING.

Muſic had formerly a much greater compaſs than it has at preſent. It gave graces to all kinds of ſounds and geſtures: it took in ſinging, dancing, verſification and declamation: *ars decôris in ſonibus & motibus*. But ſinceverſification and dancing have formed two ſeparate arts, and declamation, abandoned to itſelf, is no longer an art, muſic properly ſpeaking is reduced ſimply to what we call tune; that is, the ſcience of ſounds.

This diſtinction nevertheleſs coming rather from the artiſts than from the arts themſelves, which have been always cloſely connected with one another, we will here ſpeak of muſic and dancing without ſeparating them. The mutual compariſon we ſhall make of one with the other, will help to make us the better acquainted with them: they will beſtow light upon each other in this account, as they give beauty to each other on the ſtage.

Men have three ways of expreſſing their ideas and ſentiments; words, tone of voice, and geſture. We underſtand by geſture, the exterior motions and attitudes of the body: *Geſtus*, ſays *Cicero*, *eſt conformatio quædam & figura totius oris & corporis*.

I have named words firſt, becauſe they are in poſſeſſion of the firſt rank; and that men commonly give moſt attention to them. Nevertheleſs, the tone of voice and geſture have ſeveral advantages over them: their uſe is much more natural: we have recourſe to them when words fail us; they are alſo more extended: they are univerſal interpreters which follow us to every part of the world, they make us intelligible to the moſt barbarous nations, and even to animals. In ſhort, they are conſecrated in an eſpecial manner to our ſentiments. Speech *inſtructs* and *convinces* us; it is the organ of reaſon: but the tone and geſture are thoſe of the heart: they *move*, *win* and *perſuade*. Speech expreſſes paſſion only by means of ideas, to which ſentiments are affixed, and as if by reflection. The tone and geſture go directly to the heart. Speech expreſſes paſſions by naming them: if we ſay, I love you or I hate you, and do not join ſome geſture and tone to the words, we rather expreſs an idea than a ſentiment.

The fineſt ſpeech the character of *Juliet* would have but little effect on our paſſions, without Mrs. *Merry*'s geſture joined to her elegant and moving tone

of

of voice. *Affectus omnes, languescant necesse, niſi voce, vultu, totius propè habitu corporis inardescant.*

In a word, ſpeech is a language of inſtitution, which men have made more diſtinctly to communicate their ideas: tones and geſtures are the dictionary of ſimple nature; they contain a language which is born with us, and which we make uſe of to expreſs every thing that relates to the wants and to the preſervation of our being; it is ſhort, lively, and emphatical. What a foundation for arts, whoſe deſign is to move the ſoul, is this language; the expreſſions of which are rather thoſe of human nature itſelf than of mankind!

Speech, geſture, and tone of voice, have degrees, or they anſwer to the three kinds of arts mentioned in the firſt chapter. In the firſt degree, they expreſs ſimple nature, for want alone: this is the genuine picture of our thoughts and ſentiments: ſuch is, or ought to be, our converſation. In the ſecond degree, nature is poliſhed by the help of art to add pleaſure to utility: they chuſe with ſome care, but with reſtraint and modeſty, the moſt proper and agreeable words, tones, and geſtures: this is oratory. In the third, they have nothing but pleaſure in view: theſe three expreſſions have not only all their natural grace and force, but alſo all the perfection that art can add to them, we mean meaſure, motion, modulation, and harmony; and this is verſification, muſic, and dancing, which are the greateſt poſſible perfection of words, tones of voice, and geſtures.

DESIGN AND RULES OF MUSIC.

If I were to own that I could not be pleaſed at a diſcourſe I did not underſtand, my confeſſion would have nothing ſingular in it. But were I to ſay the ſame thing of a piece of muſic, a muſician might aſk me, if I thought myſelf connoiſſeur enough to enter into the merit of a piece of muſic that has been worked up with the greateſt care? and I would venture to reply; Yes, for the buſineſs of muſic is to *move*. I do not pretend to calculate ſounds: I ſpeak not of vibration of cords, nor of mathematical proportion. I abandon to *theoriſts* theſe ſpeculations, which are only like the nice grammatical or dialectical parts of a diſcourſe, whoſe merits I can feel without entering into the diſcuſſion. Muſic ſpeaks to me in tones: the language is natural to me; if I don't underſtand it, art has corrupted nature, rather than mended it. Muſic ſhould be judged in the ſame manner as a picture. I ſee ſtrokes and colours in it whoſe meaning I underſtand; it ſtrikes, it touches me. What would be ſaid of a painter, who ſhould content himſelf with laying on his canvas a parcel of bold ſtrokes and a heap of the moſt lively colours, without any ſort of reſemblance to any known object. The application is very naturally made to muſic. There is no ſort of diſparity, or if there is, it ſtrengthens my proof. The ear, ſay they, is much more delicate than the eye. Then I am more capable to judge of a piece of muſic than of a picture.

I appeal to the compoſer himſelf which are the parts he approves of moſt, which he is moſt fond of, and to which he is continually recurring with a ſort of ſecret pleaſure? Are they not thoſe where his muſic (if we may ſo ſay) is ſpeaking, where it has a clear meaning, without obſcurity, and without equivocation?

Let then the profound muſician applaud himſelf, if he will, for having, by a mathematical concord, conciliated ſounds that ſeemed to have the utmoſt antipathy to each other; if they ſignify nothing, I ſhall compare them with thoſe geſtures of our *Britiſh* orators which are only ſigns of life; or to the artificial verſes, which are only metrical noiſe.

It is true, I cannot tell why I am pleaſed with a fine piece of muſic, but what ſignifies that? If I feel, it matters not whether I expreſs my ſenſations by words or otherwiſe:

Cauſa latet, vis eſt notiſſima.

The heart has its underſtanding independent of words; and when it once touched it has comprehended. Moreover, as there are great

which words cannot reach, there are alſo delicate ones which words are as little capable of expreſſing. This is very manifeſt, in what we are ſpeaking of.

Let us declare then that muſic, the beſt calculated in all its tones, the moſt geometric in its concords, if it ſhould happen that, with theſe qualities, it had no ſignification or meaning, we could compare to nothing but a priſm, which preſents the moſt beautiful colours and forms no ſort of picture.

The firſt merit of muſic, dancing, and eloquence, is to be conſpicuous. *Prima virtus perſpicuitas.* What does it ſignify to me, that there is a beautiful edifice in that pleaſant valley, if it is obſcured with night and darkneſs. We do not expect a meaning from each of them in particular: but they ought each of them to contribute towards one. If it is not a period, let it be a limb, a word, a ſyllable. Every tone, every modulation, every ſtep, ought to lead to a ſentiment, or to give us one.

2*d*, The expreſſions ought to be *juſt*. It is the ſame in ſentiments as in colours: a demi-tint degrades them, makes them change their nature, or renders them equivocal.

3*d*, They ought to be *lively*, *fine*, and *delicate*. Every body is acquainted with the paſſions to a certain degree. When a man paints them no farther than that, he has only the merit of an hiſtorian, of a ſervile imitator. We muſt go farther if we would ſeek for beautiful nature. There are for muſic and dancing, as well as for painting, beauties which artiſts call light and tranſitory; fine ſtrokes that fall in the extaſy of paſſion, ſighs, tender accents, and inclinations of the head. Theſe are the touches that warm, awaken, and animate the mind.

4*th*, They ought to be *eaſy* and *ſimple*, all that looks like conſtraint, gives pain, and fatigues us. Whoever looks on or hears, is the uniſon of him that ſpeaks or acts: and it is not with impunity that we are ſpectators of his pain or trouble.

5*th*, Laſtly, the expreſſions ought to be *new*, eſpecially in muſic. *Eſt natura hominum novitatis avida.* There is no art where the taſte is more greedy and more haughty: *judiciam auriam ſuperbiſſimum.* The reaſon of this, no doubt, is our facility in taking the impreſſion of ſounds; *naturâ ad numeros ducimur.* As the ear carries the ſentiment to the heart, in all its force, a ſecond impreſſion is almoſt uſeleſs, and leaves our ſouls inactive and indifferent. From thence ſeems the neceſſity of continually varying the modes, the motions, and the paſſions.

(To be continued.)

The German Story.

(Continued from Page 337.)

"I WAS engaged for three days in a moſt diſtreſſing conflict with my rebelling conſcience, and ſeveral times on the brink of ſhifting quarters, and taking a houſe far enough removed from my then abode, but my reſolution was always ſhaken as ſoon at it was formed, when the doleful ſituation of the poor diſtreſſed girl recurred to my mind, imploring my aſſiſtance with a pallid ghaſtly look."

"It is true, the lover of the afflicted diſconſolate girl did not deſerve my aſſiſtance; however, I could not deny it to myſelf, that I had greatly injured him—common juſtice required ſome atonement, and poor Helen would certainly have been loſt without my aſſiſtance. Theſe conſiderations conquered at laſt every heſitation which reaſon and honeſty had ſuggeſted to my troubled mind."

"The fourth night Helen paid me a ſecond viſit, entreating me more preſſingly than at firſt; yet I remained firm and unperſuaded a good while; however, when ſhe reminded me of my promiſe, and of ——, I could no longer maintain my ground, renewed my former promiſe, and went, without delay, the next morning to work."

"I entered at nine o'clock the apartment of my landlord, and could not but obſerve, that Helen's cheeks were tinged with a crimſon hue of inward ſatisfaction; her aſpect and her looks ſupported my reſolution."

"Sir," ſaid I, "the tranquillity of your houſe is dear to me, and I have had the good fortune, laſt night, to hit upon means, the application of which will certainly ſecure it for ever."

"The ſimple ſuperſtitious man embraced me with viſible marks of gratitude, exclaiming in an ecſtacy of joy, "O, tell me, tell me, what muſt I do?"

"Then he ordered his daughter to fetch a bottle of Hungarian wine, preſſing me to drink; but I declined it, reſuming,

"Sir, the ghoſt that diſturbs the peace of your houſe—"

"Have you ſeen him?" he interrupted me, with a ghaſtly look.

"I will ſee him," replied I, "he is a malicious being, and has given me much trouble; yet I truſt I ſhall be able to get the better of him by the aſſiſtance of the occult knowledge which I poſſeſs."

"How! how!" ſtammered the ſimpleton, then you are indeed the man I always took you for; then you are really one of thoſe great mortals who underſtand the wonderful art of necromancy. How happy I am, to meet at laſt, ſo unexpectedly, with the man I have always moſt ardently wiſhed to find out. Tell me, dear friend, what muſt we do?"

"Nothing in the world," anſwered I; "but conjure up in due form that turbulent ſpirit."

"And will you undertake to perform that difficult dangerous taſk?"

"Why not?"

"And when, dear Sir, do you intend to do me that ineſtimable favour?"

"The enſuing night if you will conſent to it, for without your leave I can do nothing."

"O, that you have! that you have! You may do whatever you pleaſe; I will conſent to any thing if I can get rid of that infernal diſturber of my nocturnal reſt."

"I left the credulous man with ſenſations which ſprung from pity rather than exultation, at my eaſy gotten victory. I inſtantly made every preparation for executing my roguiſh plan, being aſſiſted by the ſecretary, and having won over to my purpoſe the ſervants of the houſe, every thing ſucceeded to admiration."

"A little before twelve o'clock all the inhabitants of the houſe reſorted to my room, and an intimate friend of mine acted the ghoſt admirably well: Benumbing perfumes deprived the ſpectators of the proper uſe of their ſenſes, and the landlord had previouſly been made unfit for inveſtigation, by a powder mixed with his wine."

"The ghoſt appeared, or rather ſtepped forth, from behind a partition of paper, which I had contrived to make."

"When I aſked why he had dared to diſturb the tranquillity and the peace of the houſe, he anſwered, in a tremulous hollow accent, "Out of reſentment againſt the female ſex."

"On my farther inquiries, he related, in ſhort anſwers, that, a century ago, the cruelty of a lady he had been in love with had driven him to deſpair, and hurried him into the raſh reſolution to ſhut himſelf up within a cloiſter's hallowed walls; but, having prophaned his holy order, by entering into it with a worldly heart, polluted by the looſe deſires of ſenſual love, he had been condemned to purgatory until a certain condition ſhould be fulfilled."

"All theſe queries and anſwers, previouſly ſet down in writing and got by heart, produced the deſired effect on the blinded mind of the credulous father, who, at length, ſtammered out the queſtion, "By what means he could be relieved from his torments?" The ghoſt replied, that he was doomed to ſuffer the agonies of purgatory, and to haunt his former abode in the midnight hour, until an unhappy couple, ſeparated by a parent's cruel tyranny, ſhould be united in holy wedlock."

"Having related his fictitious tale he diſappeared behind the partition of paper, under the cover of a thick ſmoke, leaving my landlord in a ſtate of mind, which ſeconded our deſign to the utmoſt of our wiſhes."

"When the credulous man had recovered a little from his aſtoniſhment, I aſked him, if he could explain the meaning

ing of the ghoſt's anſwer, and whether it was in his power to perform the condition he had hinted at: Upon which he ſilently nodded to me, and promiſed to pay me a viſit early in the morning, which he did at ſix o'clock, confeſſing his cruelty towards his daughter, which he believed had provoked the reſentment of the monk, and pleaded the poverty of the young man, and the cool indifference he had treated his daughter with ever ſince his offers had been rejected."

"Now," added he, I ſee every thing in its proper light; the ghoſt has entirely opened my eyes, blinded by avarice: God be praiſed that the young man has not yet left my houſe, as he intended to do, for it would then give much room for ſcandal, if he ſhould marry my daughter, which I am very well convinced cannot be avoided, if the tranquility of my houſe ſhall be reſtored."

"In ſhort, the ſecretary was married to the girl, and the ghoſt appeared no more."

"This beneficial fraud, for ſo may I juſtly call it, the honour, and perhaps the life of the father and daughter, having been ſaved by it, and the young man, who was ſober and induſtrious, proving a very tender and affectionate huſband: This beneficial fraud was the firſt ſtep, which afterwards led me to ruin and diſgrace."

"Poſſeſſed of a large ſtock of knowledge of the human heart, of experience, and art, I was no longer ſatisfied, with confining myſelf to trifling juggling tricks, but I ſoon began to act after a more extenſive plan: In ſpite of all the precaution I had taken to keep the above mentioned tranſaction from the knowledge of the public, it ſoon tranſpired with the uſual additions, and every body thought me to be a ſort of ſupernatural being, and ſo many opportunities of preying on the credulity of mankind were thrown in my way, that I could not ſtand the temptations which frequently occurred, to profit by the ſuperſtition of my fellow creatures."

"I hope you will ſpare me the diſtreſſing taſk to relate all the tranſgreſſions I committed afterwards: Suffice it to ſay, that a complete account of my frauds would ſwell many volumes. The few remaining hours of life allotted me, prevent me from relating all the ſubſequent cheating tricks which I committed, I therefore ſhall confine myſelf to the two criminal tranſactions, by which your friend, the brave Auſtrian, has been impoſed upon; they will afford you ample means of forming a proper idea of thoſe I am obliged to bury in ſilence."

"I had for the ſpace of ſix years, carried on my juggling tricks with ſo much ſecreſy, that few of my criminal deeds were known. Although I had been betrayed ſeveral times by my aſſociates, and reprimanded by my ſuperiors, yet I always ſuffered myſelf to be blinded by the too powerful charms of gold and falſe ambition, and was ever ready to lend my aſſiſtance to deeds of the blackeſt hue."

"One day the widow of an honeſt citizen ſent for me, and, having bribed me by ſome pieces of gold, requeſted me to aſſiſt her in the execution of a moſt criminal deſign."

"Her huſband, lately deceaſed, ſo ſhe told me, had promiſed her daughter in marriage to a man whom ſhe could not ſuffer to become her ſon-in-law, becauſe he had behaved very diſreſpectfully towards her while her huſband had been living, and ſcorned to apply for her conſent; moreover, ſhe told me, he was a lazy drunkard and a gambler; in one word, a good-for-nothing fellow."

"I know Mr. Volkert," added ſhe, "that you are in high favour with the Devil, and entreat you to raiſe up one of the angels of darkneſs, commanding him to appear to my daughter, and to threaten her to carry her to hell if ſhe will not deſiſt from her intended marriage."

"Shocked at that infernal propoſal I was going to throw the money at her feet; would to God I had done it! but three ducats more ſoothed my indignation, and allured me to promiſe that I would take the matter into conſideration, and inform her of the reſult of it the following day."

"I kept my promiſe, enjoining the woman to tell her daughter, as a ſecret, that her deceaſed father had, on his death bed, compelled her to make a ſolemn promiſe, never to conſent to that marriage: She readily executed my order, and the poor girl was overwhelmed with grief."

"Then I bade the inhuman mother aſſume a melancholy aſpect, to treat her daughter with more kindneſs than ever, to mingle her tears with thoſe of her child, to inveigh now and then againſt the caprice of the deceaſed, to inflame the girl, by degrees, with a deſire of knowing the reaſon her father might have had to forbid, on his death bed, her union with a man he had always ſeemed to be fond of; and, after theſe preparations, to mention, as if by accident, my name, and my ſkill in necromancy, yet to take care, not to betray her deſign of having conjured up her deceaſed huſband."

"The cruel unnatural mother executed my orders with all poſſible dexterity and art, wept with her afflicted diſconſolate child, and, by theſe means, beguiled the unſuſpecting heart of her unhappy daughter. The poor victim of a mother's infernal cruelty liſtened eagerly to the deceitful ſpeeches of her artful parent, and her curioſity was ſoon raiſed to ſo high a pitch, that ſhe one evening came to my lodgings, trembling and ſhivering, to acquaint me with her woe, and to implore my aſſiſtance, which I inſtantly promiſed to grant her."

"The reſt you very likely know, from the relation of your friend: One of my comrades, who was always ready to execute my commands, acted the ghoſt, and every thing ſucceeded, alas! too well."

"But ſuffer me to drop the dreadful horrid tale; this black infernal deed lays heavy on my conſcience, for it has rendered me guilty of the murder of two innocent perſons."

"Your friend requeſted me, ſoon after, to give me a ſpecimen of my talents, which I readily promiſed to do as ſoon as an opportunity ſhould offer; but, God knows, I did not then mean to perform my promiſe."

"However, the quarrel between the two officers afforded me very ſoon ſuch an alluring opportunity to diſplay my ſkill, that I could not ſtand the temptation to perform the moſt cunning and ſubtle trick. The whole tranſaction bears ſuch ſtrong marks of the marvellous, that you will expect a long explanation, but the contrivance was ſo ſimple that a few words will ſuffice to unfold to you that ſtrange affair."

"One morning a foreign officer ſent for and requeſted me, to compoſe an ointment, which would make him invulnerable. I ſtared at him with wonder and aſtoniſhment; however, when he covered the whole table with gold, I was tempted to profit by his folly, and aſked him who his antagoniſt was: Being told it was Lieutenant C—, I would not run the riſk of expoſing myſelf to his reſentment, and left the valiant ſon of Mars without liſtening to his propoſal."

"The ſucceeding day your friend viſited me: "Volkert," ſaid he, as he entered the room, "I have a job for you: I can give you an excellent opportunity to favour me with a proof of your ſkill, and to get a handſome ſum of money into the bargain"

"I pricked up my ears, made a few faint objections, and at length ſuffered myſelf to be perſuaded."

"As ſoon as your friend had left me I went to Baron T——, who was ſtill in bed, without having the leaſt inclination of fighting a duel."

"Baron," exclaimed I, as I entered his room, "give me the money, I am ready to execute your orders, you ſhall not only be invulnerable, but alſo leave the field of battle and this town as a man of honour, provided nobody knows that you are returned from your journey."

"That is charming!" exclaimed the undaunted Baron, "nobody beſides you and my landlord know that I am returned, and him we can eaſily ſilence if ſecrecy is neceſſary."

"Then he jumped nimbly out of his bed, and gave me the money. I laid my plan before him, and he joyfully ſubmitted to every thing propoſed. His landlord and the owner of the houſe

houſe where the conjuration was performed, were bribed: The Baron, who acted the ghoſt, was concealed in a ſmall cloſet, to which he, when the whole tranſaction was finiſhed, retired, under the cover of a thick benumbing ſmoke, which concealed his retreat, and left the town that very night.

The poſtman had likewiſe been bribed to deliver the letter, compoſed by me and copied by the Baron. The certificate of the ſurgeon major was forged, and every thing ſucceeded to our ſatisfaction."

"As to the duel, every thing was effected by natural means: I cleaned and charged the piſtols of Lieutenant C—, and took care to ſpoil the locks of one brace, and to charge the other with wrong bullets. I informed the governor of the duel, that Baron T—'s courage might be known, and he returned, for the ſame reaſon, to town, as ſoon as the duel was fought, delivering himſelf into the hands of the ſoldiers, who had been ordered to arreſt the combattants."

"That he might be thought generous, he ſupplicated for the enlargement of his antagoniſt, and procured him the governor's pardon."

"The heinouſneſs of this deed of mine will be leſſened in your eyes, if I tell you, that the bullets in the Baron's piſtols were likewiſe too ſmall, ſo that Lieutenant C— could not be wounded dangerouſly, and the Baron took care not to hurt him materially."

"Volkert had, as yet, ſpoken with great hilarity, and it almoſt appeared as if he had entirely forgotten his impending doom; but ſuddenly he grew more ſerious and ſolemn: Gloomy clouds of ſorrow were gathering on his brow, the paleneſs of his countenance increaſed, his lips were contorted, he gave a deep groan of anguiſh, and after an awful pauſe of inward agony, he went on in a faltering accent."

"O that I here could conclude the dreadful tale of my tranſgreſſions! O that I had not to relate deeds more glaring and abominable! deeds which chill my ſoul with anguiſh, and pierce my guilty heart with a thouſand daggers, pointed by unutterable pangs of a polluted conſcience: However, I promiſed you a ſketch of my whole life, and will be as good as my word: Although I ſhall not be able to give you a full narrative of deeds which fill my ſoul with horror, yet I will go on as well as I can."

"The interceſſion of Baron T— in my behalf had ſo much weight with the governor, that he ſuffered me to eſcape without puniſhment, and ſent me on the recruiting buſineſs, in order to get rid of me without provoking my anger: O that he had rather loaded me with his reſentment, than with his bounty, and puniſhed me as I deſerved; perhaps it would have opened my eyes and brought me back to the path of honeſty."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

ACCORDING to my promiſe I ſend you another Ballad (as it is called) on the ſame ſubject as the laſt, by LORD CHESTERFIELD, and probably by the ſame hand. When the freedom is conſidered with which ſome of the parties in it are treated, it will excite no ſurprize that this *jeu d'eſprit* ſhould remain from the time of its writing to the preſent in MS. Whatever liberties are indulged at this period with great perſons, it was not ſo ſafe in the reign of George the Firſt.

I am, &c.

C. D.

A NEW BALLAD.

THE Chriſt'ning was not yet begun,
When thus the King beſpoke his Son;
Away, and leave your babble:
Shall Captain Tom† receive offence,
By ſtanding for a foreign Prince,
He repreſents the rabble.

'Tis very well, young Hopeful ſaid,
You muſt, you ſhall, be ſtill obeyed,
My Sire and Heaven's vicegerent:
But Tom, if e'er I pardon thee,

NOTE.

† Captain Tom was a nickname then given to the Duke of Newcaſtle.

May

May I be ſtyl'd, as I ſhall be,
Not Heir but Fool Apparent.

No, raſcal, no: not all the rout,
That for thy gold and liquor ſtout
Huzza the cauſe they hate,
And ne'er will leave thee, till they drain
Thy purſe as empty as thy brain,
Shall ſave thy ſoul from Fate.

How, quoth the King, is this your faſhion,
To hector Dukes of my creation?
Hence, to your room begone!
Thou ſon of an unhappy mother,
Confined like her henceforward ſmother,
Or vent thy rage alone.

His Highneſs, order'd to retire,
Deſpairs to pacify his Sire.
Alas! how can it be?
For well he knows the marble ſtone
As ſoon might hear his piteous moan,
And ſooner melt than he.

By letters when for grace he plies,
He mocks me, ſure, the Monarch cries!
Forgive him, rebel! Rot him!
Should I forgive him, after this,
The ſpiteful world might judge amiſs,
And fancy I begot him.

But ſince confinement pipues the lubber,
Who bullied late, and now can blubber,
I give him timely warning.
'Tis night, indeed; but nights are long,
That he, and all his factious throng,
Depart the Court e'er morning.

A lodging, in a private houſe,
Is large enough for him and ſpouſe,
To ſolace in alone;
And for his lumber, maids and grooms,
The town has ſtore of upper rooms,
Unfurniſh'd like his own.

The meſſage in a trice obey'd,
Down went the hangings; every maid
(The tidings being told 'em)
Pack'd up and ſobb'd their fright; and ſpeed
Made ſome cry fire, but all agreed
The houſe too hot to hold 'em.

The Prince he weeps from morn to night,
The princeſs, ſhe, in doleful plight,
Has fits yclep'd of mother.
Well may they by that name be known,
Since Younger newly come to town
Occaſion'd all the pother.

O rare preſage of future bliſs,
That muſt attend a reign like his,
To whom the ſtars diſpenſe
The Grandſire's clemency and law,
The ſoul and courage of Papa,
And either Hero's ſenſe.

Awhile, with reſolutionsſtout,
His Highneſs thought to ſtand it out,
But quickly judged it better
To try His Majeſty again,
And lowly in the ſuppliant ſtrain,
He wrote the following letter.

With tears which than my ink flow faſter,
Bewailing, Sir, my late diſaſter,
I humbly beg a ſhare in
Your mercy, might it yet take place,
And ſuch has prov'd your act of grace,
'Tis ſcarce the worſe for wearing!

Argyle would fright me with the ſlaughter
Of Hall, Kenmure, and Derwentwater,
Surrendering at diſcretion:
Yet oh! on terms I ſtand no more,
Scarce dare I hope, tho' I implore,
You'll pardon my tranſgreſſion.

Ah! might I once again preſume
Within your palace to find room
But during good behaviour:
For Sir, I am not quite ſo mad,
To aſk for what I never had,
Your confidence and favour.

And if my friends diſturb your brain,
I mean the few that ſtill remain
As hearty as before;
I give them up: my honour too;
A ſlender ſacrifice, 'tis true,
But can I offer more?

Your ſervice, as I underſtand,
Requires my vote, my heart, my hand,
To countenance the Godly;
And for the Church, your will is ſuch,
I ſhould eſpouſe it juſt as much
As Toland does, or Hoadly.

Agreed: and for affairs of State,
To you and your Triumvirate
I fairly quit the ſaddle;

Content

Content to give my baby pap,
To lull the darling in my lap,
Or rock it in the cradle.

Thus wrote the prince: with what ſucceſs,
I dare not yet preſume to gueſs,
Or judge between Sire and Son:
But ſure I am we boaſt in vain
Our native breed the wolves are ſlain,
By foreign bears o'errun.

Account of a new Work, entitled, "The Story of Sarah Durin, dedicated to the Advocates of an unjuſt and unneceſſary War."

A PATHETIC ſtory, well adapted to make at leaſt the *common* people ſick of this *juſt* and *neceſſary* war, and conſequently, in a ſhort and effectual way, to bring it to a termination. The ſufferings of the ſoldiers abroad, and of their families at home, are painted in ſtrong colouring, but we believe not beyond the truth. The converſation of Sarah Durin's huſband with the miniſter of his pariſh, we ſhall copy: leaving it to our readers to decide, whether the doctor, or Richard, have the advantage in the argument.—P. 12.

'*R.* Pleaſe your worſhip, my wife perſuaded me to come and conſult your worſhip what I ſhould do to get my living; for ſince the war broke out I hav'nt been able to get any employ, and times have gone very hard with us.

'*M.* Why don't you enliſt for a ſoldier, Richard, and fight for your king and country?

'*R.* Why, an't pleaſe your worſhip, I have been thinking of doing ſo, but I never liked fighting, and can't help thinking it muſt be very wicked to kill people that I never ſaw, and that never offended me.

'*M.* No, Richard, not at all, if they are your enemies.

'*R.* But how can they be my enemies if they never offended me?

'*M.* Why, Richard, they are your natural enemies, the enemies of your country, the enemies of all the world.

'*R.* Are they, ſir, indeed?

'*M.* Yes, Richard, they are the enemies of God and man.

'*R.* Then I wonder God don't deſtroy 'em.

'*M.* Huſh! Richard, we are not allowed to pry into the unſearchable ways of providence; we are only inſtruments in his hands.

'*R.* Then, ſir, we certainly ought not to kill one another without his orders.

'*M.* No, Richard, but he has commanded us to be watchful when the enemy is at our gates.

'*R.* Sir, if the French had landed in our country, I ſhould never have aſked any body's advice about fighting againſt them; but they have not attacked our country, and why ſhould we attack their's?

'*M.* Richard, they have attacked our allies, and we are bound by the faith of treaties, to protect our allies, Richard.

'*R.* Now, I have heard ſay, that our allies would rather be without our help than with it.

'*M.* Aye, but if they don't know what's for their own good, we muſt ſhew 'em; beſide, Richard, they have murdered their king.

'*R.* That, to be ſure, was very cruel; but then he was'nt our king, and what was it to us?

'*M.* Richard, they have deſtroyed religion, and denied their God; don't you think we have ſomething to do with that?

'*R.* As to deſtroying their religion, ſir, you uſed always to ſay that their religion was a very bad one, and ought to be deſtroyed; and if they have denied their God, he can puniſh them for that a great deal better than we can.

'*M.* Richard, I always knew you to be a very honeſt, ſober fellow; I adviſe you to get rid of ſuch jacobin notions.

'*R.* Sir, I am ſorry you ſhould think me a jacobin—nobody loves his king and country better than I do.

'*M* Why don't you go and fight for them, then, rather than ſtay at home here and ſtarve?

'*R.* So

'*R.* So I will, sir, if you think God will forgive me.

'*M.* Forgive you, Richard, that he will and reward you too. Who knows but you may be at the taking of some great town, and get a great deal of plunder, and come home, perhaps, a rich man.

'Richard came home, sir, and enlisted the very next morning. It almost broke our hearts to part, for he was very soon ordered abroad.'

On the Different Modes of Reasoning among Persons who differ in their Pursuits.

WHAT has been often observed of the judgment of individuals, is equally true of particular societies: every society, like every individual, looks with esteem or contempt on other societies only in proportion to their agreement or disagreement with the ideas, passions, prejudices, rank and genius of the persons who compose that society.

Let a quaker, for instance, appear in a circle of beaux, will he not be surveyed with that kind of contemptuous pity which we generally bestow upon those who we think abandon a real for an imaginary good:—should a conqueror enter a study of philosophers, who can doubt that he would consider their most profound speculations as vain and frivolous; that he would view these sages with that haughty disdain which a mind, filled with its own greatness, feels for those whom it despises, and with that exulting superiority with which power looks down upon weakness. But transport one of these sages to the royal tent, and let the conqueror treat him with that disrespect which he conceives him to merit:

"Proud mortal!" will the offended philosopher reply, "who despises souls more lofty than thine own: learn, that the object of thy desires is our contempt; and that nothing appears great on earth, when surveyed by a truly elevated mind.—In an ancient forest sits a traveller, at the foot of the cedar, which, to him, seems to touch the heavens; but above the clouds, where the eagle soars, the tallest cedars seem to creep upon the surface of the earth like the humble broom, and presents to the eye of the king of birds only a verdant carpet spread over the plains."

Let a beautiful woman, young, elegant, and full of gallantry, such as history represents the celebrated Cleopatra, who by the infinity of her charms, the magic of her wit, the voluptuousness of her caresses, makes her lover daily taste all the delights that could be found in variety—in whose arms, to use the emphatic language of Dryden, "desire springs from enjoyment;" let such a woman appear in an assembly of prudes, whose chastity is secured by age and ugliness, how will her beauties and talents be despised!——Sheltered from seduction, beneath the Medusean shield of deformity, these prudes have no idea of the pleasure arising from the flattering infatuation and fond solicitations of a lover; they cannot conceive the difficulty which a beautiful woman finds in resisting the importunity of the man she loves, and the vanity of making him the confident of all her secret charms: they will therefore fall with fury upon this lovely woman, and place her weakness among crimes of the blackest dye.

But let a prude, in her turn, appear in a circle of coquettes, she will there meet with as little respect as superciliousness can shew to levity, and as much contempt as beauty can express for deformity. To be revenged on her prudery they will tell her, that the beauty who yields to love, and the ordinary woman who resists that passion, are both prompted by the same motive; the one seeks an admirer of her charms, the other to avoid the means of her disgrace; and consequently there is no difference, but what beauty makes, between the prude and the woman of gallantry.

Thus the different opinions, passions, and prejudices of mankind exult over each other. The ostentatious minister of state, who will not know merit in a mean condition, is despised in his turn by men of sense and learning,

"Foolish mortal!" cry they;—"on what dost thou pride thyself?—Art thou vain of the crowds that kneel before thee?

thee?—Know! whatever thy folly may ſuppoſe, this homage is not paid to thee, but to thy place. Thou, of thyſelf, art nobody: what luſtre thou haſt is reflected by the favour of thy ſovereign. Behold the vapours that ariſe from the mud of thoſe marſhes; ſuſtained in the air, they are changed into gaudy clouds: they ſhine, like thee, with a ſplendor borrowed from the ſun; but ſhould that luminary for a moment withdraw his beams, their brightneſs is loſt, and they ſink into the mud whence they roſe.

As contrary paſſions excite reciprocal contempt, a different turn of mind produces nearly the ſame effect.

Neceſſitated to reliſh only ſuch ideas as are analogous to our own, it is impoſſible for us to admire a turn of mind very different. For this reaſon the mathematician has commonly a greater eſteem for the metaphyſician than the poet, while the poet has a higher opinion of the orator than of either.

Thus, with the beſt intentions, illuſtrious men of different taſtes ſet little value on each other. To be convinced of the reality of this contempt, which is always reciprocal, let us liſten to the language of men of genius.

Like ſeveral mountebanks diſperſed in a market-place, each calls admirers to himſelf, and thinks that he alone can deſerve them.

The Romance-writer is perſuaded, that his labours require the higheſt degree of invention and delicacy of mind, though he allows that the poet has ſome right to diſpute it with him. The metaphyſician, by a very different merit, would ſnatch the palm from both: he fancies that he only is the ſource of evidence, and the confidant of nature.

"I alone," ſays he, "can generalize ideas, and diſcover the ſeeds of thoſe events which daily unfold themſelves in the phyſical and moral world; by me alone man is enlightened."

The poet conſiders the metaphyſician as a ſolemn fool, who is buſied about words, and rates him accordingly.

"You perplex the head," ſays he, "with endleſs diſtinctions, and employ many words without meaning; you may ſometimes hit upon truth, but cannot bring it home to the heart. It is not in the works of Ariſtotle, but in thoſe of Homer, that conviction is to be found: man is influenced by motives, not by arguments. The diſcoveries of your art are doubtful, the effects of mine are certain."

By ſpeeches like theſe do thoſe three men ſhew their contempt for each other; and, in ſuch a diſpute, ſhould they call in the politician as an arbitrator, he would ſhew an equal contempt for all of them.

"You know," he would ſay, "that the arts and ſciences are only ſerious trifles and vain ſubtilties. We may apply ourſelves to them in infancy, in order to exerciſe the mind; but it is only the knowledge of the public good, the intereſt of the community to which we belong, that ought to engage the minds of men of genius, arrived at the years of diſcretion. Every other object is little, when compared with the vaſt machine of policy:"—Whence he would conclude, that he alone is worthy of univerſal admiration.

But let us ſuppoſe a natural philoſopher to have liſtened to this concluſion of the politician.

"You deceive yourſelf," he will immediately reply: "for if greatneſs of mind is to be meaſured by the greatneſs of the objects about which we are converſant, it is I alone who am truly worthy of eſteem. A ſingle diſcovery of mine changes the intereſt of nations. I rub a needle upon the loadſtone, and encloſe it within a box:—America is diſcovered. The ſettlers dig mines: a thouſand veſſels loaded with gold, divide the waves of the Atlantic, pour out their treaſures in Europe, and the face of the political world is changed.

"Always occupied about great objects," continues he, "if I retire to ſolitude and ſilence, it is not to ſtudy the little revolutions of empires, but thoſe of the univerſe; it is not to penetrate the trifling ſecrets of courts, but thoſe of nature: I diſcover how the ſea has formed mountains, and how it has encroached upon the earth; I meaſure both the force that moves the ſtars, and the extent of the luminous circles they deſcribe in the azure vault of Heaven;

I calculate their magnitude, compare it with that of the earth, and bluſh at the ſmallneſs of the ſpot I inhabit. If I am aſhamed of the hive, judge what contempt I muſt feel for the inſects who people it!—The greateſt legiſlator in my eye, is no more than the king of bees."

In this manner do all claſſes and all ſocieties of men endeavour to prove that they are ſuperior to the reſt, and deal out their contempt accordingly.

We may therefore venture to lay it down as a fixed poſition, that it is perſonal intereſt, differently modified, which produces ſuch an aſtoniſhing diverſity of human opinions, and which is the ſole diſpenſer of praiſe and blame between particular ſocieties as well as individuals.

Valuable new Diſcovery for the Preſervation of Corn.

THE following, which is taken from the Paris MONITEUR, reſpects an article, of which the late unfortunate dearth, through Europe, has more than ever demonſtrated the value.—To our ſhipping and magazines the diſcovery muſt be of immenſe importance.

Reſearches on the Preſervation of Grain and Roots in Workſhops, Magazines, and, above all, on Shipboard. By Antoine Gouan, National Profeſſor of Botany in the School of Health at Montpelier.

Addreſſed to the National Convention, the 10th Thermidor.

"NO perſon is ignorant how much grain, roots, and collections of natural hiſtory are liable to be devoured by inſects, and particularly by weevils, which, by conſuming the internal part, and leaving only the huſk, occaſion frequently the greateſt miſchiefs.

"Theſe are conſiderably felt in great magazines, but particularly on ſhipboard, where numerous crews on long voyages require very ample ſtore of corn, and where the diminution and damage produce often the moſt fata conſequences.

"Theſe inconveniences, and the difficulty of preſerving theſe articles of the firſt neceſſity, have engaged my attention for many years, and induced me to attempt ſeveral methods of preſerving them from the approach and ravages of theſe inſects. I knew that in certain countries they expoſe their grain to ſmoke and vapour; in others it was placed for ſome time in an oven. I alſo knew that pepper and other aromatics were conſidered as good preſervatives. But that which is eaſy and unexpenſive on a ſmall ſcale, becomes dear and impracticable when applied to a larger. My object was to find means, therefore, which ſhould be at once eaſy, efficient, and œconomical:

I. By baniſhing the inſects which cauſe this damage to the grain.

II. By avoiding a weighty expence.

III. And by exempting the grain from the odour contracted in fumigation, particularly from the oils of a low quality which are employed for this purpoſe.

"In conſequence, in the year 1786 I tried the experiment of placing different roots, &c. ripe and newly gathered in a box, which I had bored for the purpoſe of giving admiſſion to mites and other inſects. At the corners and bottom of the box I placed ſeveral leaves of heart-wort, the odour of which I knew was noxious to ſeveral animals. In another I put leaves of horehound, of rue, and of tanſy.—The boxes thus prepared remained for a full year on the ground under my ſhelves.

"At the end of that term I found the roots, &c. perfectly ſound, but the odour of the plants more or leſs remained; and fearing that it might communicate itſelf to the outward ſkin, and occaſion a diſguſting taſte, I proceeded to ſubſtitute to the former bitter aromatic herbs, ſuch as the little centaury, wormwood, thyme, mint, ſavory, &c. which are every where found in abundance.

"I thus preſerved the grain, &c. for a long time, without renewing the

plants.

plants. Thoſe which I now preſent to the convention have been thus preſerved ſince the year 1788.

" After this experiment, now made ſeven years ſince, there can be no doubt but that the practice would ſucceed on a much larger ſcale; and as the grain and ſeeds, when gathered ripe and kept from a moiſt air, preſerve for a long time their vegetative faculties, it follows, that they may be thus conveyed in ſafety, and planted with ſucceſs in the moſt diſtant countries, and after the longeſt voyages.

" I have thus done my duty as a good citizen, in preſenting to my country the reſult of my reſearches, in a diſcovery valuable in itſelf and uſeful to humanity.

" P. S. I did not think it right to try the means which ſome perſons uſe to preſerve the corn, by burning it with chalk and cinders, as a trifling circumſtance may alter theſe ſubſtances in ſuch a manner as to damage the grain."

Gleanings.

SPARSA COLLEGI.

COMEDIES of late (although this ſpecies of writing ought to be a repreſentation of human life and manners) have abounded with incidents ſo improbable, that one is ready to think that authors will ſoon call in the agency of genii and fairies. That being admitted, they may produce events ever ſo monſtrous; for then we can refer every event to an adequate cauſe, which at preſent is impoſſible.

Faſhion is the parent of affectation; a new dreſs will be awkwardly imitated by thoſe who cannot afford it. In an age of learning, there will be many pretenders. Seneca in one of his epiſtles, (the twenty ſeventh) gives a pleaſant account of one Calviſius Sabinus, a noted pretender to learning, who kept ſervants acquainted with Homer, Heſiod, and the poets and hiſtorians, to furniſh him with converſation, but his memory was ſo bad that he forgot a ſentence before he could repeat it to the end. In the preſent age, the affectation of learning has been rendered tolerably eaſy, there being ſo many books which facilitate converſation, by giving a ſuperficial ſketch of every thing; and a great deal of what is called literary converſation, conſiſts in retailing the opinions of others, not our own.

It is to be feared that a habit acquired in youth, more frequently than neceſſity, is the parent of gaming. A harmleſs game of cards, as it is termed, often repeated, may grow into a confirmed liking of the amuſement. When Plato reproved a young man for playing at dice. " What! for ſuch a trifle of money!"—" Cumſtom," anſwered Plato, " is no trifle."

Every one is acquainted with the effect of habit or cuſtom: yet who could have thought that a grave writer would invent the ridiculous ſtory, mentioned by Montaigne, in order to illuſtrate the power of habit. The ſtory is of a country-woman, who having accuſtomed herſelf to play with, and carry a young calf in her arms, and daily continuing to do ſo as it grew up, obtained this by cuſtom, that when grown up ſhe was ſtill able to bear it. The ſtory, at leaſt ſhows that a habit of *invention* is rather unconquerable.

That philoſophy which does not affect the life and manners, is at beſt unprofitable ſpeculation. The greateſt and wiſeſt of men may not live, without deviating from *ſome* of their own precepts, but the deviation will be ſlight. Human nature abounds with failings, yet the Chriſtian philoſopher, although his *pace* may not be equal, will always be found in the right way. Seneca ſays, " Non dico ſapientem uno iturum gradu, ſed una via."

However ridiculous it may ſeem to prepare the mind for literary labour by *medicine*, it has been ſometimes practiſed. Carneades, an eminent philoſopher of Cyrene, being to diſpute with Chryſippus, " purged himſelf with white hellebore, to ſharpen his wit, leſt any corrupt humours in his ſtomach might oppreſs the vigour and conſtancy of his mind."—It would appear that

authors in thoſe days lived rather better than common report ſays they do now!

The operation of grief on the mind appears to be ſo natural, that few are ſucceſsful, who attempt to check it. There is a criſis in ſorrow, which we muſt wait for, and, like the criſis of fevers, it may happen to be fatal or ſalutary, according to the ſtrength of the patient. Some authors recommend mirthful ſubjects; and ſome ſorrowful ones, from the notion that there is comfort to be derived from partnerſhip in affliction. But the truth is, grief is ſeldom to be conquered by reaſon, and therefore it is almoſt always in vain to preach to it. Addiſon recommended to a lady under a heavy diſappointment in love, to conſider, that "at the very time in which ſhe languiſhes for the loſs of her deceaſed lover, there are perſons in ſeveral parts of the world periſhing in a ſhipwreck; others crying out for mercy in the terrors of a death bed repentance; others lying under the tortures of an infamous execution, or the like dreadful calamities; and ſhe will find her ſorrow vaniſh at the appearance of thoſe which are ſo much greater and more aſtoniſhing." But this may be fairly queſtioned. Whatever are the accumulated ſorrows of mankind, you will in vain comfort a man who has loſt a favourite child, or wife, or a lady her lover, by reminding them that they are not in danger of being ſhipwrecked or hanged. Every man in diſtreſs believes his own ſorrows to be the greateſt, and they generally are the greateſt he can bear.

The vanity of authors is more happily illuſtrated in the 166th paper of the Spectator, than in any book I have ever met with, and it would appear to be at leaſt founded in fact. An atheiſtical author lay dangerouſly ſick, and deſiring the aſſiſtance of a neighbouring curate, confeſſed to him with great contrition, that nothing ſat more heavy at his heart than the ſenſe of his having ſeduced the age by his writings, and that their evil influence was likely to continue even after his death. The curate, on further examination, finding the penitent in the utmoſt agonies of deſpair, and being himſelf a man of learning, told him, that he hoped his caſe was not ſo deſperate as he apprehended, ſince he found that he was ſo very ſenſible of his fault, and ſo ſincerely repented of it. The penitent ſtill urged the evil tendency of his book to ſubvert all religion, and the little ground of hope there could be for one whoſe writings would continue to do miſchief when his body was laid in aſhes. The curate finding no other way to comfort him, told him, that he did well in being afflicted for the evil deſign, with which he publiſhed his book; but that he ought to be very thankful that there was no danger of its doing any hurt; that his cauſe was ſo very bad and his arguments ſo weak, that he did not apprehend any ill effects from it; in ſhort, that he might reſt ſatisfied that his book could do no more miſchief after his death, than it had done while he was living. To which he added, for his farther ſatisfaction, that he did not believe any, beſide his particular friends and acquaintance, had ever been at the pains of reading it, or that any body after his death would ever enquire after it. The dying man had ſtill ſo much the frailty of an author in him, as to be cut to the heart with theſe conſolations; and without anſwering the good man, aſked his friends about him, (with a peeviſhneſs that is natural to a ſick perſon) where they had picked up ſuch a blockhead? And whether they thought him a proper perſon to attend one in his condition? The curate finding that the author did not expect to be dealt with as a real and ſincere penitent, but as a penitent of importance, after a ſhort admonition withdrew, not queſtioning but he ſhould be ſent for if the ſickneſs grew deſperate. The author however recovered, and has ſince written two or three tracts with the ſame ſpirit, and very luckily for his poor ſoul, with the ſame ſucceſs.

It is uſual to adviſe young people not to form friendſhips, without having had experience of their friends: but this is rarely poſſible. Moſt men live in habits

bits of friendſhip all their lives, without ever having an opportunity to put it to the teſt.

To be conſtantly employed in ſome work or ſtudy uſeful to ourſelves or to others, is truly to enjoy life, but ſo much are the purpoſes of human life miſtaken, that many men, when near the end of their life, can hardly be ſaid to have lived. 'Quam pulchra res conſummare artem ante mortem, deinde expectare ſecurum reliquam temporis ſui partem,' ſays Seneca. The Stoics muſt be allowed to have entertained the moſt rational notions of the value of life, and of time, and correſponding the neareſt to the precepts of the goſpel.

The anxious and rather impertinent deſire of many people, to know the moſt minute circumſtances of a great man's life, and the cuſtom in the Engliſh papers of recording ſuch minute matters, are not new in the hiſtory of mankind. The philoſopher juſt quoted, in one of his epiſtles to Lucilius, tells him that he muſt not expect to live unobſerved. 'Tu nunc in provincia, licet contemnas ipſe te, magnus es; quid agas, quemadmodum cœnes, quemadmodum dormias, quæritur, ſcitur, &c.'

Cardinal Richelieu, in a letter to Balzac, ſays, 'heretofore mean wits admired all things above the pitch of their capacity; but now their judgments ſeconding their ſufficiencies, they approve nothing but what is within the compaſs of their talent.'

The Mexicans, according to Clavigero, had ſome ſevere laws. He who told a lie to the particular prejudice of another, had a part of his lip cut off, and ſometimes his ears. In one of the kingdoms of Mexico, he who drank till he loſt his ſenſes, if a nobleman, was immediately hanged, and his body was thrown into the lake or into ſome river; if a plebeian, for the firſt offence he loſt his liberty, and for the ſecond, his life. And when the legiſlator was aſked, why the law was more ſevere upon nobles, he anſwered, that the crime of drunkenneſs was leſs pardonable in them, as they were more bound in duty to ſet a good example. The ſame king preſcribed the puniſhment of death to artiſts, who publiſhed any falſehood in their paintings.

Solon made a law, that the ſon ſhould not be obliged to maintain his father, if he had not brought him up to a trade. Solon was a good legiſlator, but not acquainted with the art of making *gentlemen!* It was his will that all men might have ſome honeſt trade, whereby to do good to the commonwealth, and to maintain themſelves and theirs; and that the council of the Areopagites ſhould enquire how every man lived, and puniſh ſuch as they found idle. The Egyptians enjoined all men to be of ſome vocation; and Amaſis, one of their kings, made a law, that every man, once a year, ſhould give an account how he lived.

We by no means ſurpaſs ſome of the ancients in the juſtneſs and propriety of their ſentiments on education. There are few better things on this ſubject than the following: when Ageſilaus, king of Sparta, was aſked what ſhould be eſpecially taught to children, his anſwer preſented a comprehenſive treatiſe on education. 'That,' ſaid he, 'which they are moſt like to make uſe of when they come to be men.' The miſchiefs of modern education, chiefly ariſe from neglecting a principle ſo ſimple and convincing. Young men are old in every ſpecies of folly before they arrive at manhood; premature old age is a wretched proof of education.

A Method of preparing Naples Yellow; by M. Couret: from the Journal de Phyſique.

THE beautiful yellow colour commonly ſold under the name of Naples yellow is well known; thoſe who buy it are often impoſed upon, by being told that it is a ſubſtance produced from Mount Veſuvius.

The firſt author who has ſpoken of it, as a compoſition by art, is M. Beckmann, who has taken his proceſs from a work written by the abbé Paſſeri.

According to the latter it is compoſed of the following ſubſtances, viz. one pound of antimony, one pound and a half of lead, half an ounce of alum,

alum, and the ſame quantity of common ſalt. With reſpect to the proceſs, or mode of preparation, Paſſeri is ſilent. Probably the antimony and lead ſhould be calcined together, afterward the other ingredients added, and then the whole mixture undergo a ſecond calcination, in the manner deſcribed.

The ſecond author who ſpeaks of the compoſition of this colour is M. Fougeroux de Bondaroy; and, upon the whole, his proceſs agrees with the preceding.

To procure this colour we muſt take twelve ounces of white lead, three ounces of diaphoretic antimony, alum and ſal ammoniac of each one ounce. All theſe muſt be ground together dry upon a levigating ſtone: they muſt then be put into an open crucible, and expoſed to a gentle fire for ſome hours; the fire is afterward to be increaſed during a certain time; and finally the mixture is to continue three hours in a degree of heat ſufficient to keep the crucible red-hot. The maſs will then be found to have acquired a beautiful yellow colour. If it is wiſhed to be more of the colour of gold, a greater quantity of diaphoretic antimony and ſal ammoniac muſt be added to the other ingredients.

It is probable that, inſtead of diaphoretic antimony, the grey calx of antimony might be made uſe of.

The Character of Waller, as a Man and a Poet. By Mr. Percival Stockdale.

THE endowments of Waller's mind were recommended by the graces of his form. Mankind are ſo ſubject to the faſcination of externals, that the effects of the moſt elevated genius and virtue are greatly obſtructed by perſonal diſadvantages. Worth, covered by deformity, gains upon us but by ſlow approaches, and muſt not expect to be generally well received till the world is convinced of its reality by repeated experience. But to him in whom nature hath united amiable qualities and great talents with perſonal elegance, we are immediately prepared to pay homage. While the eye ſurveys, the mind wiſhes to eſteem and to admire.

Waller's perſon was handſome and graceful. That delicacy of ſoul which produces inſtinctive propriety gave him an eaſy manner, which was improved and finiſhed by a polite education, and by a familiar intercourſe with the great. The ſymmetry of his features was dignified with a manly aſpect; and his eye was animated with ſentiment and poetry.

His elocution, like his verſe, was muſical and flowing. In the ſenate, indeed, it often aſſumed a vigorous and majeſtic tone, which, it muſt be owned, is not a leading characteriſtic of his numbers.

He was ſo happily formed for ſociety, that his company was ſought for by thoſe who deteſted his principles and his conduct. He muſt have had very engaging qualities who kept up an intimacy with people of two prejudiced and exaſperated parties; and who held the countenance of kings of very different tempers and characters. He was a favourite with the perſons of either ſex of the times in which he lived, who were moſt diſtinguiſhed for their rank and for their genius. The mention of a Morley, a St. Evremond, a Dorſet, a Clarendon, and a Falkland, with whom he ſpent many of his ſocial hours, excludes a formal eulogium on his companionable talents. Let it ſuffice, therefore, to obſerve, that his converſation was chaſtiſed by politeneſs, enriched by learning, and brightened by wit.

The warmth of his fancy, and the gaiety of his diſpoſition, were ſtrictly regulated by temperance and decorum. Like moſt men of a fine imagination, he was a devotee to the fair ſex: but his gallantry was not vitiated with debauchery: nor were his hours of relaxation and mirth proſtituted to profaneneſs and infidelity. Irreligion and intemperance had not infected all ranks in Waller's time as they have now; but he had as much merit in avoiding the contagion of a profligate court, with which he had ſuch familiar intercourſe, as we can aſcribe to an individual of the preſent age, who mixes much with the world, and yet continues proof againſt

againſt its licentiouſneſs. He rebuked the impious wit of the libertine even before a king who was deſtitute of religion and principle; and who enjoyed a jeſt upon that ſacred truth which it was his duty to defend and to maintain.*

But his virtue was more theoretic than practical. It was of a delicate and tender make; formed for the quiet of the poetic ſhade, and the eaſe of ſociety; not hardy and confirmed enough for a conflict with popular commotions. His behaviour on his tryal was hypocritical, unmanly, and abject: yet the alarming occaſion of it, on which but few would have acquitted themſelves with a determined fortitude, extenuates it in ſome meaſure to candour and humanity; though he who had effectually reduced the diſcipline of philoſophy to practice, would rather have ſuffered death than purchaſed life with the ignominy which it coſt Waller. But let us recollect that Providence is very rarely laviſh of its extraordinary gifts to one man. Let us not condemn him with untempered ſeverity, becauſe he was not a prodigy which the world has ſeldom ſeen; becauſe his character compriſed not the poet, the orator, and the hero.

That he greatly improved our language and verſification, and that his works gave a new æra to Engliſh poetry was allowed by his cotemporaries, nor' has it ever been diſputed by good critics. Dryden tells us he had heard Waller ſay, that he owed the harmony of his numbers to Fairfax's tranſlation of the Godfrey of Bulloigne. Whoever reads that tranſlation and compares it with our Author's poetry, will ſee in how rude a ſtate Engliſh verſe was when Waller began to write, and what advantage it received from him. Perhaps more elegant language, and more harmonious numbers than his, would be expected even from a middling poet in this age of refinement: but ſuch a writer would be as much inferior to Waller in abſolute merit, as it is more difficult to attain new, than to copy paſt excellence, as it is eaſier to imitate than to invent. A voyage to the Weſt Indies, firſt atchieved by Columbus, and the calculations of Newton, are won often made by the modern mariner and mathematician: but who refuſes admiration to the inventor of Fluxions, and to the diſcoverer of America?

Eaſe, gallantry, and wit, are the principal conſtituents of his poetry; though he is frequently plaintive with tenderneſs, and ſerious with dignity. But impartiality muſt acknowledge that his muſe ſeldom reaches the ſublime. She is characterized by the ſofter graces, not by grandeur and majeſty. It is her province to draw ſportive or elegiac notes from the lyre; not to ſound the trumpet, and inflame the ſoul.

Hitherto we have remarked our Author's beauties; we muſt now mention his faults. Undiſtinguiſhed praiſe is as weak as it is unjuſt; it neither does credit to the encomiaſt, nor to the perſon commended. Grammatical inaccuracies are not unfrequent in Waller. The literary amuſement of the gentleman was not ſufficiently tempered with the care and circumſpection of the author. He ſometimes prefers a point more brilliant than acute to a manly and forcible ſentiment; and ſometimes violates the ſimplicity of nature for the conceit of antitheſis. In his fondneſs of ſimile he is apt to loſe the merit of a good by the addition of a bad one; in which he ſacrifices truth and propriety to ſound and ſplendour. Theſe faults, however, we muſt, in a great meaſure, impute to the rudeneſs of the age, with which greater poets than Waller complied; partly from negligence, or the immediate influence of example, and partly from neceſſity.

Waller's works will always hold a conſiderable rank in Engliſh poetry. His great abilities as a ſtateſman and an

NOTE.

* On his death bed Waller told Dr. Birch, his ſon-in-law, that he was once at Court when the Duke of Buckingham ſpoke profanely before K. Charles the Second, and that he told him, "My Lord, I am a great deal older than your Grace, and have, I believe, heard more arguments for atheiſm than ever your Grace did. But I have lived long enough to ſee that there is nothing in them, and I hope your Grace will." STEWART'S ANECDOTES, 2d Edit. Vol. ii. p. 94.

an orator are indiſputable; and his moral character will be viewed with lenity by thoſe whoſe minds are actuated by humanity, and who are properly acquainted with their own failings; who conſider the violence of the times in which he lived, and who are accuſtomed to think before they decide.

American Anecdotes.

GENERAL FORBES, who took poſſeſſion of Fort Du Queſne, upon the French abandoning it the war before laſt, being informed that a large body of the enemy were preparing to attack him, ordered a lieutenant and forty men to reconnoitre their number and ſituation, they being about three days march from the fort. The officer and his detachment proceeded with great cheerfulneſs and alacrity, without the leaſt appearance of an enemy, until about ſix o'clock in the morning of the third day's march, when they were ſuddenly fired upon from the woods by a body of Indians, who killed nine of them upon the ſpot; upon which the officer, well knowing that he could not attack the enemy in their then ſituation but at the greateſt diſadvantage, very judiciouſly drew off the remains of his little detachment to a neighbouring plain, and there formed them in order of battle, for the reception of the ſavages; but after remaining in that poſition for ſeveral hours; and finding that they did not advance, he proſecuted his march. He had not, however, proceeded many miles, before he found himſelf in a narrow paſs between two high mountains, and at the ſame time perceived a large body of Indians (upwards of three hundred) pouring down upon him. He immediately formed his men in the moſt advantageous ſituation circumſtances would admit of, determining to ſell their lives at as dear a rate as poſſible. The conflict was now begun; the conſequence of which was that the Engliſh were all cut to pieces, except ſeven men and their officer, who was wounded. The Indians had upwards of ſixty of their number killed, beſides many wounded. They tied the hands of the ſurvivors of this brave little detachment behind their backs, and moſt unmercifully loaded them with their baggage. In this manner they were marched ſix days, when they arrived at the habitations of the ſavages, nearly famiſhed for want of the neceſſaries of life. The next morning the unhappy priſoners were led forth by the wives of thoſe Indians that fell in the action, who firſt proceeded, by way of prologue to the tragical ſcene which was to follow, by ſtripping them quite naked; and then tying one of them to a ſtake, and lighting a ſmall and ſlow fire between his feet, they began to exerciſe the moſt excruciating tortures their ingenuity could poſſibly invent, by tearing the miſerable wretch's fleſh off his bones with red-hot pincers, boring his eyes out, and otherwiſe tormenting him by the moſt barbarous and unheard-of cruelty, to the great entertainment of the more than ſavage brutes who were the ſpectators. In this horrid manner did thoſe infernal wretches continue to exerciſe their moſt ſavage natures, until they had put an end to the lives of the poor unhappy ſoldiers. Thoſe ſquaws (for ſuch are the females called) who diſplayed the greateſt barbariſm as tormentors, received the greateſt applauſe and approbation from all their companions during the exhibition of this tragical ſcene.

It now became the officer's turn to fall a ſacrifice to the manes of thoſe departed ſavages. He told the ſquaws (having ſerved long in America, he had acquired the Indian language) when they came to drag him to the ſtake, "that if they would ſpare his life he would communicate a ſecret, the knowledge of which would enable them to render their bodies invulnerable, ſo that neither ball nor ſword could penetrate them; that he would admit of the firſt experiment to be made upon himſelf; and that he only deſired to be allowed twenty-four hours for the preparation of a compoſition neceſſary for the undertaking." The ſavages, after having deliberated together for ſome time, acquieſced in compliance to the officer's propoſition; bnt at the ſame time denounced, that the moſt nnheard of vengeance

geance ſhould await him, if he deceived them by thus procraſtinating his fate. The twenty-four hours being expired, the ſavage women led forth their victim who had prepared a liquid compoſed of water, red clay (ſomething like ochre) and wood aſhes. With this he anointed his neck until it was of a browniſh colour; he then informed them, that when it was a little dry, they might make an experiment, by applying a very ſharp hatchet with great force; and that if his preparation failed of its intention, he begged they might inflict upon him the moſt ſevere death which they could poſſibly deviſe. Having thus delivered himſelf to his ſavage auditors, he laid his head upon a block, when the chief ſquaw took a hatchet, and applied it to his neck to ſo good purpoſe, that ſhe chopped off his head at one blow, to the great aſtoniſhment as well as diſappointment of the whole tribe, who had aſſembled together upon this important occaſion.

SOME time in the year 1758, ſeveral French traders ſailed up the river Miſſiſippi in their barks, in order to trade with a tribe of Indians who inhabit the banks of that river, and who were then in the French intereſt. The French, on their arrival, found them on the eve of going to war with a neighbouring tribe, and that they would therefore be under the neceſſity of applying for a large quantity of gunpowder, in order to enable them to proſecute it withvigour. The French were not miſtaken in their conjecture; the Indians made application for all the powder which they could ſpare, and to inform them of the manner of cultivating it. In lieu thereof, the Indians undertook to load their barks with the choiceſt furs they were maſters of. French fineſſe was immediately ſtretched to its utmoſt extremity; they agreed to give all the powder which could be ſpared for their immediate uſe, and likewiſe to inſtruct them in the cultivation of powder, by ſupplying them with a ſufficient quantity of ſeed-powder. For this purpoſe they gave thoſe deluded creatures ſome coarſe cannon powder, with inſtructions for ſowing it in the fields, telling them, that at the end of ſix weeks, they would be able to reap a plentiful crop. The credulity of the poor Indians made them very careful in watching their powder for weeks, months, and even a twelvemonth, without reaping any advantage from their indefatigable aſſiduity; they now, though too late, diſcovered the duplicity of the French, and therefore vowed revenge. It was not long before they had an opportunity of gratifying that paſſion. A large body of French traders having arrived amongſt them, and even ſeveral of thoſe who had contributed to render them ſuch egregious dupes, the French propoſed, as uſual, to barter European merchandiſe for furs. The Indians, inſtead of acquieſcing with their deſire, made themſelves maſters of their barks, at the ſame time ſeizing their perſons, and putting every one of them to death, by making them ſuffer the moſt exquiſite tortures which their revengeful diſpoſitions could invent. This tribe of Indians, ſoon after their having thus experienced French deceit and perfidy, abandoned their intereſt, and joined that of the Engliſh.

IN the year 1759, the Mikmak Indians, who inhabited the province of Nova Scotia and its neighbourhood, were excited by the Canadian Government, and principally Monſ. St. Luc, the famous Indian partizan, to commit all poſſible barbarities upon the then recently ſettled colony of Chedebuctou. All the Engliſh reſidents whom they could lay hands on were tormented according to ſavage manners. Some of the tribes, on a particular night, having defeated the militia party of Captain Pike (whom they ſcalped and tomahawked), aſſembled, with the priſoners they had made, on the Dartmouth ſhore, and there began their horrid rites in view of the oppoſite town of Halifax. The victims were ſucceſſively ſtretched in their frames called ſquares, ſtuck full of lighted pine ſplinters, and thus miſerably deſtroyed. One of the priſoners, however, whoſe name was Wheeler, had already ſuffered greatly by their cruelty, and was

nearly half ſcalped. Whilſt he waited his own turn of death, with the progreſs of his fellows execution before his eyes, he deſired to draw on one ſide, avowing a cauſe of urgent neceſſity. This being a requeſt that the ſavages never refuſe, an Indian was appointed to guard him. The bleeding and almoſt naked ſufferer, having concealed a knife, deſired his attendant to look up, under pretence of obſerving ſome bird or other object above them, and he immediately plunged the knife into the bowels of his enemy. The feat being performed, he made into the adjoining woods, wildly flying through ſuch thickets as in that country to any but Indians are ſcarcely penetrable. His eſcape ſoon diſperſed his exaſperated enemies and their dogs (as their manner is) in various directions after him. Exhauſted as he was with pain and fatigue, he ſtill contrived to keep them at a diſtance, being aided by the darkneſs of the night, and had perſevered ſeveral leagues, until he came to the mouth of an inlet of the ſea, now known by the name of Colebarbour. Over the entrance of this inlet runs a bar, with, at all times, a dangerous ſurf, which at this moment was increaſed by the commencement of an heavy gale; and the raging of the ſea was prodigious. Here his purſuers gained upon him, and the fugitive was hemmed in. He threw himſelf into the ſurf, and moſt miraculouſly landed on the oppoſite ſhore. Some of his enemies periſhed in attempting to follow him. He lay for a time almoſt dead; but, reflection giving him ſtrength, he ſtill perſevered, by ſlow degrees, through the woods towards Lawrence-town fort, commanded by Mr. H. Newton, then Lieutenant of the 46th regiment. Daylight diſcloſed itſelf when Wheeler came up to the picketing of the Block-houſe, and ſome of his hunters likewiſe made their appearance at the ſame inſtant, having vainly taken a circuitous rout to intercept their intended victim, who thus critically ſaved himſelf, and probably may be alive at this day.

The Senſitive Plant and Thiſtle.

A Thiſtle happened to ſpring up very near to a ſenſitive plant. The former obſerving the extreme baſhfulneſs and delicacy of the latter, addreſſed her in the following manner: "Why are you ſo modeſt and reſerved, my good neighbour, as to withdraw your leaves at the approach of ſtrangers? Why do you ſhrink, as if you were afraid, from the touch of every hand? Take example and advice from me: if I liked not their familiarity, I would make them keep their diſtance; nor ſhould any ſaucy finger provoke me unrevenged." "Our tempers and qualities," replied the other, "are widely different. I have neither the ability nor inclination to give offence: you, it ſeems, are by no means deſtitute of either. My deſire is to live peaceably in the ſtation wherein I am placed; and though my humility may now and then cauſe me a moment's uneaſineſs, it tends, on the whole, to preſerve my tranquillity. The caſe is otherwiſe with you, whoſe irritable temper and revengeful diſpoſition will, probably, one time or other be the cauſe of your deſtruction." While they were thus arguing the point, the gardener came with his little ſpaddle, in order to lighten the earth round the ſtem of the ſenſitive plant; but, perceiving a thiſtle, he thruſt his inſtrument through the root of it, and directly toſſed it out of the garden.

Affecting Letter from Count Sombreuil to Sir John Borlaſe Warren, (written after he was taken priſoner at the defeat of the Emigrants at Quiberon)*

To Sir John Warren, Commander of the Engliſh Fleet, on Board the Pomona, under the Port of Quiberon.

Auray, July 22, 1795.

SIR,

"I was far from expecting that it ſhould have been my lot to ſend you a detail of the events which took place on the fatal day that brought me hither, and to have a ſevere examination inſtituted on the conduct of the falſe and daſtardly traitor who has ruined our cauſe. Mr. de Puiſaye having ordered me to take a poſition, in which I was to wait his orders, took the ſingular precaution of haſtening to a ſhip,

NOTE.

* See our Magazine for laſt month, page 185.

which

which he secured for his own retreat, and thus abandoned to their hard destiny a multitude of victims, which he sacrificed.

The garrison of the Fort having been forced, and the left wing of the division been already turned, the only resource that remained was precipitately to re-embark, which was nearly rendered impracticable by the proximity of the enemy. The regiments of Hervilly and of Dresney abandoned or massacred their officers. The greater part of the soldiers judging so bad a position desperate, dispersed into the country. I found myself hemmed in by the rock at the extremity of the island, with two hundred or three hundred gentlemen, and a few of the men, who still remained faithful to us, who were left unprovided with cartridges, none having been furnished but to the guards of the Fort, notwithstanding repeated requests on my part: no doubt but Mr. de Puisaye had his own reasons to justify this conduct, which we hope he will condescend to explain.

A number of vessels that still remained on the coast, might have afforded me the disgraceful retreat which M. de Puisaye so vigilantly seized: but the dereliction of my companions in arms would have been far more shocking to me than the lot which awaits me, I believe, to-morrow morning. I am bold to say, I deserved a better; and this you will acknowledge, together with all those who know me, if chance will ever permit any of the companions of my misfortunes, to reveal to the world the mysteries of this fatal, this unexampled day.

The consternation of an undisciplined and disorderly body of men deserted by their Commander, in whom explicit confidence had been placed, rendered it impossible from his stupid security, to take those measures for the general safety which he so providently secured for himself.

Thus bereft of every resource, I agreed to a capitulation, in order to save what could not escape, and the general cry of the enemy gave me to understand that every emigrant would be made prisoner and spared, like the others, but that I alone would be excepted.

Many will say, what could he do? some will answer, he ought to have died. Doubtless I shall die: but as I remained the only person to watch over the lot of those, who the evening before had twenty leaders, I could only exert what efforts were left in my power, and these were ineffectual. Those who left me no other to adopt, might rescue me from this responsibility.

I make no doubt but that the dastard will endeavour to give some colour to his flight: but I call on you by the laws of honour, to communicate this letter to the public; and no doubt, Mr. Windham will be so good as to add to it the letter I addressed to him from Plymouth. Farewell! I bid you farewel with that calmness which can alone result from purity of conscience, and the estimation of all the brave men who at present share my misfortune, and who prefer it to the escape of the coward, who, not having courage to fight with us, ought at least to have forewarned me: that esteem I value as a pledge of immortality. I fall a victim to his cowardice, and to the force of these arms that were for a length of time not unfortunate to me. In this last moment I derive a source of enjoyment, if any can be tasted in a situation like mine, from the esteem of my companions in misfortune, and that of the enemy by whom we are conquered. Farewel! Farewel! all the world—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

(Signed)

COUNT C. DE SOMBREUIL.

[This unfortunate and gallant nobleman was shot according to this presentiment four days after the date of the above letter.]

Useful and Salutary Hints for the Regulation of Persons, whom Duty or Business may call to the West Indies.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

THAT the climate of the West Indies is particularly unfriendly to the constitutions of Europeans, is a fact too notorious to be disputed; and that it is rendered still more so by the imprudence

and miſconduct of thoſe, who may be reſident there, no one can deny. It becomes, therefore, an act of the high eſt humanity in thoſe who have been expoſed to the danger, to point out to others, by what means they have eſcaped it, and retained the perfect poſſeſſion of both life and health.

The author of the following obſervations was ſent out, as a ſerjeant in the 17th regiment, to the Weſt Indies in the year 1780, with a body of between ſix or ſeven hundred troops. On their arrival in the iſlands, they found a dreadful epidemic ſickneſs raging in every quarter. To guard againſt the dangers that awaited them, required no little prudence and circumſpection. The writer of this, propoſed, therefore, to five others of his countrymen, to meſs together, and to obſerve the ſtricteſt regularity for their common ſafety.

They found that Europeans, in general, regardleſs of conſequences, eat their ſalted proviſions in too large quantities, and in a ſtate too ill prepared for thoſe unaccuſtomed to the climate, in which they then lived. The common mode of dreſſing their meat, they obſerved, was by broiling: this, at the ſame time that it rendered it more difficult of digeſtion, and leſs nutritive, occaſioned an almoſt inceſſant thirſt. To allay this, they drank immoderately of, what they term, in the iſland, *kill devil*, viz. a mixture of miſchievous new rum, and very bad water. This produced fevers, fluxes, and other diſeaſes, peculiar to the country. Whereas, the writer of this, and his little ſociety, conſiſting of ſix perſons, always boiled their meat, after having firſt thoroughly ſoaked it, to extract the ſalt; by which means it was rendered much milder, more eaſily digeſted, and far more nouriſhing. They alſo invariably made it a rule to eat daily a proportionable quantity of vegetables; and, when they could not procure a ſufficient ſupply of vegetables, they eat plentifully of good peaſe ſoup. By a careful attention to theſe particulars; and by obſerving the moſt rigid temperature and ſobriety, he and his little party enjoyed a ſtate of uninterrupted health while in the iſlands, and returned home perfectly well: by a contrary imprudent mode of life, of the whole number, viz. between ſix or ſeven hundred that went out, not more than eighty returned alive to their native country.

I am, &c.

HUMANITAS.

Letter to the Rev. Singleton Harpur, on a Sermon preached by him on Friday the 30th October, 1795, in the Pariſh Church of St. Mary, Dublin.

SIR,

HAVING attended divine ſervice on the abovementioned day in the evening, and having heard you preach on the 16th verſe of the 12th chapter of Eccleſiaſtes, of Solomon, "For God ſhall bring every work into judgment, with every ſecret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil." Surely a very awful ſubject preſented itſelf to your conſideration, and the conſideration of your audience. Would to God it were treated of ſuitable to the awfulneſs and importance of it. I am willing to think, reverend ſir, that whatever theological errors you may have committed in the courſe of your preaching, have proceeded rather from the miſconception of your judgment in divine matters, than from the badneſs of your heart. You perform divine ſervice (I mean in going through the Liturgy and Leſſons) with the outward decency and reverence becoming a Miniſter of Chriſt; and muſt give pleaſure and ſatisfaction to every true ſervant of God that might be preſent at the time; I therefore hope, reverend ſir, that you are one of that deſcription which the Apoſtle mentions who has need *to be taught the way of God more perfectly*, rather than to be ranked with thoſe he ſpeaks of who propagate *damnable hereſy*.

Your endeavours too, reverend ſir, to awaken the attention of your audience to the importance of a judgment to come, deſerves approbation from every pious mind. But, ſorry I am, reverend ſir, that you have left in the power of any one to tell you, *That the way you directed us how we may attain to a favourable*

vourable
ment, m
human r
fir, in t
are to ar
this life,
will be e
Can ma
ſtate arri
will be
Will the
attain to,
gels? Or
eyes? W
fection in
ration ha
when it
no ſin we
is not in
God is fa
our ſins,
righteouſn
ed at, rev
holy writ
Liturgy, a
polite to
ſermon, h
it; makin
contradict
Liturgy.
I am perfe
a ditch, a
me. As
worm of
think tha
committin
arrogant a
an abomi
that prov
unhappy p
a time) the
be, that h
as would
around hi
ſuch melan
ſectioniſts.
heſitates n
who would
ſinned, and
and if no
then is perf

There is
holy ſcriptu
leſs perfecti
cerity, or
no guile.

vourable reception at the day of judgment, muſt neceſſarily exclude the whole human race. For, you told us, reverend ſir, in the ſaid diſcourſe, "That we are to arrive at a ſtate of perfection in this life, or elſe the gates of Heaven will be everlaſtingly ſhut againſt us." Can mankind in its fallen and corrupt ſtate arrive to ſuch a ſtate of holineſs as will be perfect in the eyes of God? Will the utmoſt holineſs that he can attain to, be perfect in the eyes of Angels? Or will it be perfect in his own eyes? Wherever ſin is, there is no perfection in holineſs. But divine inſpiration has decided this matter for us when it ſays, *If we ſay that we have no ſin we deceive ourſelves, and the truth is not in us, but if we confeſs our ſins, God is faithful and juſt to forgive us our ſins, and to cleanſe us from all unrighteouſneſs.* It may juſtly be wondered at, reverend ſir, that this portion of holy writ ſtanding at the front of the Liturgy, and being ſo diametrically oppoſite to the purport and drift of your ſermon, how you could have delivered it; making your ſermon evidently to contradict the word of God and the Liturgy. Job ſaith, *If I ſhould ſay I am perfect, then thou wilt caſt me into a ditch, and my own clothes would abhor me.* As much as to ſay; if a ſinful worm of the earth ſhould preſume to think that he is perfectly free from committing any kind of ſin, ſuch proud, arrogant and ſelf conceited idea is ſuch an abomination in the ſight of God, that provokes God to leave ſuch an unhappy perſon to himſelf, (at leaſt for a time) the conſequence of which would be, that he would commit ſuch crimes as would make him loathſome to all around him. There have been ſome ſuch melancholy inſtances of ſuch perfectioniſts. The holy Apoſtle St. John heſitates not to call that man a liar, who would preſume to ſay he has not ſinned, and that he is deceiving himſelf, and if no man is free from ſin no man then is perfect.

There is a perfection ſpoken of in holy ſcripture, but does not mean a ſinleſs perfection; it ſometimes means ſincerity, or one in whoſe ſpirit there is no guile. Pſ. 32. 1. Such is Nathaniel ſaid to be. It ſometimes means that holy and fervent breathing of the ſoul after God, and that ſtate of perfection in glory when it ſhall never more be annoyed with ſin as the greateſt of all evils. It is in this laſt ſenſe that St. Paul exhorts us to go on unto perfection, and Chriſt ſaith, *be therefore perfect even as your father who is in Heaven is perfect.* As ſin is the greateſt of all evils, yea the cauſe of all other evils; ſo holineſs is the greateſt of all good, as it makes the happy creature poſſeſſed of it more like the Great Creator, and conſequently capable of enjoying more of his fullneſs, who is *glorious in holineſs, fearful in praiſes, doing wonders.* Though Chriſt and his Apoſtles ſtrongly enforce holineſs upon mankind, yea, that *without holineſs no man ſhall ſee the Lord*; yet it is the weary and heavy laden with the burden and weight of their ſin and guilt that Chriſt commands and encourages to come to him; Matt. 11. 28, 29. but, he ſaith, *I came not to call the righteous, but ſinners to repentance.* Thoſe who think themſelves righteous, Chriſt came not to call, *for there is none righteous, no not one*; conſequently there is no perfectioniſt in this world, no not one. Further, it is worthy of note, that when any came to our Lord expecting to obtain eternal life by their own goodneſs, he directs them to the law of God to ſee how their actions and conduct ſquared with it. *What good thing ſhall I do, that I may attain eternal life?* In anſwer to which queſtion Chriſt aſks him what is written in the law? How readeſt thou? As much as if our Lord had ſaid to him, if you have ſuch an high opinion of your goodneſs and righteouſneſs, as that you are capable of fulfilling the whole law of God, ſo as to be juſtified thereby, then, you muſt go to this law, examine it carefully, and ſee if you have come up to its demands in every particular, in thought, word, and deed, if you expect to enter into eternal life by your goodneſs; here then is a criterion to try yourſelf by; but, if you come ſhort in any one particular, then you cannot enter into eternal life by your goodneſs. But our Saviour's conduct was quite different

to

to those who came to him deeply sensible of their sins, and felt the wickedness and plague of their own heart; his language to such humble souls was, *Son, or Daughter, thy sins be forgiven thee.* Thus God filleth the hungry with good things, while he sends the rich empty away. *The humble and meek will he teach his ways; but as for the proud,* (who imagines he will enter into eternal life by his goodness) *he beholdeth him afar off.*——Much more might be said, and many more passages might have been quoted from holy writ, to shew the preposterousness, pride, and vanity of any who might imagine himself that he had attained to sinless perfection in this imperfect state, or might suppose or imagine he shall be justified in the sight of an infinitely pure and holy God, by the deeds of the law or by his own goodness: But this may be further enlarged upon, when perhaps I may in another letter to you, Rev. sir, on another important proposition which you advanced in said sermon, and which seems to be your favourite note which you beat much upon in the whole drift and tendency of your preaching, so far as I have had opportunities of hearing you: Namely, "That we must fulfil the necessary conditions of our salvation required on our parts, or we never can enter into Heaven." Without entering fully into the discussion, and animadversion of this very untrue and dangerous proposition: at present, I shall leave with you a passage or two from the Divine Oracles. *By the deeds of the law shall no flesh living be justified.* If no flesh can be justified by the deeds of the law, then no flesh can be saved by the deeds of the law, or any conditions which they can perform. Again, *Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.* And God hath *made Christ to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him.* Therefore we are not to go about to establish our own righteousness in order to our justification and salvation, since by believing in the son of God we shall be saved with an everlasting salvation (and from the power and dominion of sin) and be made even the righteousness of God in him. *God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself.* The world, nor no individual, or any intelligent creature could reconcile itself to God, after it had once sinned against him.—May you lay these things, Rev. sir, seriously to heart; and may the blessed Spirit of God undeceive you, by convincing you *that if you seek to be justified by the works of the law, you are fallen from grace; and, that if there had been a law, which could have given life, verily righteousness would have been by that law;* and that we cannot be justified by the deeds of any law, or by the fulfilment of any conditions on our part, procure our justification and salvation. But, *That it is by grace we are saved, through faith, and that not of ourselves, it is the gift of God. But if we seek to be justified by the deeds of the law, we are fallen from grace.*

I remain, Rev. sir,
With respect and esteem,
Your friend and humble servant,
AMATOR VERITATIS.

4th Nov. 1795.

Maxims and Reflections, by the present King of Poland.

(Concluded from our last.)

WE ought to be more offended at extravagant praise than injuries.

How can we love a life that leads constantly to death, and by ways always beset with thorns?

Good humour is the health of the soul; sadness its poison.

Reason shews us our duty; he who can make us love our duty, is more powerful than reason itself.

An implacable hatred is a greater burden than we usually think it is.

Praises are faulse when insincere.

I believe, indeed, that it is more laudable to suffer great misfortunes, than to do great things*.

Almost always the most indigent are the most generous.

The ties of friendship are at present

NOTE.

* No man can be more sensible of this *now* than the unhappy author.

so

ſo ſlight, that they break of themſelves; they only draw hearts near each other, but do not unite them.

A hard and poliſhed piece of marble reflects the objects that are preſented before it. The ſame may be ſaid of moſt men. The troubles of another ſkim over the ſurface of their ſoul, but go no farther.

A man greater than his misfortunes, ſhows that he was not deſerving of them.

The courage which emulation inſpires for an enterprize, ſoon finds the means of ſucceeding.

To ceaſe hearing a babbler, is the ſureſt way to make him hold his tongue.

The deſire of pleaſing is not laudable, but ſo far as we endeavour at the ſame time to make ourſelves eſteemed.

To live in quiet, we ſhould undertake nothing difficult; but preſumption makes all things to be thought eaſy.

The inſtability of our taſtes is the occaſion of the irregularity of our lives.

No other princes, commonly, but thoſe who are deſerving of immortality, love to encourage the talents that give a right to it.

Religion has nothing more to fear, than not being ſufficiently underſtood.

Muſt one ceaſe to be virtuous to eſcape being expoſed to the darts of envy? What a calamity would it be, if the ſun ceaſed ſhining that weak eyes might not be offended?

Nature cries aloud to the moſt powerful as well as to the moſt abject of men, that they are all members of the ſame body.

The moſt infallible mark of ignorance is ſuperſtition.

Which of us would take notice of time if it did not paſs away? But great is our miſhap not to think of it till the moment it flies away and eſcapes us.

Science, when well digeſted, is nothing but good ſenſe and reaſon.

There are few perſons of greater worth than their reputation; but how many are there whoſe worth is far ſhort of their reputation!

However great a happineſs is, there is one ſtill greater, which is that of being eſteemed worthy of the happineſs that is enjoyed.

We ought to reckon time by our good actions, and place the reſt to the account of our not having lived.

Though hope often deceives us, we have ſtill the ſame confidence, and our life paſſes away in hoping.

All nature acts for growing, and all growth for its deſtruction.

The virtue that excites envy has at leaſt the advantage of confounding ſooner or later the envious.

Modeſty is always inſeparable from true merit.

The beſt way for ſome to conſole themſelves for their ignorance, is to believe uſeleſs all that they do not know.

Can princes, born in palaces, be ſenſible of the miſery of thoſe that dwell in cottages?

Patriotiſm is nothing more than the ſentiment of our welfare, and the dread of ſeeing it diſturbed.

Every thing, even piety, is dangerous in a man without judgment.

Reaſon has occaſion for experience; but experience is uſeleſs without reaſon.

Conſcience admoniſhes us as a friend, before puniſhing us as a judge.

To believe with certainty, we muſt begin with doubting.

I would be glad that there was a leſs diſtance between the people and the great. The people then not believing the great to be greater than they are, would fear them leſs; and the great, not imagining the people more inſignificant and miſerable than they are, would fear them more.

If beauty knew all the advantages of the modeſty that heightens its charms, it would not conſtantly expoſe it to ſo many dangers.

To ſuppoſe courage in a coward is to ſupply him with courage in effect.

To make the principle of our conduct conſiſt in the neceſſi y of duty, is to make it very hard and painful, and to expoſe ourſelves conſtantly to the deſire of breaking through it.

How many people make every thing their

their buſineſs, becauſe they know not how to occupy themſelves in any thing!

Experience, acquired by faults, is a very expenſive maſter.

We are fond of converſing with thoſe we love: why, therefore, cannot man, who loves himſelf ſo well, remain a moment with himſelf?

Is it not aſtoniſhing that the love of repoſe keeps us in continual agitation?

The advice given to princes is uſually of ſervice to thoſe only who give it.

Men and women, in marrying, make a vow of loving one another. Would it not be better for their happineſs if they made a vow of pleaſing each other?

What makes ſo many perſons go aſtray in their arguments is, that they would fain think beyond the extent of their intellects.

The deſire of doing well is debaſed by the deſire of appearing to have done well.

It is rare that coxcombs have not, at firſt, the aſcendant in every aſſembly. It is the mud that riſes on the ſurface of the water, till, the agitation ceaſing, it precipitates of itſelf.

There is no where ſo much occaſion for good humour as in courts; and yet there we find leaſt of it.

It is hardly poſſible to ſuſpect another, without having in one's ſelf the ſeeds of the baſeneſs the party is accuſed of.

Eſteem has more engaging charms than friendſhip and even love. It captivates hearts better, and never makes ingrates.

By ſhewing too much dread of being deceived, we often diſcover the manner whereby we may be deceived.

We uſually take a confidant to have an approver.

Whoever places importance in little things, is ſubject to treat ſlightly the moſt eſſential.

Many miſers prefer, to the ſhame of appearing ſuch, the puniſhment of being profuſe.

A covetous perſon is ſeldom cured of the paſſion of gaming. Beſide the hopes of gain, he finds in it the advantage of hiding his avarice under an air of diſintereſtedneſs.

Anecdote.

COLLINS, the poet, though a man of a melancholy caſt of mind, was by no means averſe to a *jeu de mot*, or quibble. Upon coming into a town the day after a young lady of whom he was fond had left it, he ſaid, how unlucky he was that he had come *a day after the Fair.*

The following ridiculous incident reſpecting this very great poet happened ſome years ago to that elegant writer Dr. Langhorne, according to the ingenious author of "The Juvenilia." Dr. Langhorne, hearing that Collins the poet was buried at Chicheſter, travelled thither on purpoſe to enjoy all the luxury of poetic ſorrow, and to weep over his grave. On enquiry, he found that Mr. Collins was interred in a ſort of garden, ſurrounded by the cloyſter of the cathedral, which is called "The Paradiſe." He was let into this place by the Sexton, and after an hour's ſecluſion in it, came forth with all the ſolemn dignity of woe. On ſupping with an inhabitant of the town in the evening, and deſcribing to him the ſpot ſacred to his ſorrows, he was told, that he had by no means been miſapplying his tears, that he had been lamenting a very *honeſt* man, and a very *uſeful* member of ſociety, Mr. Collins *the taylor*!—The cloſe of the life of Collins can never be adverted to without commiſeration; when he could have enjoyed his fortune he had it not, when it came to him he was in too melancholy a ſtate to enjoy it. It reminds one of the celebrated Greek Epigram—

What cruel diſappointments wait
On wretched mortals' ev'ry ſtate!
When young, chill penury repreſt
Each ardour of my glowing breaſt;
But now, indifferent grown and old,
My coffers teem with uſeleſs gold.*

The Trial of Lawrence O'Connor, and Michael Griffin, for High Treaſon, before the Honourable Juſtice Finucane, and the Honourable Baron George, at an Adjournment of the Aſſizes for the County of Kildare, held at Naas, Auguſt 31, 1795.

(Continued from our laſt, Page 355.*)*

PRISONERS' DEFENCE.

MR. M'Nally ſaid this was not an ordinary caſe, where the crown lends its name to a proſecutor; but it was a caſe where the King proſecuted in his proper perſon, and called to his aſſiſtance the talents of able lawyers: in ſuch a caſe the jury were the proper ſhield to interpoſe between the crown and the ſubject, to protect the latter from the ſeverity of proſecution. He lamented that his clients had not the advantages which perſons in their ſituation are entitled to in England, which advantages he particularly enumerated, and thought it a reflection upon the Iriſh legiſlature that they were not adopted.—This trial involved not the priſoners alone, but every man in court was concerned in the event; to prove which he read an eloquent paſſage from Mr. Erſkine's ſpeech upon Hardy's trial. The preſent was an experiment to make out, by conſtruction, a charge of treaſon againſt the priſoners, a charge which the evidence by no means ſupported, even ſuppoſing that evidence to be true. If they appeared to be guilty of any crime, it was a crime totally diſtinct from that laid in the indictment; —to prove which he ſtated the law of treaſon as defined by the ſtatute of Edward, and explained by the comments of legal writers. He by no means wiſhed that real offenders ſhould eſcape puniſhment, but crimes were not to be confounded; if the priſoners were guilty of any offence inferior to treaſon they might be puniſhed for it, but they ſhould be indicted according to the real nature of their crime, and ſentenced agreeable to the rules of law.

The counſel then gave in evidence three certificates, engroſſed on vellum, which were proved by Mr. Aylmer to have been found in the pocket-book. They were read to the jury: one of them ſtated that O'Connor, on account of his many virtues, courage, and good qualities, was initiated into the Grand Lodge of Free Maſons; another certified that he was created a Knight, and deſcribed as "Sir Lawrence O'Connor," &c. in another Lodge of Free Maſons, and the third certified that he was a member of a Knot of Friendly Brothers.

Two witneſſes were examined, one of whom gave a good character of O'Connor, the other of Griffin. It appeared that O'Connor had been a ſteward and manager to the late Mr. Rowley, of Summer Hill, in the county of Meath, and was much in the confidence of that family; he afterwards ſet up a ſchool, and, in the language of the witneſs, made many excellent ſcholars and moral men.—— Theſe witneſſes were croſs-examined by Mr. Burrowes, but nothing material occurred.

Mr. Ridgeway, on the part of the priſoners, ſpoke very largely to the evidence given on both ſides, and the law ariſing from that evidence. He exhorted the jury to reject every thing they had heard without the walls of the court, to lay aſide paſſion and prejudice, and even apprehenſions of perſonal danger, and diſcharge their duty before God and their Country, according to their conſciences and their oaths, by pronouncing their verdict upon the evidence alone. He then ſtated the charges from the indictment, and the overt acts laid in ſupport of theſe charges, neither of which, he contended, was ſatisfactorily eſtabliſhed. The jury muſt be convinced, that the priſoners entertained the black and malignant deſign of encompaſſing the King's death, and adhering to his enemies, before they could think of finding a verdict of guilty; and the facts muſt be clear and unequivocal to ſupport that conviction.

viction. Suppoſing the ſoldier to have ſworn truly, the oath which was adminiſtered to be true to the French was merely verbal, and therefore liable to miſrepreſentation, while the witneſs was ſecure from detection; but he admitted he did not ſwear to it; therefore, as far as that converſation went, the jury were to throw it out of their minds; they were then to confine their attention to the written oath, which, he ſuppoſed, would be relied upon as ſupporting the ſecond count of the indictment; he contended it did not, and ſaid it muſt be taken altogether, and not by diſjointed ſentences, from which the ingenuity of crown lawyers might extract an argumentative treaſon. To ſuppoſe that this form of oath was calculated to unite men together under an obligation to ſupport the perſons exerciſing the powers of government in France, was ſo rankly abſurd and nonſenſical upon the face of it, that credulity could not believe, nor weakneſs liſten to it. If two meanings are given to a written inſtrument, one inconſiſtent with, and contradictory to ſeveral parts, the other agreeing with the ſeveral parts, and making uniformly tend to one object, the jury could not heſitate which to adopt. How then did the caſe ſtand upon the oath? The party "ſwears to be true to the *preſent* United States of France and Ireland." Is there any ſuch union at *preſent* exiſting? So far from it, the two countries are at open war. If it be ſaid there is a ſecret union ſet on foot between the priſoners and the French, to aſſiſt the latter in their deſigns upon this kingdom, how is that reconcileable to the ſubſequent part of the paragraph? If the priſoners had embarked in ſuch a ſecret union, they muſt have had a common object with the French power, namely, the ſubverſion of Religion, and the deſtruction of Royalty, whereas both of theſe are ſtated as inſeparable, and the party is ſworn to uphold them, he ſwears "to be true to every kingdom in Chriſtianity." Therefore to ſuppoſe this to be the foundation of a ſecret alliance with France is abſurd. What then was the other and conſiſtent meaning which could be attributed to the paper? Manifeſtly this, that it was the teſt of an aſſociation, formed, perhaps, for improper purpoſes; he would admit for argument's ſake, for the purpoſe of propagating the principles of Defenderiſm; but that was not the charge upon which the jury were to decide; they were to determine whether the priſoners were traitorouſly adhering to the King's enemies. In ſupport of the argument, that this was the teſt of an aſſociation, he ſtated the next paragraph in the oath—"That I will not go with any thief or robber, or any perſon of ill fame, that would be of diſgrace to our ſociety."—Did not this language ſpeak home to the underſtanding of every man, that this was the teſt of an aſſociation, binding the members to the obſervance of internal regulation; there was not a ſyllable throughout bearing the ſmalleſt tendency to the French, but what occurred in the firſt paragraph, and which the learned counſel inſiſted was nothing more than the name of the ſociety, and like all other names was arbitrary. From the evidence it appeared, that O'Connor was a member of ſeveral free-maſon ſocieties. The learned counſel ſtated, that he himſelf was not a member of any ſuch ſociety, but he underſtood they dealt much in myſterious ceremony and fantaſtical devices, which he was ſatisfied muſt be perfectly innocent, from the number of perſons of high rank, fortune, character, and talents, who he heard, were devoted to thoſe ſocieties. From the certificates it appeared, that O'Connor had advanced to rank and conſequence in one of the lodges, he might have been an enthuſiaſt in their ceremonies, and in forming a new aſſociation, adopted thoſe cabaliſtical figures, which were calculated to furniſh harmleſs diverſion, but by the magic of crown lawyers were tortured into plans for promoting a French invaſion. Having dwelt a con-

conſiderable time upon theſe topics, he ſaid, if what was proved againſt the priſoners amounted to any crime, it came within the ſtatute againſt Defenders, under which they might be puniſhed, but the boundaries of crimes were not to be overthrown in the zeal of proſecution. He then objected that in point of law the evidence did not maintain the charge of ſwearing an oath—it ought to be an oath ſworn with the due ſolemnity upon the Holy Goſpel of God.——In this country, where the Chriſtian Religion is eſtabliſhed, the law does not ſuppoſe an oath to be obligatory, but ſuch as is taken under the ſanction of that Religion: An oath ſworn upon a tattered pocket-book, without a leaf in it, was frivolous in the extreme; perhaps it might maintain an indictment under the Whiteboy act, for adminiſtering an unlawful oath, but cannot ſupport a charge of treaſon, which was an offence long antecedent to that ſtatute. A man ſwears by the contents of the book, but this was the cover of a pocket-book, without contents, and therefore what was called an oath was an abſolute nullity. He ſaid, he had hitherto argued upon the ſuppoſition that Horan had depoſed truly, and after recapitulating his teſtimony, ſaid it was impoſſible to believe him, where he was not corroborated. He ridiculed in pointed terms the extravagant folly which O'Connor, who was ſtated to be a man of ſome ſhrewdneſs and learning, muſt have been guilty of, if he had any ſuch deſign as charged upon, in the open day, in a town crowded with ſoldiers, to addreſs a man he never ſaw before, write down his name, ſwear him to be true to the French, and thus the militia man, the ſchoolmaſter, and the taylor, were to ſubdue the 70 men in Kilcock and have the kingdom of Ireland to themſelves. He obſerved that Horan's name was written down without any previous comment, or any explanation of the priſoner's intention in ſo doing; there was nothing annexed to it to ſhew it was entered as a perſon enliſted—it was not joined to any catalogue, nor ſubſcribed to any declaration, therefore did not ſupport the charge in the indictment.—As to Griffin, he ſaid, there was no evidence to affect him—he had only ſpoken a few words, and words alone do not conſtitute treaſon. To prove this he read a paſſage from Blackſtone's Commentaries, and concluded with ſaying, That unleſs the minds of the jury were made up beyond the wavering of doubt, or the timidity of heſitation, he hoped they would return a verdict of not guilty.

Mr. Barrington replied to every part of Mr. Ridgeway's ſpeech, which he ſaid conſiſted of nothing more than unſupported aſſertion and a miſrepreſentation of the law. The unfortunate priſoners had been the occaſion of much diſturbance in the county and were now about to ſuffer for their numerous crimes—not ſatisfied with being Defenders, and plundering the ſubjects of their property, they embark in a conſpiracy with the French, and encourage them to invade this kingdom. The language of the oath was a deciſive proof of their intention. Why elſe talk of an union between France and Ireland, why ſwear to be true to ſuch an union?—Why have the tree of liberty drawn at the foot of the oath, but to ſhew their adoption of French manners and French emblems? This explains alſo what is meant by the word "loyalty" it is not to be loyal to the conſtitution, or the king—no, it is to be loyal to the French, and their government; to aſſiſt them here and enable them to commit as horrid devaſtations in this kingdom as in their own country. The ſanguinary and bloody principles of the priſoners appear manifeſted and declared in that oath, which their counſel has endeavoured to repreſent as the teſt of a ſociety. What is the fourth paragraph in that oath? "That I will "not come as evidence againſt any of "my brethren, or committees in any "court or place whatſoever, excepting "in court martial, held by our com-"mittees, under the penalty of being

" excluded, or death without mercy, " whatſoever is deſerving."—Muſt not the reading of this ſhock every man of feeling? Are they not united for the purpoſe of violating the laws; for they ſwear not to give evidence againſt one another, except in their own court martial, a military tribunal erected by themſelves and a diſobedience to their rules is to be puniſhed with death without mercy. The objections made to the manner in which the oath was adminiſtered are all together without weight; had that oath been made a ſubſtantive charge in an indictment, there might be ſome foundation for the objection, but in the preſent caſe it was merely ſtated as an overt act, manifeſting the treaſonable deſign of adhering to the King's enemies; taken in that point of view it matters not whether it be ſworn upon a piece of paper or upon a bible, the treaſonable deſign is equally diſplayed by one as well as the other. Horan ſaid he was ſworn to be true to the French, according to the paper which has been read in evidence, which anſwers another aſſertion of the counſel, that the oath which was taken had no alluſion to the French, then it was ſaid there was nothing to affect Griffin; he was preſent at what paſſed; he encouraged Horan to take the oath; he accompanied them from Kelly's to the public houſe, where they met twenty perſons, who all conferred together about the invaſion by the French, and the aſſiſtance which they were to give. In treaſon there are no acceſſaries, all are principal; and therefore to be preſent at treaſonable practices, without oppoſing them, equally implicates the party in the guilt, as the moſt active can be. The counſel for the priſoners endeavoured to impeach the credit of Horan, and great ſtreſs was laid upon the ſaying he had not heard of rewards—all theſe objections muſt vaniſh, when the jury recollected, that Horan ſwore his examinations on the 12th or 13th of July, that the priſoners were ſent to jail upon thoſe examinations, and the outrage, upon which the county aſſembled was committed upon the day the priſoners were ſent to Naas; the examinations then were ſworn without any expectation of reward, and before any was promiſed. But even if the witneſs had ſworn under ſuch influence, his teſtimony was ſo fully corroborated, that no doubt could be entertained upon it. It was aſked, what object could there be in ſeducing a ſingle ſoldier? He would anſwer, that it was the moſt alarming meaſure that could be adopted: Seduction of one ſoldier might ſecure the alliance of many. How was the mutiny excited in the metropolis? * Alarms were ſpread, and dangers menaced.

Mr. Ridgeway here begged pardon for interrupting the counſel: he ſaid, he was alluding to matters which did not appear in evidence, and which could be introduced for no other purpoſe than to influence the paſſions of the audience; he therefore, requeſted the court not to permit it.

The court ſaid, they expected the counſel would confine himſelf to what appeared in evidence.

Mr. Barrington continued. It has been ſaid, that the oath which has been read in evidence was formed for a ſociety; why have not witneſſes been examined to prove that aſſertion? Why has not ſome account been given of the aſſociation? No witneſs was examined but to character, which could not avail in this caſe. They attempted to examine the daughter of Griffin; the jury ſaw how ſhe appeared to be overwhelmed; but, whether it was that ſhe could not ſwear or not commit perjury, they choſe not to examine, even although ſhe had been ſworn. Theſe were circumſtances which muſt make a deep impreſſion upon the jury, who would do their duty upon this important trial.

Charge to the Jury.

Mr. Juſtice Finucane requeſted them to put out of their minds every thing

NOTE.

* *See page 381 of our laſt.*

which

which they had heard reſpecting the difference between the laws of Great Britain and Ireland. The rule in England had not been adopted here, and laws may be very uſeful to one country, which might be injurious to another; and, God forbid, we ſhould be bound by the laws of Great Britain, to which we had not given our aſſent. But even if the law of England were operative in this caſe, I think it is fully complied with here; for the witneſſes, if credible, are ſufficient in number. His Lordſhip then ſtated the indictment, and explained the different nature of their charges. Tho' there are two diſtinct ſpecies of treaſon charged, yet one comprehends the other;—adhering to the king's enemies, comprehends the encompaſſing of his death. The king being an integral part of the conſtitution, his life is guarded with peculiar care, and any act, or attempt, which may in its conſequences, however remote, endanger the life of the king, that is an overt act of encompaſſing his death. Adhering to the king's enemies, though by ſtatute it is made a diſtinct ſpecies of treaſon, yet the object of the king's enemies being to get the king into their power, and to invade the country, by ſo doing the life of the king is endangered. This was laid down by Mr. Juſtice Foſter, who wrote more in favour of the liberty of the ſubject than any other judge. Attempts upon the life of the king throw the whole ſociety into confuſion, goes to the ſhedding of blood, and ſpreading devaſtation, as all hiſtory in all ages ſhews. By overt act nothing more was meant than the act and deed which the party did to effectuate the crime charged upon him; and if an indictment charged twenty overt acts, if any one was ſufficiently proved, it ſuſtained the charge. It will then be for the jury to look into the evidence, and ſee how it ſuſtains the charge. His lordſhip then ſtated the evidence minutely: The circumſtance of writing down the priſoner's name was a material piece of evidence, as it went to ſuſtain the charge, that he entered his name as a perſon enliſted. It appears, gentlemen, if you believe the evidence (becauſe every obſervation of mine is ſubject to that conſideration) that O'Connor, when taken, had a pocket-book found upon him with Bartholomew Horan's name in it. See how that confirms the teſtimony of Horan. How came his name there? It does not appear there was any previous intercourſe or connexion between them; ſo that it not only ſupports the teſtimony moſt ſtrongly, but it leaves room for you to judge and decide for what purpoſe it was put there. In the courſe of the converſation O'Connor ſaid, the French would ſoon land and have the whole kingdom to themſelves. If this evidence be credible, ſee how it ſuſtains the firſt overt act againſt the priſoners; for though O'Connor appears to act, yet Griffin concurs in every reſpect. If the paper which has been read needed explanation, O'Connor has given it, if you believe the evidence, for the application to Horan was firſt to be true to the French, and when he kiſſed the book, O'Connor ſaid, you ſhall do it according to this paper; that was his idea of it.

You have been urged to conſider as very material, that when the witneſs was obliged to take the oath he was armed; it does not, however, ſtrike me as highly incredible or improbable:—a man in a cloſe room with two perſons might not be able to make uſe of arms; they might cloſe upon him, and overpower him. If you are of opinion that the object of this oath was to incite this man to adhere to the French, or to aid and aſſiſt them, upon a view of this paper, taking it altogether, it ſupports one of the overt acts; it is for your conſideration, and you muſt determine according to your oaths and your conſciences. If you believe it, it is evidence of adhering to the king's enemies.---What greater encouragement could the French receive than to hear that the peaſantry of Ireland were ſworn to ſupport them.

them. They have emiſſaries in the country, and they hear every thing that paſſes. The witneſs ſaid he never heard that any reward was offered; that deſerves ſome conſideration, as going to impeach his credit. It appeared that Griffin concurred, and ſaid it was no harm to take an oath. In treaſon all are principals; there are no acceſſaries. You cannot expect that men having treaſonable deſigns, will expreſs themſelves in clear intelligible language, but it is for you to conſider upon the whole paper, how far they meant to aſſiſt the French. On the part of the priſoners were read ſome parchment inſtruments; for what purpoſe, or what light they threw upon this buſineſs I cannot ſee; the gentlemen who ſpoke to the evidence did not obſerve upon them, and what uſe was intended to be made of them, we are not at liberty to conjecture.---Two witneſſes were produced to the character of the priſoners; but their characters have no weight in caſes of this ſort, which depend upon fact, becauſe, although the character be ever ſo good, it is no negative to the charge made upon them; it is only in caſes where there is no direct evidence, that character is of weight, becauſe then the tranſaction hangs in doubt, and character turns the balance. If you ſhould believe that the acts proved were done with an intention of adhering to the French, or taking part with them, thoſe acts are clearly evidence of both ſpecies of treaſon charged in the indictment; if you believe them, they are ſtrong and powerful evidence of the overt acts. However, all this is for your conſideration.---You muſt be ſatisfied not only, that the acts were done, but alſo that they were done for the purpoſe of aiding the French. If you are ſatisfied of that, the conſequence is clear; if you are not ſatisfied, juſtice calls upon you to acquit the priſoners.

Mr. Baron George ſaid, that as Judge Finucane had ſo minutely repeated the evidence, he ſhould not go through it: he ſhould make but a few obſervations upon the law and the evidence. To maintain the indictment, it was neceſſary that ſome one of the overt acts be ſupported, not merely by looſe expreſſions, but alſo by clear evidence of open acts done by the priſoners, to evidence the intent with which they acted. The law is as Judge Finucane has mentioned. It is ſettled, that to take meaſures to dethrone the King from the royal ſeat is to compaſs his death. It is obſervable, that as the King is not reſident within the kingdom of Ireland, no immediate or direct act to take away his life can be done in Ireland; if, therefore, doing acts tending to dethrone him did not ſupport an indictment for encompaſſing his death, it would follow, that in England there could be no encompaſſing of his death if he were out of England; but it has been always held, that overt acts are evidence to ſupport this charge, without regard to the place where the King is. The jury were to conſider whether the priſoners had done any open thing to dethrone the King; to deſtroy that part of the conſtitution, and overthrow the government. If, ſaid the learned judge, you think theſe overt acts were done with that view, you will be bound to find them guilty, even though there were no other count in the indictment. The law is very wiſe in not allowing evidence of mere words to be evidence of treaſon; becauſe there are many indiſcreet perſons who might, in paſſion, make uſe of unguarded expreſſions, for which they might afterwards repent; many words that might be miſrepreſented, or miſunderſtood, and men be thereby expoſed to the pains and penalties of high treaſon, which would be ſevere indeed, if mere fugitive expreſſions, eſcaping the lips of indiſcreet men, were evidence againſt them. Therefore, the law is too tender to allow this evidence againſt them; they may be puniſhed otherwiſe;

wise; but the punishment of high treason is not to be inflicted upon them. To support the charge of encompassing the King's death, or intending to destroy him, it is necessary there should be evidence, not by hasty expressions, but by acts done, from which the jury may collect that intention. These overt acts the law requires to be stated, that the prisoner may have notice of the particular facts with which he is accused, and that he may come to trial prepared to rebut them. The first overt act laid appears to be, informing a soldier that the French would soon invade this kingdom, and administering an oath to him to be true to the French on their landing. What can have a more direct tendency to subvert the government, and to dethrone the King, than to enlist men under the ceremony of an oath; under the sanction of religion, to serve the enemies of the King. That is the overt act of the intention. With regard to the second part, adhering to the King's enemies, the overt acts are, administering an oath, and entering the man's name as enlisted to serve the French. If you believe he did swear one of the soldiers to be true to the French, the King's enemies, that is stated as an overt act of adhering to them, and that maintains the indictment. Horan's name was entered in the book, and it appears that O'Connor also took down the description where he was to be found, and the place he was billeted in at the time. The testimony of Horan is the only evidence that applies to Griffin; none of the written evidence, nor the testimony of the other witnesses, applies to him. But it is said he was present at all these transactions; if he was he will be a principal in the treason, and as much involved as O'Connor. Whether Griffin was present, and consented, will depend upon the credit you give Horan, as to certain expressions attributed to Griffin---he said there was no harm in taking the oath. The witness said Griffin did not ask him to take the oath, but said there was no harm in it. With regard to the testimony of Horan, he is corroborated in many respects by written evidence, and the testimony of others: the entries in the book confirm him. There is one thing which I would submit relative to the form of the oath found in the pocket-book;---whether it was administered to the soldier by the person asking him to adhere to the King's enemies may be collected from several circumstances. The oath begins, "I, A. B." &c.--- It appears to be the form of an oath not for one individual, but for several others

From the second paragraph it appears, it was not their intention to become robbers, or thieves; a public avowal of that would deter every man having any thing to lose from entering into the party—But where was the necessity of swearing persons not to come forward to give evidence, unless such acts were to be done as violated the laws? They agree to be tried by a court martial: You are to judge what was the intention of that sort of tribunal, which usurped a power of excluding its members and punishing them with death, which could only be done by the laws of the land and by persons duly authorised;—There are then many expressions of kindness and attachment to one and another: there is a tree of liberty and a cap drawn in red ink, and a number of their emblematical figures. This paper and several others are found in his possession: it will be material for you to see, whether they agree with those that have been proved to have been his handwriting, if not, it will make much in his favour—The matter, which you, gentlemen, are to consider, is this, whether the acts done were treasonably intended or not?—You are to ascertain what the intent was, and you are bound to give the most benign interpretation to every thing doubtful. Why is it that the law requires men to be tried by a jury of their country? Is it that they may take into their consideration

deration all the circumſtances, and draw ſuch concluſions as may ſatisfy their conſciences, and preſerve the public. This is an offence puniſhed very highly, all treaſonable practices induce blood and devaſtation, and therefore juſtice requires that men ſhould be deterred from them by ſevere puniſhment: You have on one hand care to take of the lives of the priſoners; on the other, the lives, liberties, and properties of the ſubjects, and if traitors be upon their trial, you are bound to find them guilty—If they are not, you are to acquit them. You are the conſtitutional judges, and with our advice you are the proper judges of the whole of the caſe, and your verdict, I am ſure will be ſuch as will ſatisfy your own conſciences, and the ends of public juſtice.

The jury retired for near two hours, and brought in a verdict GUILTY as to both priſoners; But they earneſtly recommended Griffin as an object of mercy.

The court aſked them had they any doubts as to the facts?—The jury anſwered they had not; but from the circumſtances which appeared were induced earneſtly to recommend him.

It being then ten o'clock, the court adjourned to ten o'clock the next morning, and on its opening Mr. Attorney General roſe, and moved the court, that judgment be now paſſed upon Lawrence O'Connor and Michael Griffin, who ſtood convicted of High Treaſon.

The Clerk of the Crown, having ordered the priſoners to the bar, read over the indictment, and having informed them, that on that indictment they had been arraigned, and for trial had put themſelves on God and their country, which country had found them guilty; aſked them ſeverally what they had to ſay why judgment and execution ſhould not be awarded againſt them?

The priſoners remaining ſilent,

Mr. Baron George inquired if counſel intended to move an arreſt of judgment.

Mr. M'Nally anſwered, that counſel did not.

Mr. Juſtice Finucane then addreſſed the priſoners on the heinouſneſs of the crime on which they had been convicted. Their trial had been long, and they muſt allow it had been carried on with candour and coolneſs. They had experienced in the fulleſt extent every indulgence the law allowed; and they had been moſt ably defended by their counſel. He hoped they would take their offences into ſerious conſideration. They had intended to deſolate their native land, to overturn its government, and to depoſe and bring to death the beſt of Kings, by the aſſiſtance of an enemy! Could they expect that if the French had landed here, and conquered the country, that the lands and the riches would be divided amongſt them? no, the French would make them ſlaves; draft them into their armies, or tranſport them to their colonies, where they would periſh far from their relatives and connections; beſides an invaſion was impoſſible; the French had no power at ſea that could face the Britiſh fleet. The complaints of thoſe deluded wretches who ſtile themſelves Defenders were falſe and deluding. There was no country in Europe where a poor man had more advantages than in Ireland, or where an induſtrious man was more likely to riſe.—Here he recommended them to make their peace with God—and was going to pronounce ſentence, when

Mr. O'Connor ſaid—My Lord, before the awful ſentence is pronounced, may I be heard a few words? and the court aſſenting, he proceeded in ſtating ſubſtantially, that the paper produced in evidence againſt him, and which had been called an oath, was ſymbolical.—Three words were obſervable in it, "Love, Liberty and Loyalty," the meaning of which, though well known to his fraternity, was not known to their Lordſhips, and he would explain them.—By *Love* was to be underſtood that affection which the rich ought to ſhew to the

the poor in their diſtreſs and need, but which they withheld from them; and he here animadverted with ſeverity upon this ſubject. *Liberty* meant that liberty which every poor man had a right to uſe when oppreſſed by the rich, in laying before them and expoſtulating with them on their ſufferings—but the poor man in this country had no ſuch liberty. Here he ſtated ſeveral grievances which the poor laboured under, as land-holders refuſing them land to their cottages, rack-rents and particularly obliging them to take potatoe ground at ſix guineas an acre—a rent, conſidering the price of labour, that ſwallowed up all their earnings, and left them in debt and poverty, &c. &c. *Loyalty* he defined as meaning that union which ſubſiſted at preſent among the poor—he would die in that loyalty—it meant that the poor who formed the fraternity to which he belonged would ſtand by each other. He expatiated at large upon this ſubject, inſinuating that he died in a cauſe which he and many others thought a good one, and held out an admonition that the rich ſhould immediately take ſuch meaſures as would alleviate the diſtreſſes of the poor; that proſecutions were not the means of bringing about peace in the country; but if the rich would alleviate the ſufferings of the poor, they would hear no more of riſings or defenders, and the country would reſt in peace and happineſs.—He denied any intent of dividing the lands—and as the laſt requeſt of a dying man, he called upon the judges not to afflict him with a ſudden execution, but to allow him ſome time to appear before his God in a ſtate of repentance for ſuch ſins as he had committed.

Here a colloquium took place between the priſoner and Mr. Juſtice Finucane, in which the latter having dropped that he had always let his lands to cottagers, and not to men who re-let them to rack-rents, by which his tenants proſpered—O'Connor exclaimed, God bleſs your Lordſhip for that—you will yet feel the benefit of it—but you muſt allow there are few rich men like yourſelf in the country.

Mr. M'Nally ſubmitted to the court that Griffin, a wretched old man, in nearly his 70th year, unable to ſpeak for himſelf, had called him to apply to the mercy of the court for a favourable report to government. Mr. M'Nally allowed that in contemplation of the law, the offences of both the priſoners were the ſame; but as the jury had aſſigned, when they recommended Griffin as a proper object for Royal clemency, that they did ſo on account of a difference in point of circumſtances in the evidence, he truſted the court would make the ſame benign diſtinction. He urged ſeveral favourable circumſtances, in a manner and ſtyle of ſenſibility which affected the feelings of the auditors, and was attended to by the Bench with evident ſatisfaction.

Baron George declared the recommendation of the Jury had great weight with him, and he felt the force in which it had been urged by the priſoner's counſel, and he would certainly report all the circumſtances to government immediately on his return of town; but this was all he could promiſe: Mercy was the peculiar attribute to the crown; the duty of the Judge was to adminiſter the laws juſtly.

Mr. Juſtice Finucane pronounced the judgment of the court, which was,

"That the priſoners and each of them, "ſhould be drawn to the place of "execution, the gallows, and there "be hung up by the neck, but being "being yet alive, ſhould be cut down, "but being alive their bowels be "taken out and burned before their "faces, their heads be ſevered from "their bodies, their bodies to be di-"vided into four quarters, and their "heads and bodies to be diſpoſed of "at the King's pleaſure."

It was ordered that O'Connor ſhould ſuffer on the Monday following, and Griffin on the Monday three weeks following.

On Monday, 7th September, in conformity to his ſentence, O'Connor was executed. It was immediate on his coming out,

out, on the fatal board, by which means any addreſs to the ſurrounding populace (which could not, from the unſubdued diſpoſition of the man, have had any uſeful tendency) was avoided. The body, after hanging a ſhort time, was let down to a parapet in the front of the priſon, where the head was ſevered with no great dexterity, and the other parts of the ſentence executed. An application had been made, but refuſed, by the friends of this miſguided man for his remains, the body having been taken into the jail, and buried in the inner yard of the priſon.

His head was afterwards fixed on the top of the jail, upon an iron ſpike, ſeven feet high.

Anecdotes of the Life of Commodore Payne.

THE very diſtinguiſhed officer, of whom the annexed engraving is a ſtriking reſemblance, (and which was taken from Mr. Orme's magnificent picture, now painting, of the landing of her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs of Wales at Greenwich,) ſtudied the early elements of his profeſſion at the Royal Academy at Portſmouth, and firſt embarked on the theatre on which he has ſince appeared with ſo much reputation under the orders of Lord Ducie, and ſailed with him to the Leeward Iſlands, where he was taken on board the Montague by Admiral Mann; and ſerved in the flag-ſhip under that commander during his continuance on that ſtation.

On the breaking out of the American war, he went, on board the Briſtol, Sir Peter Parker, on the expedition to Carolina; and, on the arrival of Lord Howe in America, in 1776, was immediately taken by his Lordſhip on board the Eagle, where under the immediate eye of this diſtinguiſhed judge of merit, and in the American ſchool, remarkable for having ſent forth into the world ſome of the moſt accompliſhed officers in the profeſſion, he very ſoon gave ſuch deciſive proofs of his profeſſional abilities, as conciliated the approbation and favour of his noble patron, who appointed him lieutenant of the La Brune. During Lord Howe's continuance on the American ſtation, he was afterwards appointed lieutenant of the Phœnix, commanded by Sir H. Parker, and was in this capacity on board of that ſhip on that remarkable occaſion, on which his lordſhip exhibited one of the moſt celebrated examples of the perfection to which naval tactics can be carried, that can be produced in hiſtory.

On Lord Howe's quitting America, Mr. Payne was appointed lieutenant on board the Roebuck, commanded by Sir A. Snape Hammond, the preſent very able comptroller of the navy, and with him returned to England; where he was made firſt lieutenant of the Romney, Commodore Johnſton, who hoiſted a broad pendant as commander in chief of the ſquadron deſtined to Portugal; and very ſhortly promoted him to the command of the Cormorant ſloop of war. On the capture of the Artois of 40 guns, Captain Payne was made poſt into her; and it was during his command of this ſhip, that an occaſion aroſe in the Tagus, on which, thinking the Britiſh flag inſulted by the court of Portugal, he ſupported it with a ſpirit and dignity which were honoured by his Majeſty's approbation.

On his return to England in the Artois, Captain Payne received a commiſſion to command the frigate, in which, both in Europe and various parts of America, he diſplayed that diligence and activity which have ever marked his conduct; he recommended himſelf particularly to his commanding officer, Admiral Pigot, by attacking ſome ſhips in harbour, under the protection of a battery, in the Iſland of Cuba, and, after landing, deſtroying ſome, and bringing away the remainder of them, he was ſoon after honoured by the Admiral with the command of the Leander of 50 guns. How deſervedly this was conferred, very ſoon appeared by one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed actions in the whole war which he maintained againſt the French ſhip Pluto of 74 guns, and which ſhip, after a ſevere conflict, he obliged to abandon the field of battle; but was enable to follow her, from the perfectly diſabled ſtate of his own ſhip. Admiral Pigot's letter to the admiralty is a ſufficient teſtimonial

monial of Captain Payne's merit on this occaſion.

After this engagement he was named to the command of the Princeſs Amelia, of 80 guns, which he brought to England ſoon after, at the concluſion of the war.—The "piping time of peace" did not however ſuffer Captain Payne's talents to lie unemployed, or himſelf to live undiſtinguiſhed. His agreeable manners, as well as his profeſſional character, ſoon recommended him to the favour and patronage of the illuſtrious heir to the Britiſh throne; who not only honoured him with his particular favour and confidence, but appointed him his principal ſecretary, and privy ſeal, and auditor of the duchy of Cornwall, and ſtill continues that friendſhip to him, which ſtands among others a valuable example, of the diſcernment as well as the goodneſs of his Royal Highneſs's heart.

Captain Payne was ſhortly after elected one of the repreſentatives in parliament for the borough of Huntingdon; and, at the general election of the preſent parliament, was re-elected for the ſame borough.

On the breaking out of the preſent war, Captain Payne was appointed to the command of the Ruſſell of 74 guns; his conduct in which ſhip, on the ever-memorable 1ſt of June, is too recently diſtinguiſhed in Lord Howe's official diſpatches on that occaſion to render any panegyric on him neceſſary.

When the Prince of Wales's marriage with the Princeſs of Brunſwick was ſo far advanced, as to render it neceſſary to prepare for the conveyance of her ſerene highneſs to England, his royal highneſs's eyes naturally adverted for her conductor to the naval officer, who, in addition to his profeſſional reputation, enjoyed his own private confidence and friendſhip; and Captain Payne accordingly received orders from the admiralty to leave the Ruſſell at Torbay, and to hoiſt a broad pendant on-board the Princeſs Auguſta yacht, then in the river, fitting out for this purpoſe. It being however in conſideration of the ſeaſon of the year, and the danger of the times, thought expedient that her ſerene highneſs ſhould embark on-board of a ſhip of more force and ſecurity, the broad pendant was ſhifted to his majeſty's ſhip Jupiter of 50 guns, and Captain Payne in December laſt received the commiſſion of commodore and commander in chief of the ſquadron to be employed upon this ſervice. The uncommon ſeverity of the laſt winter, and the dangers and difficulties which this ſquadron experienced in its repeated attempts to leave the Nore, (where from the hard gales of eaſterly wind, impenetrable fogs, and floating iſlands of ice, its ſtation at anchor, and much more its navigation, became perilous and alarming to the laſt degree,) are too recent in the recollection of every one. At this diſaſtrous criſis, the weather which prevented the ſquadron from putting to ſea enabled the French to over-run Holland, where it was originally deſigned that the commodore ſhould receive the Princeſs of Brunſwick, and obliged his majeſty's miniſters to decide on ſome remote part for her ſerene highneſs's embarkation, and to poſtpone it till an improvement of the weather ſhould render the voyage leſs hazardous. Government however did not ſuffer this ſquadron to be idle: for no ſooner was this further delay of the Princeſs's embarkation determined on, than the commodore was ſent for by the cabinet; and, after a ſtay of very few hours in town, proceeded immediately into the North Sea, (leaving behind him the royal yachts, which were fitted out for the Princeſs's ladies and women of the bed-chamber,) on an expedition, which required the moſt inviolable ſecreſy and diſcreeteſt conduct, as well as the moſt determined intrepidity. The rapid progreſs however of the *Carmagnols* over Holland, and the complete poſſeſſion which they gained of the navy, docks, harbours, and every part of the republic, ſo ſoon defeated every hope of ſtriking any material blow in that quarter, that the commodore was recalled before even an attempt could be made at ſucceſs. The rigour of the ſeaſon beginning to relax in the commencement of the month of March, the

ſquadron took its firſt departure from the Nore with the yachts in order to proceed to Cruxhaven, where his majeſty had deſtined that the Princeſs ſhould embark a-board the Jupiter.

The great riſques, and continual diſtreſſes, to which the ſquadron was expoſed from the ice, in its paſſage to Cruxhaven, and during the time that it was at anchor at port, in expectation of the Princeſs of Brunſwick, are ſcarcely to be paralleled in ſo ſhort a navigation. But the iſſue was moſt happy. After arranging with Lord Malmſbury (his majeſty's ambaſſador appointed to attend the Princeſs from Brunſwick) all the neceſſary preliminaries to her ſerene highneſs's embarkation, the commodore had the honour of receiving her ſerene highneſs in his barge, and conducting her on board the Jupiter, and ſetting ſail the next morning, after a pleaſant paſſage of five days, arrived at Graveſend on the 4th of April. The next morning the commodore ſhifted his broad pendant to the Princeſs Auguſta yacht, on board of which he conducted the Princeſs of Brunſwick, and had the happineſs in a few hours of landing her ſerene highneſs at Greenwich, without the occurrence of the ſmalleſt accident, or unpleaſant circumſtance, from the hour of her embarkation.

The conſiderable and important ſhare which the commodore had the honour of contributing in the conduct and accompliſhment of an event, of a nature ſo intereſting to the happineſs of the nation, muſt be a ſubject of no ſmall ſatisfaction to his own feelings, in the ſubſequent part of his life, and entitles him to no leſs approbation from his fellow ſubjects than he has had the honour of receiving from his ſovereign. We have only to lament our intelligence that his health has been ſo materially impaired by the unremitted fatigues and anxieties of his commiſſion during the laſt winter, as to occaſion a neceſſary ſuſpenſion of his public ſervices, and ſincerely to wiſh him a happy re-eſtabliſhment, and reſumption of the duties of his profeſſion.

Commodore Payne is the cadet of a very late honourable ſtock, and brother to the late Sir Ralph Payne, now Lord Lavington.

Memoirs of Love and Gallantry.

Bertrand and Eliza.

THE pipe was mute in the valleys, and the hills were no longer reſponſive to the vocal reed.—Three years had elapſed ſince the young and generous Bertrand was aſſaſſinated by Caled, near the caſtle of Eraſmus;—his lance hung inverted on his tomb, and his honours were mingled with the duſt of his fathers.

"O when ſhall my ſufferings have an end, and the grief-worn frame return to its kindred clay?——Never ſhall thy lovely image be eraſed from my memory; thy virtues are engraven on my heart!" It was the voice of the amiable Eliza, offering her evening oriſons at the ſhrine of her beloved Bertrand.

Silence held her ſtill domain throughout the fertile plains, ſave where the diſtant watch-dog marked the rural hamlet.—Cynthia had gained the ſummit of the azure throne, and ſmiled in lucid majeſty over the blue expanſe.—All nature aided the ſolemnity!—A row of aged oaks led to a cluſter of ſpreading firs, which diſcovered a marble ſepulchre adorned with military trophies. The beautiful Eliza, amiable in ſorrows, and patient in affliction, graced the awful ſcene.——She was kneeling in a poſture of adoration and prayer,——her ſable garment hung looſe in melancholy folds, and mingled with her auburn treſſes; the round tear of affliction ſtood in her languid eye, and the cypreſs groves reiterated the ſighs of a broken heart.

In the midſt of her oriſons, Clifford (by whoſe command the aſſaſſination of Bertrand was perpetrated) appeared before the ſorrowful Eliza.——Rage inſtantly kindled in her cheek, and reproaches burſt from her lips:—"Dareſt thou, perfidious and prophane, approach this hallowed place?—Ye

gods

gods, where are your avenging bolts? Why ſleeps the thunder when this wretch draws near?—Doſt thou not feel the anger of almighty power? Or is thy heart more heard than adamant, leagued with demons of revenge to ward the ſtroke of juſtice?"

"Chide not, too lovely fair one, (replied the repentant Clifford;) it was love for thee that led me on to madneſs: I beheld a favoured rival in the happy Bertrand;—I conſidered life, without thee, as an ocean oppoſed to inceſſant tempeſts,—but with thee all that heaven could beſtow, or I could wiſh.—I vainly thought one bar alone remained between me and my fancied joys:—In a raſh moment I employed the curſed Caled to execute my fell deſign;——he obeyed, took his reward, and fled, ſince which time peace has been baniſhed from the breaſt of Clifford, and ſoon muſt the cold hand of death bring him to an expiation of his crimes."

"And doſt thou talk of love, abhorred aſſaſſin? Thou who haſt laid low the image of perfection—my Bertrand was the firſt, and ſhall be the laſt, my bleeding heart ever owned—Hear me, beloved ſhade! and witneſs for me all ye cherubs watching round his tomb, never ſhall Eliza taſte of pleaſure more till we again ſhall meet in fields of joy:—Then ſhall the rays of endleſs peace and love diſpel the earthly miſts of pain and woe." Eliza again proſtrated herſelf before the ſhrine, and Clifford, dejected, returned through the avenue to the caſtle.

Alwin, ſurnamed the Good, (who was then on the throne,) hearing of the ſorrows of Eliza, reſolved to undertake the cauſe of injured innocence, by offering a conſiderable reward to the champion who would meet Clifford in ſingle combat. The time of the approaching tournaments drew on apace; at length the day arrived, appointed for the cauſe of Eliza.——The circus was crowded with ſpectators. The king was ſeated beneath a canopy adorned with the riches of the Eaſt, and the conſtant fair one ſat at his right hand:---Every eye was centred on one object----the injured Eliza!——Clifford appeared in the liſts, and the trumpet was thrice ſounded---a ſtranger inſtantly appeared, and accepted the challenge; his helmet of maſſy gold covered his face, it was ſtudded with diamonds, and the nodding plumes ſhook defiance to his foe;----his armour, of exquiſite workmanſhip, darted a ſplendid radiance throughout the circus, and the blood-red croſs on his breaſt diſplayed a knight zealous in the Chriſtian cauſe---The dignity of his appearance, the ſymmetry of his ſhape, and the graceful manner with which he took up the glove, charmed every beholder.---Clifford, all trembling, approached and thus addreſſed the multitude:---You ſee before you a wretch deſtined by the hand of fate to meet eternal vengeance: fall I muſt, if not by the ſword of my accuſer, the weight of my ſins muſt ſoon bring me with ſorrow to the grave."——The martial trumpets were again flouriſhed, and the champions engaged.----For ſome time the victory was doubtful, till at length the powerful arm of the ſtranger laid the lofty Clifford in the duſt, and the circus re-echoed with repeated acclamations.——His wound was mortal, and his friends, gathered around him, even the injured Eliza ſympathized in the tears ſhed on the dying penitent. While the crowd was attentive to the departing Clifford, a man muffled in a pilgrim's habit preſſed forward, and throwing open his garment, thus addreſſed the vanquiſhed champion:—"Thou man of ſorrows, behold in this diſguiſe, the perſon of Caled, once thy vaſſal, at whoſe command I undertook the murder of the worthy Bertrand; if thou haſt enough of life to hear the event, attend and learn:"——The eyes of Clifford were nearly ſet in night, but, agitated by a thouſand emotions, ſeemed to expreſs a deſire to hear the narrative of Caled, who thus proceeded:—"Urged by your entreaties and the hopes of gain, I approached the wood where Bertrand was wrapt in pious meditation:—though bribed to murder, and bent on the horrid purpoſe, I relented, and diſcovered my intent to the gallant youth, whom I preſſed to depart,

part. I have ſince heard he rendered himſelf famous on the plains of Paleſtine, by inliſting in the holy war. You inſiſted on my privately burying the corpſe in the grove leading to the caſtle of Eraſmus ---this I told you was performed, and the amiable Eliza cauſed a ſuperb ſhrine to be erected to his memory.——I received my reward and fled;---diſguiſed in a pilgrim's habit, I followed Bertrand to Jeruſalem---but my ſearch was vain---for ſoon I heard that Bertrand was no more:---Fluſhed with ſucceſs, he joined the Croiſes led by the gallant Richard, and met the ſhaft of death before the walls of Cyprus."---Hope, horror, and deſpair, alternately reigned in the boſom of Eliza during the narrative, at the concluſion of which ſhe fell lifeleſs at the feet of the victor.---The champion, lifting up his helmet, caught her in his arms: "Behold, (cried the ſtranger) one whoſe ſoul is linked to thine----revive, thou paragon of excellence.---'Tis Bertrand calls thee back to life and love!"———At the well-known name Eliza awakened from her trance, and, after gazing ſome time with ſpeechleſs admiration, at length articulated: "It is, it is, my long-loſt Bertrand!" Clifford lived but a few moments after the diſcovery----he received the pardon of the injured pair, and cloſed his eyes in peace.---Bertrand turned to the aſtoniſhed Caled, and embraced him as a friend; every eye ſparkled with joy, and every heart participated in the happineſs of Bertrand and Eliza.

It is recorded in the annals of the caſtle, that virtue ſhall meet her reward, and vice be humbled at her feet.

After paying the funeral rites to the manes of the unfortunate Clifford, the nuptials were conſummated, in the utmoſt ſtyle of magnificence, at Alwin's palace.---Eliza by degrees recovered her native bloom---love gliſtened in her eye, and the roſes revelled in her cheek. Bertrand again diſplayed his trophies in the hall of the caſtle, and again aſſumed the hero!

The pipe once more gladdened the valleys, and the hills were rendered vocal by the reſponſive notes of the reed. Peace ſpread her airy wings athwart the verdant plains,---and the vaulted roofs reverberated the ſound of the harp, in the happy caſtle of Eraſmus.

Better Late than Never.—A Tale.

BY MR. BACON.

"Men's vows are women's traitors."

SHAKSPEARE.

"'TIS ſurely ſtrange," ſaid Trueman to his friend, "that Emma ſhould have grown ſo indifferent about your love, as to conſent to reſign an engagement ſo ſolemnly and ſo freely made!"

"Oh! you, Charles," replied Milford, "are a ſtranger to the capricious temper of a woman; and, therefore, I wonder not that the mutability of my miſtreſs ſhould give you ſurprize."

"Surprize!" repeated Trueman. "And is it not a cauſe for ſurprize? She who ſeemed but to live in your ſight, and——"

"Piſha!" interrupted Milford; "think no more on't. Why, man, you have lived ſo long in this ſecluded nook, and are as ignorant of the artifices of the world, as though you were not an inhabitant in it!"

"My ignorance be my puniſhment then," returned Trueman. "But, methinks, Milford, the inconſtancy of your miſtreſs has neither impaired your health, nor robbed you of any part of your vivacity. Beſhrew me, but I think there is more in this buſineſs than you care to make known."

"Do you, then, ſuſpect my veracity, Sir?"

"O, no! but I ſuſpect that you have not told me all that relates to this affair."

"What, Sir, is it you do ſuſpect?" aſked Milford, in a tone of voice half expreſſive of anger.

"Shall I," replied Trueman, "freely ſpeak my fears?"

"O, by all means. I would not for the world, that the liberty of your ſpeech ſhould be in the leaſt abridged on any affair in which my honour is implicated."

"Why,

"Why, then, Hal, I do ſuſpect——"

"That I have robbed her of her honour, I preſume?"

"*Thou haſt harped my fear aright!*"

"Sir!" ſaid Milford, with a haughty and imperious look, "a friend, I know, has a right to exerciſe a freedom of ſpeech, which in another would be called an inſult: but this freedom may be extended too far, and the bond of friendſhip thus rendered too weak to reſtrain the indignation of inſulted honour."

Without waiting a reply, the angry Milford haſtened from the preſence of his friend; and inſtantly ſet out to join his regiment, which was then encamped in the vicinity of the metropolis.

The reſentment of this young man made little impreſſion on the mind of his friend, which ſtill cheriſhed thoſe ſuſpicions the deportment of Milford, joined to ſome other corroborating circumſtances, had given birth to. Several months paſſed away, and the affair was ſtill enveloped in the clouds of myſtery. The encampments broke up, and the ſoldiers were ſent into winter quarters. The regiment in which Milford bore his commiſſion was appointed to do duty at St. James's; and it was not till he arrived in London, that his reſentment ſo far ſubſided as to permit him to write to his friend. In this letter he entered into a full explanation of his conduct; and ſtated, with every appearance of integrity, the cauſe which led him to decline his engagement with his miſtreſs. The ſuſpicions of Trueman were removed, and the two friends were again reſtored to each other.

Trueman, who lived retired on a ſmall eſtate, remote from the noiſe and buſtle of the world, could hardly be ſuppoſed to poſſeſs much knowledge of mankind; yet he had converſed largely with thoſe authors who have depicted human nature in its moſt enchanting dreſs, and at the ſame time preſented it in its utmoſt deformity. Hence he made himſelf acquainted with the vices and virtues of mankind; and this natural ſagacity enabled him to diſcern both the good and bad qualities of thoſe with whom he was in the habits of intimacy. He knew that Milford was a man of gallantry, but he had never before ſuſpected the integrity of his honour; and the letter which he had juſt received removed every unfavourable impreſſion from his mind. With the exclamation,—"We are all apt to be miſtaken!" he ſeized his gun; and, whiſtling his pointers, proceeded to the neighbouring hills in ſearch of game.

Intent on the pleaſures of the field, he thoughtleſsly ſtrayed to a more than common diſtance from his home; and, before he recollected himſelf, found that he had reached a village, at leaſt half a dozen miles from his manſion. He knew that the place, which conſiſted only of ſome eight or ten cottages, contained no accommodation for the weary traveller; he therefore directed his way to a ſmall village at the foot of the hill, in order to dreſs a part of his game, by way of refreſhment. On drawing near the houſe, his attention was arreſted by a young child, a lovely boy, about eighteen months old, who was amuſing himſelf with the playful tricks of a young kitten. He gazed attentively on his features, and thought they bore a near reſemblance to ſome one whom he knew. He approached the door unobſerved; and, on extending his view into the houſe, diſcovered a female, whoſe appearance was ſuperior to the ruſtick cottager, ſeated on a chair, watching the child with maternal fondneſs. Tears involuntarily flowed from her eyes, and her countenance wore the features of wretchedneſs. Trueman entered the humble dwelling. "Excuſe, Madam," ſaid he, "the intruſion of a ſtranger."

"Good God!" exclaimed the weeping mother, hiding her bluſhing face in her handkerchief—"Mr. Trueman here!"

Trueman now diſcovered the ſorrowing fair one to be Emma Vernon; and all his former ſuſpicions of Milford's honour recurred with redoubled force to his memory. He exerted himſelf in calming the ſorrows of this injured woman; and drew from her, her ſad and melancholy tale.

"You

"You are well acquainted," ſaid ſhe, "with the oppoſition which my father made to my receiving the addreſſes of Mr. Milford; and you know too well, alſo, my fondneſs for that ungenerous youth. To be brief, I permitted him to ſend for a licence, and we were privately married. My father ſoon after died; and my uncle, having been appointed by his will my guardian, I removed to his houſe. The time now faſt approached, beyond which the ſecret of our marriage could no longer be preſerved from the world. Of this I apprized my huſband; who then, for the firſt time, informed me that our marriage was a mere nullity, and was only a ſtratagem to overcome the oppoſition which I made to his eager importunities. He unfeelingly declared his intention of bidding me adieu for ever; and, at the ſame time, offered for my acceptance a piece of paper, to defray the charges of my accouchement. It is impoſſible for me to deſcribe the horrors of my mind at this fatal moment. I left him in ſilence; returned to my uncle's; and, after having packed up a ſmall part of my wearing apparel, and leaving a letter explaining the cauſe of my elopement, retired to this recluſe ſpot! where I have ſince lived, and earned by labour mine and my child's ſupport."

"Unfeeling monſter! Baſe, deceiving man!" exclaimed Trueman, "But he ſhall repair the injury he has done thee, or add to his crimes the murder of his friend!"

"Do you, then, know where Milford lives?" enquired the injured girl.---

"I do," replied Trueman; "and, if you commit yourſelf and infant to my protection, I will lead you to him."

"That I will, moſt chearfully," ſhe replied. "Oh! that I could but recal his affections---" Perhaps the ſight of his child——" Here ſhe faultered, and wept bitterly.—"Perhaps," ſhe again reſumed, "perhaps, Mr. Trueman, the ſight of his infant may move his pity, and kindle in his breaſt his former fondneſs."

"That it will, I am ſure," ſaid Trueman---"Milford is not by nature prone to vice, and I therefore think he will ſtill be juſt."

Mrs. Milford, for ſuch we ſhall now call her, then provided ſome refreſhment for the tired ſportſman; and, the ſame day, with her infant, accompanied Trueman to his home; from whence, the next morning, they ſet out for London.

As ſoon as they arrived in town, Trueman, leaving Mrs. Milford at the inn, immediately waited on his friend; whom he found confined to his bed, from a wound which he had received in a duel the preceding day. This encounter, he diſcovered, originated from an affair of gallantry; an attempt which he had made on the honour of a young lady, the ſiſter of a brother officer.—Reflection, in the moments of his confinement, had preſented to his view the atrocity of his conduct; and he wiſhed for nothing more than to repair, before he died, the injury he had done to the unſuſpicious Emma.

In this frame of mind was the guilty Milford, when his friend entered the room. The indignation which Trueman entertained againſt him was inſtantly changed into pity, from his melancholy appearance. With looks, with voice and tears, that ſpoke contrition, he confeſſed the injury he had done the woman, whoſe only fault was that of loving him too well; implored forgiveneſs of his friend for the duplicity of his conduct towards him; and concluded with a ſanguine deſire to make each an ample retribution.

Trueman could contain himſelf no longer; he told the cauſe and motive of his journey. Milford was enraptured. The mother and child were introduced; a mutual reconciliation took place; and when the proſelyte aſked his wife, whether ſhe would accept his return to virtue, and to her---ſhe replied, with a ſmile——"*Better Late than Never.*"

Method

Method of beautifying and preserving the Colour of all Sorts of Wood, by Means of a Stain, Varnish, and Powder; which Powder may likewise be used in polishing and sharpening Steel-edged Instruments.

TAKE pumice-stone and burnt alum, of each equal parts, finely powdered, true lapis calaminaris, tile, and green vitriol calcined to redness, of each half a part, finely powdered, mix them into a powder, and rub the wood with it, with a woollen cloth, until it receive a good polish. (N. B. They must be finely levigated for edge-tools.) Then use the following stain: take six pounds of stick lac, boil it in three gallons of water till the colour is extracted, and strain off the liquor; then add to it half a pound of madder-root, boil it till it is reduced to three quarts: take half a pound of cochineal, half a pound of kermes berries, and four ounces of clean scarlet rags, digest them in a glass vessel with one gallon of spirit of wine, and two ounces of pearl-ash dissolved in half a pint of water, till all the colour is extracted; strain, and add the decoction of stick lac to it; lastly, add as much aquafortis as will bring it to a proper red colour, with which brush over the wood till it becomes of a proper colour.

The varnish.---Take a pound of clear white amber, and half a pound of gum copal, put them into a close vessel, with six pounds of oil of nuts, half a pound of spirit of turpentine, of oil of rosemary, and lavender, each half a pound; digest them in a sand-heat till the oils become as thick as syrup; strain for use when clear, varnish the wood with a brush, and let it dry.

Description of a Method of Vein-marbling, and Staining, Silk, Linen, Cotton, Paper, &c. by Mr. Samuel Toplis, of Gainsborough.

MAKE a middling thick size, or paste, of flour * and water, to which add a little powdered allum, and then boil it in the manner of glover's, &c. paste. Put some of the size, when cool, into several pots; and mix with it such kind of colours, or other matters used in staining and dying, as are had in esteem. Have ready a painter's brush to each pot, and, with any of the brushes, spread a quantity of the forementioned coloured size, very even, on a flat piece of marble, or other kind of smooth stone, or on a smooth board, or a table, according to the length and width of the piece of silk, linen, cotton, or sheet of paper. On the coloured size, thus spread, lay a strong plate of glass, or one of tin, or copper, or a thin piece of board, pressing the plate (of whatever sort) gently with the hand on every part. Raise the plate, by lifting up one end; and it will be found veined, in every direction, by the adhesiveness of the size: immediately lay the plate, thus prepared, on the silk, linen, or other article, and with the hand again gently press on every part of the plate, which will vein or marble the silk, linen, &c. with the same figures as were on the sized plate. If the plate of glass (which is preferable, but exceptionable on account of its brittleness) be not pressed too hard, a second impression, with a beautiful sort of smaller sized veins, may be had from the first colouring; and, if two different colours are desired on the same surface, there needs only a repetition of the process with the size, containing staining ingredients, and the other favourite colouring substances. A neat sort of tortoiseshell appearance, and a great variety of expressive figures, may be produced this way, as also by various actions of the fingers upon the plate, before the size loses its moisture, and likewise by many times folding the silk, linen, or other material of flexible texture.

* In case of scarcity and dearness of wheat-flour, any other light earthly substance may be used as a substitute, provided it possesses an attractive quality; that being absolutely necessary for the separation of the composition into veins, as above stated.

Life of LINNÆUS, *from Memoirs of him by* STOEVER, *lately publiſhed.*

LINNE was the ſon of a peaſant-born village-paſtor, who brought up a family in the narrow condition attending that ſtation in the North of Europe. The fondneſs of young Linne for plants, which ſhewed itſelf at ſo early an age as to appear almoſt inſtinctive, may readily be derived from the father's taſte for horticulture, and for the collection of wild flowers from the woods and fields around his little manſion. The youth was deſtined for the Church; but, an impatience of confinement to ſtudies which he did not reliſh, and the inſuperable attachment to Flora which poſſeſſed his mind, fruſtrated the intentions of his parents. When, in diſpleaſure and deſpair, they were about to bind him apprentice to a ſhoe-maker, he was reſcued by a phyſician of the neighbouring town, named Rothmann; who, diſcovering in him the latent fire of genius, took him into his houſe as a pupil, and probably as an uſeful domeſtic, initiated him in medicine, and decided his fate by putting into his hand *Tournefort's Elements of Botany*.

In the 21ſt year of Linne's age he went to the Univerſity of Lund. In this place he had the good fortune to ingratiate himſelf with Stobæus, profeſſor of phyſick and botany, who took him gratuitouſly into his family, and gave him acceſs to his muſeum and library. As he was of a ſocial convivial turn, and was known to ſit up late at night, the profeſſor ſuſpected that his vigils paſſed in cards or romps with the ſervants. He therefore came ſuddenly into the young man's apartment at a late hour; when, inſtead of amuſements of that kind, he found him entrenched amid the works of Tournefort, Bauhin, Cæſalpinus, and other great botaniſts. This diſcovery, as might be ſuppoſed, rendered him a greater favourite with the Profeſſor than before.

The Univerſity of Upſal, however, the chief ſeat of the Swediſh Muſes, was the great object of his longing; and notwithſtanding the pecuniary difficulties which ſtood in his way, he accompliſhed his journey thither in the next year. The medical profeſſors there at that period (1728) were Olaus Rudbeck, jun. and Roberg, both old men, and little inclined to improvement:---but Olaus Celſius, the profeſſor of divinity, was the beſt botaniſt in Sweden, and zealous for the ſcience. He was abſent for ſome time after the arrival of Linne; and the poor youth, unknown and unpatronized, fell into a lamentable ſtate of indigence. He was glad to accept of a meal, and to wear the caſt cloaths of his fellow-ſtudents; nay, he was even forced to patch their old ſhoes with cards and the bark of trees, in order to be able to make his botanical excurſions. The mind which poſſeſſes energy and reſolution enough to riſe above ſuch difficulties as theſe is of the very firſt claſs, and may claim praiſe to which thoſe who are nurſed in the lap of eaſe and proſperity can never eſtabliſh an equal right. On the return of Celſius, fortune proved more favourable: Linne made himſelf known to him, engaged his eſteem, and obtained free board and lodging in his houſe; which he in ſome meaſure repaid by his ſervices in aſſiſting the profeſſor in compoſing his *Hierobotanicon*.

About this time, Vaillant's *Sermo de Structura Florum* falling into the hands of Linne, afforded him the firſt notions of thoſe ſexual diſtinctions of flowers, which afterwards became the ground work of his celebrated *ſyſtem*. He purſued the ſubject with many additional obſervations, and drew up a manuſcript treatiſe on the ſexes of plants. This attempt came to the knowledge of profeſſor Rudbeck, and gave him ſuch an opinion of the writter, that he took him into his houſe, and appointed him his aſſiſtant lecturer, in 1730, when Linne had completed his 23d year.

On his appointment by the Swediſh Academy of Sciences to make a journey of diſcovery in Lapland, ſuch was the poverty of Sweden, that the ſum devoted to this purpoſe amounted only to 7l. 10s. ſterling! He undertook this long and

and moſt uncomfortable expedition with all the ardour of an enthuſiaſt; and, during the courſe of it (from May to the end of October,) underwent dangers and difficulties which, accuſtomed as he was to hardſhips, exerciſed all his patience and reſolution: But he returned rich in many undeſcribed objects of Nature, and in obſervations on the country and its inhabitants. His diary kept on this tour remains in MS. but the botanical matter was publiſhed in two parts of a *Florula Lapponica*, inſerted in the Swediſh Tranſactions. The plants in this Catalogue were arranged according to his newly-projected ſexual ſyſtem.

Having now acquired ſome celebrity, he began, in the year 1733, to give lectures on botany, chemiſtry, and mineralogy, at Upſal; which were well received. The ſpirit of envy and rivalry, however, inſtigated Profeſſor Roſen to enforce a ſtatute of the Univerſity, which excluded every one, who had not taken his degrees, from the office of a public lecturer. Linne was provoked to ſhew his reſentment in a very unwarrantable manner. He drew his ſword on Roſen as he came out of the ſenate-houſe, and was with difficulty prevented from running him through the body; nay, he for ſome time continued to meditate a bloody revenge, and would probably have executed it, had he not, as he himſelf related, been diverted from the deſign by the impreſſion which his mind received one night on waking from a horrid dream. From this anecdote, an idea may be formed of the fiery and reſentful temper which, through life, too much characterized the hero of this narrative.

A journey to Dalecarlia with ſome young nobles, his pupils, was the occaſion of his tarrying at the mining town of Fahlun, where he eſtabliſhed a kind of college of mineralogy under the auſpices of the governor of the province. Here he became acquainted with the daughter of Moræus, a man of eminence, and phyſician to the province, and with difficulty obtained the father's conſent to marry her in three years, if ſhe ſhould remain ſingle until that period. His great object now was to gain a doctor's degree, and to ſettle in the practice of phyſick. By the help of his intended bride, he was equipped for a journey to Hardenwyk, in Holland, where he meant to graduate.

The travels of Linne to foreign countries, form an intereſting part of his life. He took his courſe by Hamburgh to Hardenwyk; at which univerſity he obtained the degree of doctor of phyſick. For his academical exerciſe, he defended a new hypotheſis concerning the cauſes of intermitting fevers; one of the principal of which he aſſerted to be the uſe of water impregnated with argillaceous particles. His theſis bears the date of June 24, 1735, when he was in his 28th year. Leyden was the next place which he viſited; where his great object was to obtain an introduction to Boerhaave. This was no eaſy matter, as that celebrated man ſet too high a value on his time to be liberal of it in conferences with ſtrangers:—But the Proſpectus of his *Syſtema Naturæ*, which Linne printed for the firſt time at Leyden, and preſented to Boerhaave, obtained for him the honour which he ſolicited. The great man appointed an interview at his villa; which ſucceeded ſo well for Linne, that the old Profeſſor adviſed him to give up all thoughts of returning home, and to ſeek his fortune in Holland. Linne pleaded his diſability on account of indigence, and mentioned his deſign of leaving Leyden the very next day. We are not told that Boerhaave (one of the richeſt men in his country) made any effort to detain him. He gave him, however, a letter to Burmann, botanical profeſſor at Amſterdam, which ſecured him a good reception there; and Burmann conceived ſo high an opinion of the Swede, that he took him into his houſe for the purpoſe of obtaining his help in his deſcription of the plants of Ceylon. Boerhaave farther ſerved Linne very eſſentially by recommending him to George Clifford, the rich burgomaſter and great collector, of Amſterdam, as his houſe-phyſician and botaniſt. Clifford, accordingly, made an exchange with Burmann of a copy of Sloane's Hiſtory of Jamaica againſt the

Naturaliſt; and he took Linne home with him to Hartecamp, his villa, and at once raiſed him to a ſtate of affluence ſcarcely conceivable by a poor Swede, for he had an appointment of a ducat a day excluſive of board.

The reſidence in a paradiſe fraught with treaſures from all parts of the globe, together with books, learned company, and good living, muſt have made Linne the happieſt of mortals. He ſtudied, wrote, and extended his fame and principles. An agreeable variation of his employments was a journey to England in 1736, at Clifford's expence, for the purpoſe of enriching his garden. Sir Hans Sloane was at that time at the head of Natural Hiſtory in this country; but a warm recommendation of Linne to him from Boerhaave procured him only a cold and common reception. Linne viſited Miller at the Chelſea garden, and, after ſome unpromiſing attempts, ſucceeded in inſpiring that botaniſt with a favourable opinion of him. A man of ſuperior knowledge, Dillenius at Oxford, received him at firſt with jealouſy and diſlike, but at laſt treated him with civility. The botanical garden at Oxford ſeems to have been what beſt anſwered the expectations of the great Swediſh botaniſt in England; and he returned to Hartecamp enriched with many natural treaſures, and furniſhed with new connexions, which proved of ſubſequent utility to him.

Linne now proceeded with renewed ſpirit and confidence in his great plan of botanical reform; and he gave to the world his firſt edition of the *Genera Plantarum* in the beginning of 1737. In this, the *ſexual ſyſtem* was diſplayed in its complete ſtate; and he arranged, according to the ſame method, the *Hortus Cliffortianus* and the *Flora Lapponica*, which both appeared in that year. The reputation which he gained by theſe works did not prevent his becoming a prey to melancholy; the true cauſe of which was a longing after his own country, and for the ſight of his intended bride. Having reſided a while in Leyden with Van Royen, whom he aided in forming a new ſyſtem of botany, he viſited Paris, where met with a polite reception, and was admitted a correſponding member of the Academy of Sciences. France, however, was not yet prepared for exchanging the ſyſtem of her own Tournefort and Vaillant for that of the Swede. From this country he took his departure by ſea for Sweden, where he arrived in September, 1738.

It was only in occaſional criticiſms and reviews of the works of Linne that Haller publicly appeared as his opponent; and he was more habitually his friend, correſpondent, and admirer. Their friendſhip, however, was interrupted, and at length terminated, by jealouſies and bickerings; in which the pride and petulance of Linne ſeem fully as much to blame as the more ſtately ſelf-conſequence of Haller. Profeſſor Heiſter was a more bitter and much leſs reſpectable antagoniſt; and he ſpirited up one of his pupils, Siegeſbeck, to fall on Linne in a manner that only expoſed his own ignorance and preſumption. It was a temporary triumph for Heiſter, that, after unſucceſsfully attacking the ſexual ſyſtem, he could adduce a ſmall publication of John Henry Burkhard, a German phyſician, dated 1702, in which a hint is given of the poſſibility of forming an arrangement of plants according to the differences of their parts of generation:—But Linne could prove that he never ſaw this obſcure performance; and, if he had, it could have detracted little from his merit, that another had *ſlightly ſuggeſted* a plan which he had *brought to execution*. Many reſpectable names, however, appear as opponents of the new ſyſtem; among whom may be mentioned Klein, Crantz, Alſton, Camper, Pontedera, Spalanzani, Adanſon, and the illuſtrious Buffon. In his own country, Linne had a declared and acrimonious adverſary in the great mineralogiſt Wallerius. In order to refute the aſperſions of this philoſopher, he printed a ſmall anonymous work, entitled *Orbis eruditi Judicium de Car. Linnæi M. D. ſcriptis*, in which he drew a ſketch of his life and writings, and publiſhed

liſhed all the teſtimonies in his favour given by men in eminence in various parts of Europe; the ſubſtance of which is tranſcribed in Stoever's Life of him. This was a dignified, though perhaps an oſtentatious, mode of ſilencing attacks; more to his honour, however, than the method which he is here ſaid to have taken in order to mark his ſenſe of gratitude and of reſentment toward foreign botaniſts—which was, by affixing the names of his friends on beautiful and valuable plants, and thoſe of his enemies on the ugly and noxious. Here was a diſplay of that littleneſs of mind which mixed itſelf with his great qualities; and the temptation thus to abuſe the aſſumed botanical privilege of naming new plants after perſons, juſtifies, in our opinion, Haller's objections againſt that common practice.

His botonical honours had not done much in preparing the way to medical practice; and his proſpects at firſt were ſo little encouraging, that, had not a letter from Haller come to hand in reaſonable time, in which that eminent perſon propoſed in the moſt friendly manner to reſign to him his own profeſſorſhip of botany at Gottingen, Sweden would probably have loſt the honour and advantage of Linne's future reſidence. Some fortunate caſes, however, brought him into notice; and a lucky preſcription for a cough became ſo faſhionable as to give him an introduction at Court. Count Teſſin declared himſelf the patron of Linne, and obtained for him the poſt of phyſician to the admiralty. This ſucceſs alſo gained him the hand of his bride, after a probation of five years.

The death of Olaus Rudbeck at Upſal made a vacancy in the botanical chair at that univerſity; and Linne's great wiſh was to ſucceed to this poſt. His firſt application was unſucceſsful; and Roſen, his old antagoniſt, was the perſon elected. This diſappointment was ſoftened by the choice which the Swediſh diet made of Linne to take a tour, accompanied by ſubordinate Naturaliſts, through ſome of the leaſt known provinces of the kingdom, in order to promote uſeful knowledge and improvement. On his return from this agreeable and reputable miſſion, another profeſſorſhip at Upſal, that of phyſick, and anatomy, became vacant; and, it being conferred on him, he removed thither with his family in September, 1741, and aſſumed his public functions. Soon afterward, Roſen and he, reflecting that they were each in the wrong place, made an amicable exchange of profeſſorſhips with univerſal conſent; and, from the beginning of 1742, Linne occupied that ſtation, which he rendered ſo honourable to himſelf, and ſo uſeful to the univerſity. His firſt care was to re-eſtabliſh and improve the botanical garden, which had fallen into lamentable decay. He was in fact the new creator of it; and, by his intereſt and aſſiduity, it became one of the moſt celebrated of the public repoſitories of plants. Since his death, however, it has been much improved, and a particular account of its ancient and preſent ſtate is given in the text and notes of this work. A cabinet of natural curioſities was likewiſe formed at Upſal by Linne, aided by the patriotic munificence of Count Gyllemborg, chancellor of the univerſity.

Linne was now thoroughly engaged in his academical functions. Beſides botany, he lectured on Natural Hiſtory in general, the Materia Medica, dietetics, and the diſtinction of diſeaſes; and ſtudents flocked to hear him. He was employed in two more exploratory tours in his own country; to Weſt Gothland, in 1746, and to Schonen, in 1749; and he publiſhed a complete Flora and Fauna of Sweden. Honours, both foreign and domeſtic, accumulated on him; of which one of the moſt ſingular and flattering was that of having a medal ſtruck with his effigy; at the expence of four Swediſh nobles. He obtained the title of Archiater (dean of the college of phyſicians); and thus his father, who had deſtined him for a ſhoe-maker, ſaw his ſon raiſed to honours and dignities famous throughout Europe, and in poſſeſſion of an immortal name!

He

He arranged and described the cabinet of Count Tessin; and various royal museums. He made an important discovery respecting the tænia, proving that it partakes of the nature of the polype, and that each joint is a separate animal. He found out the art of making pearls; but, tho' it is certain that he imagined he had made this discovery, and that great public expectations were raised from it, yet it does not appear that his project ever was brought to practice. Various new observations respecting the physiology of plants resulted from his farther enquiries; particularly that plants undergo a nocturnal change analogous to sleep in animals.

In 1751, he published a view of his whole system, together with those of the principal botanists who preceded him, in a work entituled *Philosophia Botanica*, which displayed his ingenuity and talent for method and arrangement in the most striking manner.

His capital work, the *Species Plantarum*, first appeared in 1753, and exhibited such a catalogue of vegetables as the world had not before seen. Besides the vast number of new species from all quarters of the globe which it contained, it presented his most useful invention of *trivial names*, by which the language of botany obtained an unspeakable advantage in point of facility and distinctness. His reputation was daily more and more extended through foreign countries, bringing him continual accessions of curiosities for the botanical garden and museum, and procuring to him the most honourable invitations from the distant capitals of Madrid and Petersburg; both which he declined in favour of his native land. Indeed he had reason to be satisfied with the respect paid to him at home; for, the new order of the Polar Star was conferred on him in the year 1753; and, in 1757, he received a patent by which he was raised to the rank of the hereditary nobility of the kingdom.

The services which Linne rendered to zoology and mineralogy were certainly considerable, though he was much less a legislator in those branches of Natural History than in botany. In mineralogy, particularly, the aid of chemistry has produced discoveries which have thrown the Linnean classification far behind. The last labours of Linne in botany were the supplements published in 1767 and 1771, and the accounts of single plants transmitted to him after 1774. During the whole course of this latter period of his life, he was receiving numerous testimonies of respect from learned and academical bodies, which now acquired more honour than they could confer by the association of such a name to their lists of members. In 1763, he had the satisfaction of obtaining the appointment of his son as assistant to him in the botanical chair, with the promise of his succeeding to it when it should become vacant. His wife's fortune, and the emoluments of his professorship, made him comparatively a rich man; and he was enabled to indulge himself in the purchase of a villa near Upsal, which became his usual summer retreat during the last fifteen years of his life. His correspondencies were greater than any other learned man of the North; and a list of 150 persons, of various countries, is given by Schroeder, with whom he held an epistolary commerce. It is to be lamented that the enviable circumstances of his life did not accompany him to the last scene. His mind and body both lingered under a gradual decline. In 1774 the first shock was given by an apoplectic stroke; from which, however, he recovered so far as to resume his public functions. A renewal of it in 1776 irreparably ruined the fabrick, and reduced him to a state of absolute childhood, attended with severe sufferings; from which he was released by an easy death on Jan. 10, 1778, in the 71st year of his age.

Charles Linne, jun. was a person whose name would probably never have been heard had he not been the son of the great Linne. He arrived by dint of habit and application, to some eminence in Natural History; but he pursued his studies merely as a task, and without a spark of the ardour and enthusiasm which inspired his father. The coldness and reserve of his temper were augmented by the unworthy treatment which he

he experienced from his mother, who was one of those unnatural parents who seem actually to have *hated* their children; and the father was considerably blameable in permitting her injustice, and in even receiving a bias from it. Charles, who appears to have been a worthy character, and possessed of the affectionate regard of his intimates, died unmarried in November, 1783, in the 42d year of his age; and with him ended the male line of the Swedish Naturalist. The widow and some daughters of Linne are still living.

A Tour through the Province of Ulster. In a Letter to a Friend in Scotland.

(Continued from Page 293.)

HAVING rode for a few miles close to the borders of Lough Foyle, I arrived at Derry, by some called London Derry, as being built by a company of London Adventurers in the reign of King James I. This is the chief town of the county of Derry, pleasantly situated on the river Foyle, over which is a bridge of wood, constructed in the year 1791, by Mr. Cox, who built the bridge at Montrose, in Angusshire. As I know you have seen that, and as this nearly resembles it, a description of it would be quite unnecessary, except that its length is 1168 feet, breadth 40, with a portcullis 25 feet wide, for the passage of vessels. On a gentle eminence of an oval form, stands the town, which chiefly consists of four main streets, meeting in a square, where stands the Royal Exchange. This town has rendered itself remarkable by the bravery of its inhabitants in three sieges, in each of which they were driven to the greatest extremity, and obliged the enemy to retire. The last gallant defence was made by the inhabitants against the French and Irish troops of King James II. from the 7th December 1688, to the last day of July 1689, which was the more remarkable from its being besieged at a time when it was neither well fortified nor garrisoned, and very scanty in provisions, as well as in ammunition; and which relief was so long coming from England, that many died for want, besides what were killed in defence of the town. During the siege all the commanding officers lost their lives, upon which the garrison and inhabitants chose a Mr. Walker, a clergyman, of a Yorkshire family, and Rector of a parish in the county of Tyrone, to command, who distinguished himself in an astonishing manner by his bravery and conduct. While the people were reduced to the utmost distress by famine, two ships under the command of Commodore Rooke, laden with provisions, having some land forces on board, commanded by Major General Kirk, bravely forced their way up to the town, notwithstanding a boom being laid across the river, and the fire of the enemy's cannon from several forts. In commemoration of this event a triumphal arch, with an equestrian statue of King William III. has been lately erected in a conspicuous part of the town.

The walls of the town are built in a modern style of fortification, consisting of thick ramparts of earth, faced with stone, and flanked with bastions, capable of containing the proper force for defence, the platform on the top of the ramparts being covered with parapets. This is the see of a Bishop since the year 1158. The cathedral which is dedicated to St. Columb, is a remarkable neat building, adorned with a lofty steeple and spire. The present Bishop of Derry, who is also Earl of Bristol, has a very fine episcopal palace here, but he seldom resides in the kingdom. A new gaol has lately been erected here, the front of which is 120 feet long, 30 feet deep, and 40 feet high, containing apartments for the gaoler, and men and women debtors. The front elevation represents a beautiful gothic structure, with octagons, parapets, and battlements; the quoins, cants, reveals, jambs, &c. are all of cut stone. The debtors apartments contain 9 bed rooms, vaulted and flagged, with fire places in

each;

each; there is a large kitchen and infirmary, and a chapel with ſtone ſtaircaſes and paſſages; the yard belonging to thoſe apartments is 120 feet, and 60 broad, with a wall 25 feet high. The women's apartments contain eight bed rooms, with fire places, &c. a kitchen and infirmary, the yard 15 feet long and 40 feet broad. The felons part is a return of 60 feet long, 40 feet deep, and 35 feet high; it contains thirty cells, all vaulted and flagged, but without fire places. The felons of different kinds are kept entirely ſeparated from each other; their yard is 90 feet long, and 60 wide; all the walls are 25 feet high; a pump and neceſſary in each yard. The gaoler's apartments are in the centre, from which he has a view of the whole. The chapel is ſo contrived, that all the priſoners may hear divine ſervice without any intercourſe with each other; nor can the debtors, the women, or the felons, at any time intermix, or have any communication together, without the conſent of the gaoler. This edifice is certainly the handſomeſt and compleateſt of the kind I ever ſaw; and am informed it coſt the county, before it was finiſhed, upwards of £5000.

Leaving Derry I rode on to Strabane, a very handſome borough town, agreeably ſituated on the River Mourne, near its confluence with the River Finn.

The ſituation of this town is really elegant, ſtanding in a beautiful country, with a diſtant view of Lifford, and its handſome bridge. One mile more brought me to Lifford, the ſhire town of the county of Donegall, ſituated on the River Foyle, over which is a very handſome ſtone bridge. This town from Strabane has a very handſome appearance, but upon entering it you find it quite the contrary. From this I rode on to Raphoe, a poor town, tho' the ſee of a Biſhop, ſince the 6th century. The cathedral, which is dedicated to St. Eunan, is a very neat building; and the Biſhop's palace has more the look of a fortification than what it really is, being a remarkable antient building, having a deep ditch around it. I lay one night in Raphoe, and the following day, having travelled through dreary bogs and mountains, I got into that part of the county of Donegal, commonly called the Roſſes. This is a tract of barren country, near the ſea coaſt, on which you can ſcarcely behold the face of a human being; oppoſite this is a cluſter of ſmall iſlands, known by the name of the North Iſles of Arran, but each diſtinguiſhed by its own particular name. On one of theſe iſlands, called Enniſmacadurn, the new town of Rutland is ſituated, ſo called in honour of the late Duke of Rutland, it being built during the time he was Chief Governor of Ireland, by the Right Hon. William Cunningham, for the ſole purpoſe of eſtabliſhing a Herring Fiſhery here, but unfortunately the deſign of the proprietor has not proved as ſucceſsful as could be wiſhed. The town is laid out perfectly regular, with ſtreets of a very fine width, and ſo contrived that the quay and ſtores lye to the rear of the houſes. Upwards of 300 veſſels could lye here in perfect ſecurity in three fathom water.

The country I rode through, in paſſing from this to within a few miles of the town of Killybegs, is over or between mountains, devoid of any objects to amuſe the curious traveller, but replete with the moſt rude and magnificent ſcenes of nature, which to me afforded a higher entertainment than the utmoſt exertions of art could poſſibly furniſh. The proſpects from thoſe eminences are nevertheleſs not of the moſt agreeable kind; no hedges or hedgerows, no marks of culture, except patches of potatoes, the ſupport of the miſerable cottagers; few ſeats of gentry, and hardly any other habitations than thoſe of the indigent herdſman, are to be ſeen. The fields are all incloſed by walls of dryſtones, inſtead of ditches, which gives the country a moſt dreary aſpect. Killybegs was the next town I viſited. This is a borough, market, fair, and poſt town, finely ſituated on the north ſide of Donegall bay, but gains very little advantage from this circumſtance. The chief trade carried on

on here is the Herring Fiſhery, which has not proved of ſuch conſequence, as from its ſituation might be expected. The harbour is ſufficient to contain a large fleet, and is ſecured within by the ſhelter of the high lands, ſo that veſſels may enter it at any time of the tide, there being 6 or 8 fathom water. Between Killybegs and Donegall, I paſſed Mount Charles, a ſmall village, near which the Right Hon. William Cunningham has an elegant ſeat.—— Donegall is another borough, market, fair, and poſt town, ſituated on the bottom of a bay of its own name, over which is a good ſtone bridge of ſix arches. This is alſo a town whoſe whole trade entirely depends on the fiſhery, which, like the others I have mentioned, has not turned out as profitable as was expected. The Right Hon. William Cunningham, to whom this town belongs, has expended upwards of £15000, in building houſes and ſtores for fiſhermen. The bay is perfectly ſheltered on every ſide, but the entrance is much encumbered with ſhelves of ſand, ſo that there muſt be much circumſpection uſed in paſſing in or out of it with ſafety.

From Donegall I rode a few miles to ſee Lough Derg and Patrick's Purgatory. Lough Derg, which is only one mile and a half long, and ſomething more than half a mile broad, was formerly named Finn-Lough, or the White Lake, but was changed into that of Lough Derg, or the Red Lake, on the following occaſion: Bola Beman, a Giant and an Iriſh King (as ſome ſay) in the days of yore, having neglected to do in his life time, ſome mighty feat he had engaged; Conan, another Giant, ſon of Fin Mac Cool, the great Iriſh Champion (after the death of Beman) finding a ſmall worm in one of his jaw bones, threw it into Finn Lough, where it grew ſo big, within twenty four hours, that the whole Lake could ſcarcely contain it. This monſter, called by the natives Caoranach, would ſuck men and cattle into its mouth at one mile diſtance, and becoming by his attractive quality ſo very pernicious to the country, that no one durſt come near the Lough: at laſt they came to an agreement, and obliged themſelves to ſend a certain number of cattle to be devoured by him every day. When almoſt all the cattle of Ulſter were deſtroyed, inſomuch that they were obliged to ſend to Leinſter and Munſter for ſupplies; the people began to threaten Conan, for bringing ſo much miſchief upon them, whereupon he undertook to be revenged of the monſter, and taking a dagger in his hand, went to the ſpot where the prey was uſually delivered to him, and was there by him (the monſter) ſwallowed up. When he was in this monſter's belly, perceiving that it might be wounded in the ſide, (which, like Achilles's heel, was the only part that could be pierced by cold iron) he cut his way through it with his dagger, and ſwam to the ſhore, having loſt his hair and ſkin, by the heat of its entrails, for which reaſon he was for ever after called Conan Muil, that is Bald Conan. This monſter immediately died, and Conan having cut off his head, threw it upon the ſhore, where the ſtones were coloured red with the blood that guſhed out of it, and the blood of the body ran in ſo great a quantity into the Lough, that it was red for forty eight hours, and for this reaſon it goes by the name of Lough Derg until this day.

In this Lough is an Iſland, very much frequented by perſons profeſſing the Roman Catholic religion, who come here in pilgrimage and to do penance. On this Iſland there is a cell, hewn out of the ſolid rock, commonly called Patrick's Purgatory, not from the ſaint of that name, the Apoſtle of the Iriſh nation, but from Patrick, Abbot of Armagh, a very learned man for the times, who was author of ſome homilies and epiſtles to the Iriſh. The occaſion of the impoſture of Patrick's Purgatory, that cradle of ſuperſtition, was this: The bulk of the Iriſh nation, however good chriſtians they were reported to have been, had nevertheleſs their doubts and qualms reſpecting a world to come. "You preach to us," ſaid they, "of another

another life after death, of raptures and tortures, of heaven and of hell, but we want ſome preſent earneſt of theſe future and reverſionary things." Vain would it have been in the clergy of thoſe days to anſwer theſe ignorant people: The author of our religion has already proved this truth of the reſurrection, and if you believe not the ſcriptures, neither would you believe me, though one ſhould riſe from the dead. For theſe people might well anſwer, this may be all true, but as you don't ſuffer us to read the ſcriptures, we have nothing but your bare words for it; give us then ſome other evidence, ſome ocular proof, ſome outward teſtimony, which may convince our ſenſes. To obviate and remove theſe puzzling objections, the Abbot of Armagh bethought himſelf of reducing the doctrine of a future ſtate to an argument of fact, capable of human teſtimony; and then, ſaid he, I ſhall be able to anſwer theſe groſs caſuiſts in their own way. "True it is," ſaid he, "that heaven you cannot ſee before you "taſte of death, and from hell there is "no redemption. To the latter place "I would not have you go, and to the "former I cannot lead you, if you doubt "my words. But as ſome of you may "retain an hardened heart, I will con- "vince ſuch, by ſhewing them a place, "which is neither heaven or hell, but "that intermediate place, which we "preach up to you, where all your ſins "will be done away, if you lay aſide "your incredulity."

For this purpoſe he pitched on the above mentioned Lough, in which was the Iſland already ſpoken of, and this Iſland was to become the myſtic theatre of this fabled intermediate ſtate. The cell was made ſo large as to contain about nine or ten perſons at a time; and before they entered it they were obliged to go through a courſe of faſting and praying for fifteen days, during which time the Friars repreſented to them the horrors of the place, and how the evil ſpirits would torture them, ſo that as ſoon as they were in, their fancies were ſo much diſturbed, that they really thought they ſaw and felt the pains of Purgatory. At length it began to give ſuch ſcandal to popery itſelf, that Pope Alexander VI. ordered the principals of the Franciſcans of Donegall to ſuppreſs it; and it was accordingly demoliſhed A. D. 1497. But it muſt have been again repaired, for in the year 1630, the government of this kingdom interpoſed; and the Lords Juſtices, the Earl of Cork and Viſcount Ely, ſent ſome perſons of diſtinction to ſearch into the matter, and to give orders for its final ſuppreſſion. Theſe perſons quickly diſcovered the ſource of the impoſition; a ſtop was put to the further practice of it, by baniſhing the Friars, and breaking open the cell, which has ever ſince been expoſed to public view.

Cæſarius of Heiſterbach, a German Monk of the Ciſtercian Order, in a writing of his upon Purgatory, has this curious paſſage, "Qui de Purgatorio "dubitat, Scotiam pergat et amplius dæ "pætnis Purgatorii non dubitabit."—— "Whoever doubts of Purgatory, let "him go to Scotia (viz. old Scotland, "now Ireland) and he will no longer "doubt of the pains of Purgatory."

After viewing this ſingular place, of which I have given you a long account, I ſet out again for the town of Donegall, where I ſtaid that night.

(To be continued.)

Characters, Anecdotes, &c. of Illuſtrious and Celebrated Britiſh Characters, during the laſt 50 years.

(Moſt of them never before publiſhed.)

LORD GRANVILLE.

WHEN Lord Granville uſed to go down into the country in the ſummer it was obſerved, that when he had no particular company in the houſe he uſed to viſit a lady in the neighbourhood, with whom he was in the habit of ſtaying ſeveral hours. This occaſioned ſome raillery from his friends, particularly as the lady was no ways remarkable for wit, beauty, youth, or converſation; at laſt it turned out, that as

hi-

his Lordſhip was remarkably fond of playing with *young kittens*, the lady, who took a great pleaſure in the converſation and patronage of ſo great a man, always took care to be provided with a favourite kitten, on the firſt intimation ſhe had of his Lordſhip's viſiting the country. This explained the intimacy.

At the time the diſputes ran high between the Court of the late King and that of Frederick Prince of Wales, Lord Granville (for the purpoſe of winning over the principals to the King's ſide) accepted a lead in the Councils of the Prince. With the generality of the people who compoſed that Court it was impoſſible for a man of his ſuperior talents to remain long; he therefore, after a certain time, threw off the maſk and aſſumed his former ſituation at St. James's. Being arraigned for this conduct, he replied, with great *ſang froid*, "I have deſerted no party; I wanted to get at a certain point, and could not reach it without making uſe of ſome of the Prince's ſuite as *ſtepping-ſtones*."

When Cleland, the author of that infamous book "The Memoirs of a Woman of Pleaſure," was brought before the Privy Council to anſwer this publication, he pleaded (as certainly was the caſe) the very diſtreſſing circumſtances he was in when he wrote it, being in priſon, without friends or money, and under theſe exigencies tempted with 20 *guineas* from his bookſeller for the expreſs purpoſe of writing ſuch a book. Lord Granville whow as Preſident of the Council at the time, and ſaw that *poverty*, not *avarice*, was his principal inducement, after very properly laying before him the infamy that it attached to his character, by the poiſon which he diſſeminated throughout the world, aſked him (and at the ſame time inſiſted upon his being explicit with him), whether, if he was put above this extreme neceſſity, he felt himſelf diſpoſed to make the *amende honorable*, by not only abſtaining from ſuch kind of writing in future, but uſing his pen in the cauſe of virtue and morality?—Cleland told him, there was nothing he wiſhed for more than ſuch an opportunity; upon which his Lordſhip obtained a penſion for him of 100l. *per* year, which he enjoyed to the hour of his death.

Cleland, we believe was as good as his word, as nothing of an obſcene publication (though ſome ſcenes in his "Memoirs of a Coxcomb" are very luxuriant) could ever be traced to him after this. We have ſeen ſeveral other detached eſſays and pieces of his, ſome of a moral and ſome of a political kind, which, though they contained ſome anecdote and obſervation that beſpoke a ſcholar and a man of the world, were inſufferably tedious from their length and circumlocution.

Cleland died about ten years ago, at nearly the age of 80. He lived in or near Petty France, Weſtminſter (after removing from the Savoy, in the Strand, where he had reſided many years,) had a good library of books, and was very chearful and communicative. He was a good claſſic, and in his early days had been in the Eaſt Indies; on his return he travelled through France, Italy, Spain and Portugal, and ſpoke the languages of theſe countries, particularly the firſt two, with great fluency.

He was the ſon of Col. Cleland, the perſon who addreſſed a letter to Mr. Pope prefixed to the "Dunciad," and who is ſaid to have been deſigned for Will. Honeycomb, ſo often mentioned in the "Spectator."

Lord Granville, though a man of undoubted integrity, and regular in his own perſonal expences, yet, by leaving his affairs entirely to ſtewards and other domeſtics, was generally very much in arrears to his tradeſmen. One day his coal-merchant found his way into the ſtudy, where his Lordſhip was ſitting, and after remonſtrating in pretty ſtrong terms on the debt he owed him, the length of time it was due, &c. &c. at laſt concluded with ſaying, "if he was not paid ſoon he could not poſſibly furniſh his Lordſhip with any more coals;" upon which his Lordſhip, who heard him with great gravity replied, "Upon my word, my good friend, I ſhould feel this laſt menace of yours ſeverely, but that my *butcher* has been juſt here upon the ſame

errand, and has told me he will ſend me in no more meat, now as that is the caſe, you ſee I can have very little occaſion for your coals."

In the ſame manner he was accoſted one morning by his fiſh-monger, who, in ſoliciting for his money, frequently exclaimed (bowing at the ſame time moſt *obſequiouſly low*), "Indeed, my Lord, if I am not paid ſoon I ſhall certainly *break*." "No, no, my good friend, (ſays his Lordſhip) there is no fear of that, I hope."—"Indeed, my Lord, but there is, *I ſhall certainly break*."—"Why then, to make you eaſy upon that head, I tell you it is impoſſible; you *bend* too much ever *to break*."

It is but juſtice, however, to his Lordſhip's character to remark, that although he could be witty with his tradeſmen occaſionally, upon ſubjects which they liked as little as they underſtood, a repetition of theſe complaints at laſt opened his eyes to his affairs, which he arranged in ſuch a manner, by aſſigning the whole of his eſtates towards the payment of his debts, and living himſelf upon the income of his places, that in a few years he paid every body, and kept out of debt ever afterwards.

His Lordſhip, beſide being a man of wit, was an exceeding good ſcholar, and very happy, as well as ready, in quotations upon almoſt all ſubjects. When Swift remonſtrated to him, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, on his ſigning the proclamation for apprehending the author of "The Drapier's Letters," he replied in the words of Virgil,

"*Regni Novitas me talia cogit*
"*Moliri.*"

And upon another occaſion, getting the better of Swift in an argument on the affairs of Ireland, the latter exclaimed, "Get you gone, get you gone! what the vengeance brought you amongſt us! Heaven ſend us our boobies back again!" A reply which ſhews the very high eſteem Swift had of his Lordſhip's abilities.

The decline of this great man's life was clouded by a great family misfortune. His eldeſt ſon, the laſt Lord Granville, notwithſtanding all the pains taken with his education, and the high examples of talents, ſcience, &c. which ſurrounded him, fell into the loweſt kinds of diſſipation, and purſued all the coarſe pleaſures of the town, totally regardleſs of the becoming pride of rank and connections. His father took everypoſſible means to reclaim him, but theſe being to no purpoſe, he was moſt unwillingly obliged to abandon him to his fate, on an allowance of about five hundred pounds *per* year.

This unhappy man hearing his father was in his laſt illneſs on the Bath road, rode poſt to ſee him, under a ſpecious pretence of *reformation*, and taking a laſt adieu of ſo reſpectable a parent. On his arrival at the inn he got his ſiſter to announce his arrival and intentions; which ſhe did with the moſt tender affection and ſenſibility, and above all things requeſted of her father that he would make ſuch proviſion for her brother as would enable him, now that he had recovered his ſenſes, to ſupport his rank. His Lordſhip, though weak in body, ſaw through the artifices of the ſon, and told her, "though he much admired her duty and ſenſibility on the occaſion, ſhe was deceived by her affection, for that her brother had no other purpoſe by this viſit than to ſecure a fortune. And now, my dear, (ſays he), I will give you a proof of it: Go and tell him, that altho' I will not ſee him, yet in reſpect to my paternal eſtates the law ſhall take its courſe in regard to him, if he had never offended me; now if this will not operate as a cure for his preſent ſorrow, I have very much miſunderſtood his character."

Lady S——— did as ſhe was deſired, when he immediately brightened up, called for a poſt-chaſe, drove to the next inn, and there dined with a woman of the town, who had been his companion from London.

Old Lord Granville died ſoon after; and his unfortunate ſon, after a few years more of encreaſed diſſipation, followed him to the grave, without a ſon to inherit his titles or eſtates.

COL. AMBROSE EDGEWORTH.

From the beginning to the middle of the preſent century, the faſhion amongſt the

the men was generally headed by some fop of very extraordinary folly in dress, extravagance, &c. It is not so much the case now; fashion seems to have taken a wider spread, and its votaries will no longer be content with *a single knight of the shire to represent them all.*

Amongst this class of former fops were the two Edgeworths, father and son; both Irish gentlemen of family and fortune, but much better known for their singularities in dress and manners.

Ambrose, the father, once paid a visit to a brother of his just married, who lived at about one day's journey from Dublin. On this tour he travelled with six servants, three led horses, and an equipage every way suitable. On his arrival the portmanteaus were all unpacked, and three suits of embroidered clothes were laid out on the backs of the chairs in the dressing-room, together with his embroidered night-gown, laced night-cap, shaving-plate, &c. &c. The first day passed off with all that *cordiality* which may be expected from so pompous an introduction; when next morning, coming down to breakfast with his boots on, his brother asked him whether he meant to ride out that morning?—"No (said the other very cooly), I mean to return home, and only came to pay you and my sister a visit, being engaged to-morrow to dine in Dublin.

The brother and sister entreated him to stay a few days longer, but in vain; the Colonel gave orders to his servants to get ready after breakfast, and immediately set out in the same form in which he arrived.

TALBOT EDGEWORTH,

the son of Ambrose, bred in the same school, exceeded the father in a great degree. Though educated as a gentleman, he never thought of any thing else but fine clothes, spendid equipages, and exciting, as he thought, universal admiration. To be called 'Beau Edgeworth,' was the top of his ambition. In these pursuits he expended his whole income; and to do him justice, he had a person that shewed off dress to great advantage, being an exceedingly handsome well-shaped man. He began very early in life to become a meteor in the world of fashion by giving breakfasts, balls, &c. in a style superior to any other man, and this he contrived to do for a great number of years.

Amongst other extravagancies of temper, he bethought himself of one well worthy the eccentricity of his character, which was, that he insisted upon having full possession of a certain board at Lucas's Coffee-house, where he might walk backward and forward to exhibit his person to the gaze of all beholders. Now and then some arch fellow would usurp this privilege and break in upon him, upon all which occasions he would gravely strut up to him, enquire his name, put it down carefully with his address in his pocket-book, and then tell him with a significant shrug, "that he should soon hear from him;" however he always forgot it, and his character was at last so well known, that it would be difficult to find a man who would answer his challenge.

In regard to the female world he might have his coarse amours, but he was too much in love with himself to have any of respectability; for when he was told of any lady having a passion for him, he used to exclaim, "Ah! I thought as much! Let her die and be d—d."

In short poor Beau Edgeworth at last became the jest of the men and contempt of the women. Towards the close of life, having run out the means of supporting him in his extravagancies, he became mad; and his friends not taking proper care of him in his lunacy, he was confined to Bridewell Hospital, Dublin, where he died.

HENRY GUY,

who had been Secretary to the Treasury during the three successive reigns of King James, King William, and Queen Anne, gave the following advice to Lord Bolingbroke when he came first to Court: "Young man, I plainly foresee your talents will bring you forward here, and let me give you one piece of advice, which is, "to be very moderate and modest in all applications for your friends, but very greedy and importunate when you ask any thing for yourself: By the first you will

will ſave appearances with the public, and by the next you will ſave a fortune, which is the only method of putting you above the power of Courts."

This *virtuous* ſtateſman died in 1710, and left beſides other immenſe legacies, forty thouſand pounds to the Earl of Bath, with an eſtate of five hundred pounds *per* year.

SPEAKER ONSLOW.

Mr. Onſlow being principally raiſed to the chair by the intereſt of Sir Robert Walpole, that great man preſided there with the ſame integrity as he did in every other ſituation of life. This, though highly creditable to his character, was not ſo agreeable to his patron, who expected ſome returns more ſuitable to his political views: he gave ſeveral hints of this himſelf occaſionally, to Mr. Onſlow, to no purpoſe; he at laſt commiſſioned his brother, Horace Walpole, the well known tool of the Miniſter, to take the firſt opportunity of delivering his opinion more roundly to him. The brother accordingly complied, and received this anſwer: "That although he conſidered himſelf as under particular obligations to Sir Robert Walpole, he had a *certain feel* about him whenever he ſat in the Speaker's chair, that he could by no means conſider himſelf of any party whatever."

Horace, who did not underſtand this nice ſenſibility, ſneeringly replied, "why all that may be true, Mr. Onſlow, but permit me to tell you the following ſtory:

"A gentleman of my acquaintance married a fine young girl ſome years ago, with a very handſome fortune; but it ſo happened, that on the night of his marriage his friends ſo imprudently plied him with the bottle, that he lay all night with his bride without once being in a ſtate of recollection that he was married. In the morning he barely recollected the circumſtance; but finding himſelf as much deranged by a head-ache, as he was the night before from drunkenneſs, he turned round to his bride, and in a gaping accent accoſted her with, "well, my dear, how *do you feel* yourſelf this morning?"—"Feel myſelf! (ſaid the lady, ſmarting under all the indignity of her neglected ſituation) pray, Sir, do you think my father gave you *twenty thouſand pounds* for ſuch a queſtion?"

An Account of the Eruption of Mount Veſuvius, in June and July 1794.

(Continued from Page 301.*)*

ON Wedneſday June 18, the wind having for a very ſhort ſpace of time cleared away the thick cloud from the top of Veſuvius, we diſcovered that a great part of its crater, particularly on the weſt ſide oppoſite Naples, had fallen in, which it probably did about four o'clock in the morning of this day, as a violent ſhock of an earthquake was felt at that moment at Reſina, and other parts ſituate at the foot of the volcano. The clouds of ſmoke, mixed with the aſhes, which, as I have before remarked, were as fine as Spaniſh ſnuff (ſo much ſo that the impreſſion of a ſeal with my coat of arms would remain diſtinctly marked upon them) were of ſuch a denſity as to appear to have the greateſt difficulty in forcing their paſſage out of the now widely extended mouth of Veſuvius, which certainly, ſince the top fell in, cannot be much ſhort of two miles in circumference. One cloud heaped on another, and ſucceeding one another inceſſantly, formed in a few hours ſuch a gigantic and elevated column of the darkeſt hue over the mountain, as ſeemed to threaten Naples with immediate deſtruction, having at one time been bent over the city, and appearing to be much too maſſive and ponderous to remain long ſuſpended in the air; it was beſides, replete with the ſerilli, or volcanic lightning, which was ſtronger than common lightning, juſt as Pliny the younger deſcribes it in one of his letters to Tacitus, when he ſays *fulgoribus illæ et ſimiles et majoris erant.*

Veſuvius was at this time completely covered, as were all the old black lavas, with a thick coat of theſe fine light-grey aſhes already fallen, which gave it a cold and horrid appearance; and in compariſon of the abovementioned enormous maſs of clouds, which certainly, however it may contradict

out

our idea of the extenſion of our atmoſphere, roſe many miles above the mountain, it appeared like a molehill; although, as you know, ſir, the perpendicular height of Veſuvius from the level of the ſea, is more than three thouſand ſix hundred feet. The abbé Braccini, as appears in his printed account of the eruption of Mount Veſuvius in 1631, meaſured with a quadrant the elevation of a maſs of clouds of the ſame nature, that was formed over Veſuvius during that great eruption, and found it to exceed thirty miles in height. Dr. Scotti, in his printed account of this eruption, ſays that the height of this threatening cloud of ſmoke and aſhes, meaſured (but he does not ſay how) from Naples, was found to be of an elevation of thirty degrees. All I can ſay is, that to my eye the diſtance from the crater of Veſuvius to the moſt elevated part of the cloud, appeared to me nearly the ſame as that of the iſland of Caprea from Naples, and which is about twenty-five miles; but I am well aware of the inaccuracy of ſuch a ſort of meaſurement. At the time of its greateſt elevation, I engaged ſignor Gatta, ſucceſſor to the late ingenious Mr. Fabris, to make an exact drawing of it, which he did with great ſucceſs; and a copy of that drawing on a ſmall ſcale is incloſed, and will, I hope, give you a very good idea of what I have been deſcribing.

I muſt own, that at that moment I did apprehend Naples to be in ſome danger of being buried under the aſhes of the volcano, juſt as the towns of Herculaneum and Pompeii were in the year 79. The aſhes that fell then at Pompeii were of the ſame fine quality as thoſe from this eruption; having often obſerved, when preſent at the excavations of that ancient city, that the aſhes, which I ſuppoſe to have been mixed with water at the ſame time, had taken the exact impreſſion or mould of whatever they had incloſed; ſo that the compartments of the wood work of the windows and doors of the houſes remained impreſſed on this volcanic tufo, although the wood itſelf had long decayed, and not an atom of it was to be ſeen, except when the wood had been burnt, and then you found the charcoal. Having once been preſent at the diſcovery of a ſkeleton in the great ſtreet of Pompeii, of a perſon who had been ſhut up by the aſhes during the eruption of 79, I engaged the men that were digging to take off the piece of hardened tufo, that covered the head, with great care, and, as in a mould juſt taken off in plaſter of Paris, we found the impreſſion of the eyes, that were ſhut, of the noſe, mouth, and of every feature perfectly diſtinct. A ſimilar ſpecimen of a mould of this kind, brought from Pompeii, is now in his Sicilian majeſty's muſeum at Portici; it had been formed over the breaſt of a young woman that had been ſhut up in the volcanic matter; every fold of a thin drapery that covered her breaſt is exactly repreſented in this mould: and in the volcanic tufo that filled the ancient theatre of Herculaneum, the exact mould or impreſſion of the face of a marble buſt is ſtill to be ſeen, the buſt or ſtatue having been long ſince removed. Having obſerved theſe fine aſhes iſſuing in ſuch abundance from Veſuvius, and having the appearance of being damp or wet, as you may perceive by the drawing, that they do not take ſuch beautiful forms and volutes as a fine dry ſmoke uſually does, but appear in harſh and ſtiff little curls, you will not wonder then, that the fate of Herculaneum and Pompeii ſhould have come again ſtrongly into my mind; but fortunately the wind ſprung up freſh from the ſea, and the threatening cloud bent gradually from us over the mountain of Somma, and involved all that part of the Campagna in obſcurity and danger.

To avoid prolixity and repetition, I need only ſay, that the ſtorms of thunder and lightning, attended at times with heavy falls of rain and aſhes, cauſing the moſt deſtructive torrents of water and glutinous mud, mixed with huge ſtones, and trees torn up by the roots, continued more or leſs to afflict the

the inhabitants on both ſides of the volcano until the 7th of July, when the laſt torrent deſtroyed many hundred acres of cultivated land, between the towns of Torre del Greco and Torre dell' Annunziata. Some of theſe torrents, as I have been credibly aſſured by eyewitneſſes, both on the ſea ſide and the Somma ſide of the mountain, came down with a horrid ruſhing noiſe; and ſome of them, after having forced their way through the narrow gullies of the mountain, roſe to the height of more than twenty feet, and were near half a mile in extent. The mud of which the torrents were compoſed, being a kind of natural mortar, has completely caſed up, and ruined for the preſent, ſome thouſand acres of rich vineyards; for it ſoon becomes ſo hard, that nothing leſs than a pickaxe can break it up; I ſay for the preſent, as I imagine that hereafter the ſoil may be greatly improved by the quantity of ſaline particles that the aſhes from this eruption evidently contain. A gentleman of the Britiſh factory at Naples, having filled a plate with the aſhes that had fallen on his balcony during the eruption, and ſowed ſome peas in them, aſſured me that they came up the third day, and that they continue to grow much faſter than is uſual in the beſt common garden ſoil.

My curioſity, or rather my wiſh to gratify that of our reſpectable ſociety, induced me to go upon Mount Veſuvius, as ſoon as I thought I might do it with any degree of prudence, which was not until the 30th of June, and then it was attended with ſome riſk, as will appear in the courſe of this narrative. The crater of Veſuvius, except at ſhort intervals, had been continually obſcured by the volcanic clouds ever ſince the 16th, and was ſo this day, with frequent flaſhes of lightning playing in thoſe clouds, and attended as uſual with a noiſe like thunder; and the fine aſhes were ſtill falling on Veſuvius, but ſtill more on the mountain of Somma. I went up the uſual way by Reſina, attended by my old Cicerone of the mountain, Bartolomeo Puno, with whom I have been ſixty-eight times on the higheſt point of Veſuvius. I obſerved in my way through the village of Reſina that many of the ſtones of the pavement had been looſened and were deranged by the earthquakes, particularly by that of the 18th, which attended the falling in of the crater of the volcano, and which, as they told me there, had been ſo violent as throw many people down, and obliged all the inhabitants of Reſina to quit their houſes haſtily, and to which they did not dare return for two days. The leaves of all the vines were burnt by the aſhes that had fallen on them, and many of the vines themſelves were buried under the aſhes, and great branches of the trees that ſupported them had been torn off by their weight. In ſhort, nothing but ruin and deſolation was to be ſeen. The aſhes at the foot of the mountain were about ten or twelve inches thick on the ſurface of the earth, but in proportion as we aſcended their thickneſs increaſed to ſeveral feet, I dare ſay not leſs than nine or ten in ſome parts; ſo that the ſurface of the old rugged lavas, that before was almoſt impracticable, was now become a perfect plain, over which we walked with the greateſt eaſe. The aſhes were of a light grey colour, and exceedingly fine, ſo that by the foot-ſteps being marked on them as on ſnow, we learnt that three ſmall parties had been up before us. We ſaw likewiſe the track of a fox, that appeared to have been quite bewildered, to judge from the many turns he had made. Even the traces of lizards and other little animals, and of inſects, were viſible on theſe fine aſhes. We aſcended to the ſpot from whence the lava of the 15th firſt iſſued, and we followed the courſe of it, which was ſtill very hot (although covered with ſuch a thick coat of aſhes) quite down to the ſea at Torre del Greco, which is more than five miles. A pair of boots, to which I had for the purpoſe added a new and thick ſole, were burned through on this expedition. It was not poſſible to get up to the great crater of Veſuvius, nor had any one yet attempted it.

(To be continued.)

Rural Colloquies.

Court.

Juſtice Wronghead, Chairman; Fribble his Son, at his right Elbow, Juſtice Shallow, the Rev. Dr. Puzzle Cauſe, Juſtice Miſtead, and Juſtice Brainleſs.

Enter Whetſtone the Farmer.

Fribble.—FATHER! why father! Mr. Chairman! there comes that impudent fellow farmer Whetſtone, our tythingman, look ye? do you ſee him?

Wronghead.—Ay child, I ſee the fellow: Here, you fellow Whetſtone, how now ſirrah, what are you juſt come, ha? Sirrah, you're a pretty fellow indeed, to make a court wait for you. Come, Sir, where's your returns? come let's ſee them inſtantly, or I'll ſet a fine on you, I will; 'tis good to make examples of ſuch fellows as you.

Brainleſs.—So 'tis Mr. Chairman; I ſay fine him.

Whetſtone.—Nay pray ye, yeer worſhips honours to give me leave, I'll pull out my returns in a moment, but ye ſcare a body ſo, there's no ſuch thing as finding them.

Dr. Puzzle Cauſe.—How's that, do you inſult the court, ſirrah? Come, your returns, or I ſhall join with my brothers in fining you: I remember this fellow this laſt harveſt in ſetting out my tythes, and I promiſe you I will never forgive him ſo long as I live.

Whetſtone fumbles a long while, at laſt lugs out a leathern bag with the old return.

Wronghead.—Come, deliver it into court, you give us a great deal of trouble. Come, gentlemen, let's hear it, 'tis a fine return I'll warrant you: Here, Mr. Clerk of the peace, read it.

Clerk reads. The return of John Whetſtone, tythingman, of the pariſh of in the county of I return that the ſtocks and pound are in good repair, and all well in our pariſh.

Wronghead.—Has he ſigned the return?

Clerk.—No, an't pleaſe you Mr. Chairman.

Wronghead.—Did you ever ſee ſo extraordinary a fellow as this? Come, Sir, ſign! ſign! and when you have ſigned, I ſhan't take it; I've ſomething to ſay to you about it; you ſhall hear me preſently. Come, ſign! ſign away, Sir!

Whetſtone.—I can't write my name, an't pleaſe your worſhip, I can only make my mark.

Wronghead.—Come, Sir, your name or your mark, is all one to me; come, Sir, ſet your mark; but neither of them ſhall do, I promiſe you; you'll ſee gentlemen preſently my remarks upon this fellow's return.

Whetſtone ſets his mark to the return.

Wronghead.—So, Sir, there is your return, is it? Why now an't you an exceeding pretty fellow? Look at him, gentlemen, and only behold this extraordinary return of his'n! So, this is your return, is it; you're a fine fellow indeed. I've a great mind to return you to the county gaol, that I have, varlet!

Whetſtone.—I hope not, an't pleaſe your worſhip's honour, 'tis the old return, the old way of returning, as I am told by the reſt of my neighbours: I know no better, an't pleaſe you, I am no ſcholard, and I was afraid to conſult lawyer Senſeleſs about it; upon your honour's account, your worſhip's no ſtranger to what I mean.

Wronghead.—Did you ever hear of ſo ſtupid and ſo jealous a block-head as this is now, to reflect upon that diſcreet and ingenious good-natured gentleman, lawyer Senſeleſs? Pray where is Mr. Senſeleſs, I thought I ſaw him in court juſt now?

Clerk.—Mr. Chairman, Mr. Senſeleſs will be here in an inſtant, he's juſt ſtept over to the poſt-houſe to ſeveral gentlemen, his clients, that are waiting there for him.

Chairman.—Ay, ay, he's a gentleman of great practice; I don't love to hear theſe gentlemen of great practice reflected on. Here, you fellow Whetſtone, about this ſame return of yours. You conclude by ſaying, all's well in your pariſh: Now mind what I ſay to you, an't you a wicked forſworn fel-

low: All's well in your pariſh! Pray, Sir, is there no body keeps guns, dogs, nets, and other engines for deſtroying the game, in your pariſh, ha, Sir? Pray anſwer me that queſtion! Conſider, Sir, you're now upon your oath, and the court muſt not be trifled with.

Whetſtone.—An't pleaſe your worſhip, I am not acquainted with any gunſmen or dogs, or netmen; the moſt I do is to mind my farm.

Miſlead.—How many acres of land do you hold, do you hear me fellow? ſpeak out!

Whetſtone.—About an hundred and fourſcore, or ſuch a matter, I can't tell to half an acre.

Miſlead.—Why then I inſiſt upon it you muſt know what people there are that are concerned in deſtroying the game, for I am told you have none upon your farm, and there's a worthy young gentleman on my brother Wronghead's right hand, can teſtify that fact. Mr. Chairman, I am for fining this fellow.

Brainleſs.—And ſo am I—I am for making examples: We ſhall be all ſerved alike, if we don't make examples of theſe ſtubborn fellows, theſe farmers.

Dr. PuzzleCauſe.—I am of the ſame opinion, and 'tis to be hoped it may be a warning to you, Mr. Whetſtone, to remember and take notice of the tythes better next year.

Overſight.—Ay, ay, there's nothing like examples in all caſes, I am for examples; fine him in the name of God, if this is the caſe.

Fribble whiſpers his Father.—Fine him pah, pray fine him, that will put an end to his law ſuit with me.

Chairman.—Here, Sir, you have been fully heard, there is a full bench of gentlemen, the principal gentlemen who tranſact and are converſant with the buſineſs of this county; who take no fees to themſelves, attend the ſervice of their country at their own expence, and 'tis their duty to ſupport and back each other to the utmoſt of their power for the honour of the commiſſion, and to ſet down proper rules to awe the inferior claſs of the creation, ſuch objects as you are, without which 'tis impoſſible for gentlemen to act in the unlimited way they have a right to do. The opinion of the court therefore is this, that you be fined the ſum of 50l. and ſtand committed till that fine is paid.

All.—A very reaſonable, eaſy fine, Mr. Chairman, you're very good indeed. Here, you javelin man, take that fellow into cuſtody.

The Javelin Man ſeizes poor Whetſtone, and takes him over to the Poſthouſe.

Whetſtone.—Ruined! ah, quite ruined and undone! My poor dame and ſeven ſmall children muſt go to the pariſh, and I muſt be a labouring man all the days of my life!

Javelin.—Prithee don't caſt yourſelf down, there's nothing in it, if you'll be adviſed by me, and come down a couple of pieces, I'll put you in a way to get rid of this.

Whetſtone.—Ay, marry, with all my ſoul, any thing in the world, good Mr. Javelin, here take them, I think there's two guineas; wilt have any more, honeſt Javelin?

Javelin.—No, no, I ſcorn to ſpunge upon any poor man in diſtreſs, beſides, I know you have a very large family of ſmall children; but there's one thing more I'd mention.

Whetſtone.—What's that? name it, any thing in the world.

Javelin.—Why, 'tis only to give a body a houſe-lamb now and then.

Whetſtone.—Ay, dear Mr. Javelin, at any time, as many as you will: Oh! I ſhall break my heart! Oh, law! oh, law! none of my family were ever napt in this world before; who the devil would be a farmer?

Javelin.—Ha, Mr. Whetſtone, what does all this raving mean, Sir, 'tis reflecting on me, I don't underſtand this uſage! Napt, quoth he, no, Sir, you're not napt, you're only taken into cuſtody; there's a wide difference in being napt, and taken into cuſtody. Pray let me hear no more of this.

Whetſtone.—Oh ſweet, dear Mr. Javelin! don't be angry, I am ſorry for what I ſaid, pray ye now ſtand my friend ſtill.

Javelin.—I intend to be your friend, if

if you behave as ſhould become you. Call for a bottle of wine, and I'll make it up with you.

Rings for the drawer; a bottle of wine is ordered, and brought in.

Javelin.—Here Mr. Whetſtone, you muſt pay for the wine now; 'tis cuſtomary for people in cuſtody to pay for what they call for as it comes in.

Whetſtone.—Yes, yes, Mr. Javelin, 'tis very right, do ſo much as lend me a couple of ſhillings to pay it, I'll change by and by.

Javelin.—Unconſcionable to aſk an officer that has you in cuſtody to lend you money; why ſure you know nothing at all.

Whetſtone.—Very true, I don't know nothing indeed; here drawer, change this half guinea, take for the wine out of it.

Drawer.—There's 8s. 6d. change. Throws it on the table.

Javelin takes up the change, and puts it in his pocket.

Javelin.—Mr. Whetſtone, I'll take care of the change for you, 'twill be wanted for one thing or another preſently, you know.

Whetſtone.—Very right, very right, Mr. Javelin, you're an honeſt man: But let's ſee what's to be done next.

Javelin.—Why, I'll tell you; didn't you obſerve our chairman to take miff at your naming lawyer Senſeleſs.

Whetſtone.—Ah! a fool's bolt's ſoon ſhot, I wiſh my tongue had been out; pray go on.

Javelin.—Why, you muſt know, that I and Mr. Senſeleſs are as intimate as two ſworn brothers, I every now and then make a cauſe for him, and upon ſome occaſions furniſh him with witneſſes; you know what I mean.

Whetſtone.—Ay, very good, very good!

Javelin.—Look ye, tip him half a piece, and 'twill be all over, I'll go and whiſper a word in his ear, and d-mn me if he does not ſerve you, I'll never recommend him to another job; but I know he'll do it. I am to ſwear for him in a cauſe that's juſt coming on in court, before their worſhips, this morning.

Whetſtone.—Thank God, I hope that will do.

Exit Javelin.

Whetſtone.—What a villain is this Javelin! Good God guide me! I ſee I muſt at any rate put an end to my plaguy law ſuit, or this rogue, or ſome of his followers, will ſwear my life away.

Exit Whetſtone.

Enter Lawyer Senſeleſs and Javelin.

Javelin.—I ſuppoſe you know I have your fooliſh client Whetſtone in cuſtody.

Senſeleſs.—Ay, I do, Mr. Fribble juſt now ſtept over from court to me, and has informed me all that has paſſed; I'll ſmoke the raſcal for it.

Javelin.—Well, but I'll tell you, Whetſtone takes me for his friend, and has left me to do as I pleaſe in the matter, and therefore you may carve as you like; but you muſt let me in for a couple of pieces, my dear, that will be quiddiſh you know, won't it?

Senſeleſs.—Ay, by G—d, that's as little as you can have; but I think you are rather too modeſt.

Javelin.—I don't care, I ſhall be ſatisfied if you are, you know me well enough, I can't gripe folks: But to the point: let's know your terms, for the poor dog is trembling within doors juſt like a thief going to the gallows; but don't be too hard upon him neither.

Senſeleſs.—Phoo! I ſcorn that, but let's ſee, I have had a trifle of the fellow; he muſt make that up ten pieces, pay 'ſquire Fribble's coſts, which you may ſet down at ſix more; then, let's ſee, two guineas for yourſelf, and there's another you may add, he knows no better, one guinea for court fees, and that will furniſh us with a bottle and bird, when the hurry of buſineſs is over; and he muſt execute a general releaſe to all parties, tell him I'll fill them up for nothing; but be ſure take 3s. 6d. for the ſtamps.

Javelin.—Very good: Can you think of nothing elſe?

Senſeleſs.—No, I think it pretty moderate, between man and man; go to him, make haſte, and let's finiſh before the court riſes; here you take his releaſe, tell him to execute, and do

you witneſs it, and I'll go and get ſquire Fribble to execute his; but mind, there's one thing I had quite forgot, he muſt aſk me pardon in open court, or there will be no keeping down theſe ſort of fellows, 'twill make the reſt of the loobies dread of offending another time.

Exit Senſeleſs.

Javelin and Whetſtone.

Javelin.—Dear Whetſtone, I have brought you brave news, I told you I could do any thing with Mr. Senſeleſs: I have put an end to it for you, and I am as well pleaſed as if any man had given me 100l. The whole charges, excluſive of what you have paid, come juſt to 12l. 8s. 8d. a guinea court fees; and what do you think I have ſaved you; that good natured creature, Mr. Senſeleſs, out of pure love and regard for you, is gone to get 'ſquire Fribble to execute a releaſe to you, and you muſt execute this, and as ſure as you're alive he won't take a penny of you for filling them up; but harkye, you muſt pay for the ſtamps, for you can't expect a gentleman to be that out of pocket, you know; and you muſt beg his pardon in open court, for what you have ſaid of him.

Whetſtone.—God bleſs you both for your tenderneſs, I and my family ſhall be ever bound to pray for you both.—— Aſide, curſe light on you, I wiſh I had you both in a wood.

Senſeleſs and Fribble.

Senſeleſs.—My dear Mr. Fribble, all's right, Javelin has done the trick, here's a releaſe from Whetſtone; he's to pay your coſt and his own: I've been very reaſonable with him. I aſſure you I could have charged a great deal more, ay, double the money, but upon your account I would not, becauſe the fellow ſhould have no room to reflect upon your papa or your honour, in a caſe of this kind; therefore ſhall leave any ſort of gratuity, for my extra care, to you.—You know, my dear, this is but right.

Fribble.—Dem' me, Mr. Senſeleſs, you are the prettieſt compoſition in all nature: You are not to be equalled in the whole globe, for your conciſe method in managing a gentleman's affairs. What would I give now, pah was dead, and I in poſſeſſion of his eſtate, to requite you as you deſerve; but, dear Senſeleſs, excuſe me, if my offer of five guineas will not ſuffice, for, curſe me, my dear, I have but another leſt; for I paid Mr. Scar-all, the ſurgeon, this morning, a few, for curing me of the pea fever.

Senſeleſs.—Sir, you're all goodneſs, I revere you; but I am almoſt aſhamed to take any thing of you; but as you inſiſt upon it, I will not diſoblige you.

Fribble.—Well, dear Mr. Senſeleſs, give me my releaſe; I'll ſtep back to court and whiſper pah, to have the ſcoundrel brought over and releaſed.

Court. The juſtices, Fribble, &c. as before.

Fribble.—Pah, 'tis all done, here's the releaſe.

Wronghead.—Huſh! come, gentlemen, the buſineſs of the court is pretty well over, 'tis near three: We have had a fatiguing day of it, indeed, I am afraid dinner will wait; but ſtay, what ſhall we do with that fellow, Whetſtone, ſhall we finiſh his affair before we go off the bench?

Miſlead.—Ay, ay, by all means; where is Javelin?

Javelin.—Here, an't pleaſe your worſhip.

Miſlead.—Pray bring Whetſtone into court.

Javelin.—Yes, an't pleaſe you.

Javelin brings Whetſtone into court.

Wronghead.—Well, Mr. Whetſtone we have had a fine time of it with you: You don't know the concern the court have had in your affair; but upon your promiſing to behave better for the future, and begging pardon of the court and Mr. Senſeleſs, I am inclined to think the gentlemen will diſcharge you for this time, and order you to attend the next adjournment; and try if you can't mend your returns.

Dr. Puzzle Cauſe.—Oh! dear Mr. Chairman, you are ſo tender-hearted, we ſhall be all rid at this rate; beſides, you have ſaid nothing about the laying out my tythes, that I muſt inſiſt on; and further, that if we are to have an adjournment, I deſire it may be at the remoteſt part of the county; 'tis

'tis nothing to us, who keep equipages, tho' broad wheels have made our roads good, and 'twill be treating these fellows with three or four days absence from their business, which will be another means of subduing them to reason.

Wronghead.—You hear friend what the learned doctor has said, be sure you remember the tythes, and you are to attend next adjourn day at ———; 'tis but sixty-eight miles from where you live.

Whetstone on his knees.—Pray pardon all my faults, and God bless you, and to be sure Mr. Senseless, next to your worships, is the honestest man alive, and so is that tender-hearted creature Javelin; I am bound to pray for you all.

Wronghead.—Well, well, you are dismissed for this time, go about your business. Gentlemen, we have a quarter of an hour good before dinner, therefore I will beg leave to make one motion before we rise; that is, that the clerk of the peace shall state this very remarkable affair of this day's proceedings to the laudable associators for the preservation of the game, all over England, at their next committee to be held at the St. Alban's tavern.

All.—Yes, by all means; 'tis a matter of the greatest consequence.

Brainless.—A few words, if you please: 'Tis a matter of such consequence, I am astonished in the highest degree, it should so long have escaped the observation of the refined people for several ages past: and that the legislature, who are ever promoting the good of the people in general, should not long ere now have discovered the usefulness of so wholesome and good a law, I mean the act for the preservation of the game, and the act to explain and amend it; but thank heaven 'tis now brought into a narrow compass. But one act to explain and amend, miraculous! To whom gentlemen are we indebted for all this? Why, I'll tell you, to the ingenious and learned Mr. C——l, who plann'd the whole, has raised large annual subscriptions, and the best of all, totally subdued the insolence of farmers, keeps up the reputation of the subscribers, by weekly committees, at a trifling expence; and 'tis my earnest wish, and I'll venture to say, so it is of all the gentlemen of this country, that as it is now, it shall and may continue, world without end.

Wronghead.—Gentlemen, my brother Brainless had spoken so fully upon this head, that I think to shorten this affair, it will be proper to give our directions to Mr. Clerk of the peace, that the substance of our proceedings, and Mr Brainless's speech, be transmitted, as I have before observed.

All.—'Tis not to be mended! We are all for it, and pray Mr. Clerk of the peace don't fail of sending up to London by this night's post.

Clerk of the Peace.—No, gentlemen, not for the world.

Wronghead.——Cryer, adjourn the court to ———.

Cryer.—All manner of persons who have any thing more to do at this general quarter sessions of the peace, holden here this day, for the county of ———, may depart the court this time, and give their attendance this day sev'night at ———, in this county, by eight in the forenoon.

God save the King,
And my Lords the King's Justices.

The Cadi, and the Man who had received a Blow. An Oriental Apologue. By William Beloe, F. R. S.

A CERTAIN half witted man one evening left his house in a melancholy mood, when a mischievous young fellow, who observed him muttering to himself, thinking him a proper subject for diversion, silently stole behind him, and gave him such a terrible blow on the neck, that he almost suspected his head was knocked off. The man suddenly turning about, observed the youth standing near him, in a violent fit of laughter. He immediately seized him, "You, sir," said he, "what business had you to strike me? have you no fear of God, that you should dare to insult me without any provocation? At this, calling out "Justice! Justice!" he dragged the youth, who without any intermission

intermiſſion had continued in one fit of laughter, before a judge. In this ſituation they arrived at the place of juſtice, where the Cadi was ſitting, who ſeeing the young man laugh ſo violently aſked the reaſon why he had been brought before him? "My Lord," replied the melancholy man, "I never ſaw this fellow before in my life; I never ſpoke to him, nor provoked him by any means; notwithſtanding which he came behind me, and ſtruck me a very violent blow on the neck; I am now come before your lordſhip to demand the law of God againſt him."

"Why, my young friend," ſaid the Cadi, "did you ſtrike this man?" "For the life and ſoul of me," replied the youth, "I could not help it;" at the ſame time ſhewing two ſequins to his judge, the venerable Cadi immediately made a parade of turning over the leaves of two or three immenſe folios, which lay by his ſide. "Why, my lord, ſaid the complainant, "ſurely you can have no occaſion for ſuch copious references to know the fine which our law impoſes on a man who ſtrikes another without provocation?" "Oh," ſaid the Cadi, "if you are competent to decide your own caſe, what neceſſity for the interference of a judge?" "My Lord," ſaid the man, "I beſeech you be not offended; if there be occaſion, by all means conſult your books." The Cadi, after having rummaged his folios for ſome time, knitting his brows with the appearance of unuſual ſagacity, "Young man," ſaid he," it is neceſſary that you pay this injured accuſer twenty ſmall coins." "Alas," replied the youth, "I have no ſmall money." "Then, ſir, you muſt get change," returned the Cadi. The young man making a bow, walked out of the room, but without any intention of returning. The Cadi and the melancholy man remained together; when tired with the buſineſs of the day, after waiting for ſome time, the Cadi dropped aſleep. The patience of the complainant alſo being nearly exhauſted, obſerving the ſituation of the Cadi, he walked up to him, and gave him a blow on the cheek ten times harder than that which he had received.—Starting from his ſlumber, and rubbing his face, "Raſcal," ſaid he, "do you dare to ſtrike me?" "Alas," ſaid the man, "I have very particular buſineſs, which requires my immediate preſence, and as you have decreed the price of a blow, be ſo good as to remain till the young man returns, and inſtead of giving the fine to me, pray keep it yourſelf."

THE PEDANT.

THERE were two brothers of diſpoſitions and propenſities as oppoſite to each other as it is poſſible to conceive; the one priding himſelf on his accuracy of language, his Arabic erudition, and acquaintance with oriental literature: the other deſpiſing the pomp of pedantry, and the affectation of grammarians. One day walking together, they perceived an inſcription engraved upon a portal; the curioſity of the learned brother immediately directed him to decypher the ſentence, when his anger was ſoon rouſed by the multiplicity of blunders, which appeared to have been compreſſed within ſo ſmall a compaſs. He ſaid nothing, but waiting till night, brought with him a ladder and a chiſel, with the determination of correcting the inaccuracies.

After he had been working at it for ſome time, the maſter of the houſe hearing a noiſe, and naturally enough ſuſpecting that thieves were breaking in upon his premiſes, ſent two or three of his ſervants, who ſeized upon the poor fellow, and lugged him in; he was detained till the morning, and carried before the judge, who aſked him what buſineſs he had at that time of night to endeavour to enter into the houſe of his accuſer? "My Lord," ſaid the culprit, "I am no thief, I am a ſcholar, and offended with the groſs blunders of an inſcription over this man's porch, was trying to correct them." "Well," ſaid the judge, ſmiling at the accident, "this crime, to be ſure, is ſcarcely deſerving of death, you muſt be diſgraced, as an example to others." He then ordered him to be mounted on an aſs and led through the ſtreets, by a man who was deſired to proclaim the offence.

offence. Unfortunately the man was no grammarian, and, in proclaiming the offence, did not expreſs himſelf with correctneſs.—"Wretch," ſaid the pedant, "you have uttered an abominable ſoleciſm." At this moment his brother came up: "Well, my dear friend," ſaid he, "how do you find yourſelf now?" By Heaven, brother," returned he, "the groſſneſs and ſoleciſm of this fellow's language, is ten times more tormenting to me than all my puniſhment."

Affairs of France.

(Continued from our laſt.)

ON Monday, September 21, Lackanal, from the board of longitude, and the committee of public inſtruction, gave notice, that this year's almanac was good for nothing, and that a new one muſt be made. The aſtronomers, aſſembled for the purpoſe of aſcertaining the preciſe time at which the ſun paſſes the equinoctial line, have determined that this year it paſſes the line on the 23d, and not on the 22d of September; and that, conſequently, it is decided that the republican year does not begin to-morrow, (the 22d) as every body expected, but the next day; and that, of courſe, there muſt be a ſixth ſupplementary day. A new almanac will be fabricated, that every body may be made acquainted with the exact regulation of the date.

About this time, the carrying of the new conſtitution into effect produced conſequences, which ſeemed to aſſume the moſt menacing aſpect. The convention had paſſed two decrees, by virtue of which the electoral bodies were to proceed to the election of two thirds of the members of the convention, who were to form the council of legiſlation under the new conſtitution. Theſe decrees were repreſented to be an arbitrary attempt to perpetuate their own authority, contrary to the principles of that very conſtitution; and they produced, in courſe, a violent fermentation, particularly among the different ſections of the city of Paris.

The convention on the other hand, conſidered, or affected to conſider, this reſiſtance to their meaſures as the work of intriguers and royaliſts, whoſe immediate aim was to effect a counter-revolution. A body of the victorious troops from the frontiers were in the vicinity of the metropolis, in order to ſupport their authority; and even the populace of the fauxbourg of St. Antoine, who had but lately been diſarmed, as *Terroriſts*, had arms put into their hands again, and were formed into battalions, under the reſpectable name of the *Patriots of* 1789. In the mean time, it was announced to the convention, on the 23d of September, by the committee of *procès verbaux*, that the conſtitution itſelf, with the obnoxious decrees of the 5th and 13th of Fructidor, had been accepted by a great majority of the electors, in the different primary aſſemblies throughout the republic.

The numbers were thus ſtated:

There are 6,337 primary aſſemblies, containing 958,226 voters:

914,800 have accepted the conſtitution; 41,892 have rejected it.

270,338 voters have given their opinion on the decrees of the 5th and 13th Fructidor:

167,757 have adopted them:

95,373 have rejected them.

Upon this, the convention immediately paſſed the following decree:

'The national convention declares in the name of the French people, that the conſtitution has been accepted, and that it becomes now the fundamental law of the republic.'

This was ſucceeded by the following decree:

The national convention declares, 'That the decrees of the 5th and 13th Fructidor, accepted by the majority of the primary aſſemblies, are laws of the republic, and the electoral aſſemblies ſhall be required to conform to them.'

On the 24th of September, the ſurrender of Manheim, by capitulation, on the 20th of that month, was announced to the convention. In conſideration of the quiet poſſeſſion, thus obtained, of that important place, the whole of the palatinate was to be conſidered as neutral.

On the 25th of September, after a long

long discussion concerning the plots said to be in agitation, the convention issued the following address and decree:

To the Citizens of Paris.

Parisians,

Will you suffer that a handful of intriguers, of forestallers, of anarchists, should precipitate you into the gulph of civil war? Who are those men who endeavour to make such a noise among you? They have been but a few days speaking of the sovereignty of the people. They have already disunited the city: they provoked the citizens against each other. They endeavour to vilify the government: they tread under their feet the will of the nation, and endeavour to prevent the publication of the laws.

You who demanded a strong government, and who cherish order, it is under your eyes that they dare commit these crimes. Cease listening to those wicked men who wish the ruin of your city, and to pillage your property unite with the national representation.

If the paternal voice of your representatives should not be heard—if the national convention was to perish by your hands; all France would demand an account of our blood. The convention declare and decree, that they render the Parisian citizens responsible for the safety of the representatives; and in case an attempt should be made against their persons, the legislative body and the executive directory shall unite at Chalons sur Marne. They order the republican columns to prepare to march in the defence of the national presentation, as ordered by the law of the 1st Germinal.'

On the 26th of September, the convention also passed the following decree:

To the Primary Assemblies.

'From the publication of the present decree the president and secretaries of the primary assemblies, who shall put to the vote, or sign any resolution foreign to the object of their convocation, are declared guilty of an attack upon the external safety of the republic, and are liable to be pursued to punishment.

'They who proclaim without any of the said resolutions, are declared guilty of the same offence as those who carry them into execution.'

This decree, however, was disregarded; and all the measures of the refractory sections portended the most determined resistance.

On the 1st of October, the convention decreed, after a long debate, that the country of Liege, and the Austrian Netherlands, should be united to the French republic.

On the 3d of October, the members of the convention celebrated a solemn fête, in commemoration of the twenty two victims of their body, who fell under the decemviral tyranny, in consequence of the revolution of the 31st of May.

The same day, Dannou, in the name of the committee of public safety, presented a report upon the rebellious actions of the leaders of the sections of Paris. He concluded the report by proposing a decree by which the primary assemblies of Paris, that had appointed their electors, should be commanded to separate instantly, and the electors be forbidden to assemble before the period fixed by the decree, under the penalty of being declared guilty of an attack upon the sovereignty of the people.

All the arrets of the sections were annulled; and the commanders of the armed force were directed not to obey them. No researches or proscriptions to be made against those who have been misled by the factions, if they return to their duty. The decree proposed by the committee was passed.

The convention declared itself to be in a state of permanence.

(To be continued.)

Irish

Irish Parliamentary Intelligence.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1795.

(Continued from our last.)

A MESSAGE from the lords with the alien and gun-powder bills, and also the bill to prevent the exportation of starch under certain conditions; and likewise that they had agreed to a bill for the encouragement of the breweries in this kingdom, and made several amendments therein, to which they desire the concurrence of this house.

The amendments being read,

Mr. *Grattan*, in very pointed terms, animadverted on the amendments made to the bill in the other house, and observed, as it was a money bill, it must be of course rejected.

Resolved, That this house will on Saturday the first of August next, take the said amendments into consideration.

Mr. *Grattan* then moved for leave to bring in a bill for repealing the several regulations which affect the trade of a brewer in this kingdom. Leave given.

He afterwards presented the bill, which was read a first time, and ordered to be read a second time on Monday.

Mr. *Marcus Beresford* presented a bill relating to licences for the sale of spirituous liquors, which was read a first time, and ordered to be read a second time on Monday.

Mr. Ottiwell was called to the bar to be examined on the evidence he gave before the committee.

On the suggestion of Mr. Graydon, the Speaker put the question to him, which he declined answering before the committee, which was, "Did you intend to name your partners to the commissioners of wide streets on the proposals you sent into them for your take, if they require you so to do?"

Mr. Ottiwell begged leave to refer to the answer which he had given to the committee, which was, that from the various opinions at this day, he declined answering that question, as it might injure his property and involve him in litigation.

On the Speaker asking him—"How could your answering that question injure your property or involve you in litigation?"

To this he declined giving any satisfactory answer.

Being ordered to withdraw from the bar,

Mr. *Graydon* called upon the house to support its own dignity. By the person, who was examined at the bar, declining to answer the questions put to him, the privileges of the house were violated; if the conduct of Mr. Ottiwell was suffered to pass without reprehension, there was an end to all inquiry and investigation; it was a matter of the most serious moment, and establishing a precedent of a very bad tendency; and in vindication of the privileges of parliament, he moved the following resolution:—

"That Henry Ottiwell having declined answering certain questions put to him by a committee of this house, and persisting in his refusal, is guilty of a contempt of the authority, and of a breach of the privileges of this house."

This brought on a short debate, in which Mr. Hoare, Mr. Cuffe, col. Blaquiere, Sir J. Blaquiere, and Mr. Maxwell, supported the motion.

Mr. Mason and Mr. Francis Hutchinson spoke against it.

On the question being put a division took place, when the numbers were—

For agreeing to the motion			26
Against it	—	—	2

There not being forty members present, the Speaker adjourned the house to Monday.

Mr. *Graydon* revived his motion of Saturday, that Henry Ottiwell, in having refused to answer the interrogatories of that house, was guilty of an high breach of the privileges thereof.

Mr. *Mason* opposed this motion, and moved the previous question.

After, however, some discussion, Mr. Graydon's motion was carried.

Mr. *Graydon* further moved, that Mr. Ottiwell be ordered into custody of the serjeant at arms. Agreed to.

Mr. *Hoare* obtained leave for, and presented a bill for declaring the law relative to tythes, whereby kitchen gardens not exceeding one acre were to be exempted.

This was opposed by Dr. Duigenan, the chancellor of the exchequer, Mr. Maxwell, Dr. Brown, and Mr. Johnson, and supported by Mr. Curran and Mr. Tighe, but on the question for the second reading it was negatived.

The *Chancellor of the Exchequer* moved, that no bill be brought in respecting religion, or any alteration concerning religion, until the principle thereof would be previously submitted to and approved by a committee of the house.

He made a similar motion respecting bills for regulating parliamentary representation.

Both motions passed in the affirmative, and ordered that the same be made standing orders of the house.

Mr. *M. Beresford* brought up the report on the revenue bill. Ordered to be engrossed.

Mr. *Attorney General*, pursuant to leave obtained, presented his bill for the better preservation of the peace in the city of Dublin.—Read a first time, ordered to be printed, and to be read a second time to-morrow.

Committed the insolvent bill, the Grand Canal bill, the lottery insurance bill.—Ordered to be reported to-morrow.

Mr. *Tydd* reported from the committee on the Mullingar bill. Report received, and ordered to be engrossed.

Mr. *Forbes* said, that on a former night he had given notice of his intention to introduce two bills; one for regulating the board of commissi-

oners of impreſt accounts, with a view to give efficacy to the board of treaſury; and the other was to ſeparate the juriſdiction of the board of cuſtoms and exciſe; but ſince that an order has been adopted by the houſe that no bill ſhall be entertained till the principle of ſuch bill was firſt taken into conſideration, he moved that the houſe do forthwith reſolve itſelf into a committee, to conſider the principles of ſaid bills.

The *Chancellor of the Exchequer* declined going into the diſcuſſion, at the ſame time he by no means reſiſted the principle. But as the ſeſſion was now near cloſing, that was the reaſon for his declining entering into a diſcuſſion of the ſubject at preſent; and he therefore moved that the orders of the day be now read.

Mr. *Forbes* could not ſee the neceſſity of cloſing the ſeſſion ſo ſoon:—the meaſure of regulating the board of impreſt accounts was abſolutely neceſſary; and a bill for that purpoſe together with a bill for ſeparating the juriſdiction of the boards of cuſtoms and exciſe would take but very little time to prepare, and might be done by his majeſty's attorney and ſolicitor generals in a day. Mr. Forbes obſerved, that though they might differ on other ſubjects, he hoped they would concur in one,—that they might have it in their power to inform their conſtituents, on their return, that they had given them a due ſecurity for the expenditure of the public money.

Mr. *Johnſon* ſaid that the ſtate of the country was ſuch, as required the attendance of gentlemen in their reſpective counties.

Mr. *W. Smith* ſaid that the lateneſs of the ſeſſion was not a good argument againſt the adoption of any ſalutary meaſure that might be brought forward. The duty of gentlemen in their attendance in parliament was paramount to every other conſideration;—and though it had been ſaid that the attendance of gentlemen was neceſſary at preſent in their reſpective counties, yet at the cloſe of the ſeſſion, many gentlemen, inſtead of going to reſide on their eſtates, will reſort to ſome of the watering places.

On the queſtion being put that the orders of the day be now read, it was carried in the affirmative, without any diviſion.

Read a ſecond time, and committed for to-morrow, the bill to amend the inſolvent act of 1791, the city of Dublin watch bill, and the Dublin Society bill.

Reported the poſt road bill, the inſolvent bill, and the grand canal bill.—Ordered to be engroſſed.

Went into committee on the courts of juſtice bill, from the lords.—Reported forthwith, read a third time, paſſed, and ordered to the lords.

Went into committee on the tythe bill; when, after a very long and deſultory converſation, the bill was gone through, reported forthwith, and ordered to be engroſſed.

In committee, agreed to the ſpirit licenſe bill, and to the bill for confirming grants under the great ſeal of England, which were reported forthwith, and ordered to be engroſſed.

A meſſage from the lords, that they had paſſed a private bill for the ſale of part of the eſtates of earl Clanwilliam.—Read a firſt time, and ordered to be read a ſecond time to-morrow.

The Attorney General preſented a bill for auditing and ſettling certain accounts in his majeſty's treaſury—Read a firſt time, to be read a ſecond time to-morrow.

Mr. *Tydd* preſented a bill to indemnify perſons who have omitted to qualify according to law—Read a firſt time, to be read a ſecond time to-morrow.

13.] Sir *Laurence Parſons* roſe. The ſubject of his motion, he ſaid, was one of the firſt conſtitutional importance: it was, whether the houſe would ſuffer the laws of the land to be violated; whether they would ſuffer a viceroy to exerciſe a diſpenſing power, which the king would not be permitted to exerciſe with impunity.

Sir Laurence went on to ſtate the hiſtory of the augmentation of the army in 1769, and the ſtipulation then entered into: that of the army, then augmented to 15,000 men, 12,000 effective men were, by law, engaged to remain in this country for its defence.—This compact, in order to make it more ſolemn and binding, had been introduced in two of the moſt ſolemn acts of the legiſlature,—the great money bill and the mutiny bill. This was done becauſe the legiſlature of that day thought that a compact thus ratified no viceroy could be found hardy enough to violate. The ſame proviſion had been continued in every money bill which had paſſed from that time to the adminiſtration of lord Harcourt.—At that time government thought that ſome part of the ſtipulated number might be ſpared for the ſervice of the empire elſewhere. A right honourable gentleman (ſir John Blaquiere) then in office, brought in a bill to juſtify the ſending away 4000 of the number ſtipulated by the compact for the home defence. What could this mean but that no viceroy had a power to ſend away any part of that force, without the conſent of parliament? This was the opinion of the law officers of that day; he hoped the law officers of the preſent day would not be leſs anxious to ſupport the laws of the land, and to puniſh the violation of it.

In the duke of Portland's adminiſtration it was again thought proper to remove ſome part of the home troops, and again it was thought neceſſary to procure an act of the legiſlature to juſtify it. He here went into a very full and learned diſputation to ſhew that at all times a diſpenſing power had been abhorred by the Britiſh conſtitution, and that even a mandate from the king himſelf could not juſtify a ſubject in diſpenſing with or violating any laws of the land.—Sometimes, indeed, in caſes of urgent and indiſpenſable neceſſity, the officers of the crown had ventured for the public good to ſuſpend laws; but if they had, they always followed the ſuſpenſion by an application for indemnity. In the preſent inſtance, where the law of the country had been violated, there was neither a neceſſity for the act nor an indemnity applied for after the act had committed;—nay, the viceroy of Ireland had treated the law of the land with a degree of contempt which he

he would not have ventured to ſhew to a common act of veſtry in England.—If a compact thus ſolemnly entered into between the crown and people were not binding, what could be ſo?—If a viceroy could in defiance of law ſtrip the country of its defence, what ſecurity could be had for life or for property?—Every thing dear to man would lie at the feet of a lord lieutenant; for no act could be more ſolemn than that by which this compact is ſanctioned.—By an act paſſed in lord Townſhend's adminiſtration a further augmentation of 5000 men was judged neceſſary for the defence; this, with the former, are 17,000 men; at leaſt, however, there were 12,000 ſecured to the defence of the country by parliament, among whom the invalids were not numbered, as appeared from the ſtatement of the 12,000 who were deſcribed at the formation of the original compact. But how ſtood matters in this country laſt year? In 1794, in the month of July, there were only 7000 men in the country, as appeared from the monthly returns of the army for that year, now before the houſe;—this deficiency was created at a moment the moſt critical for this country and for the empire which it had ever known—a moment when, if lord Howe's fleet had been defeated, or had met even a dubious victory, Ireland would have been the firſt object of the French force; but not only had the country been defrauded of the quantity of force, but the quality of it; for among the 7000 men which remained in the country in the month of July, there was only one old regiment (the 17th) the reſt were RAW recruits, without arms, and without diſcipline.—After expatiating for a conſiderable time very ably on the aggravated nature of this violation of the law of the land by lord Weſtmorland, and ſhewing the miſchievous conſequences that muſt reſult from ſuffering it to go unpuniſhed, he concluded by moving the following reſolution:

"Reſolved, That John earl of Weſtmorland, by authorizing ſuch a number of regular troops to be ſent out of this country as left the remainder conſiderably leſs than the number appointed by law for the defence thereof, has been guilty of a violation of the compact entered into with the crown, and of diſpenſing with the law of the land."

Mr. *Conolly* ſeconded the motion. He ſaid the law of the land muſt now be vindicated, or the country ſubmitted for ever to the arbitrary will of a lord lieutenant.

Sir *J. Blaquiere* defended lord Weſtmorland. He objected to the late time at which the motion was brought forward, defended the ſending away the troops, on the ground of expediency; and ſaid, that if the word *inſurrection* had been introduced into the bill, along with thoſe of *invaſion* and *rebellion*, during the time of which the compact was ſpecifically ſuſpended in the act itſelf, no man could doubt that lord Weſtmorland would have been juſtifiable.

Mr. *Fletcher* ſaid, the houſe was not called on to diſcuſs the expediency of removing the troops, which by law ſhould have been left in the kingdom, but whether it was competent for a lord lieutenant to diſpenſe with the law of the land. Was it becauſe a right honourable baronet had private reaſons for wiſhing well to lord Weſtmorland, that the houſe was to be told, in their legiſlative capacity, they were to ſanction a violation of law, and connive at that in a viceroy, for which England would depoſe her king—a diſpenſing power?—He was warmly in favour of the meaſure.

Sir *H. Langriſhe* contended that the compact had not been broken, for that there had always within the year been more than 12,000 troops in the kingdom, though they did not appear on the face of the eſtabliſhment. There were many unformed regiments, which, not being completed, could not be enumerated in the return, though they were to all intents effective men, and beſides, that there were 17,000 militia.—Thinking, therefore, the fact on which the motion reſted to be unfounded, and wiſhing at the ſame time not to treat it harſhly, he moved the queſtion of adjournment.

Mr. *Conolly* obſerved, that this motion of the right honourable baronet muſt be founded on a ſuppoſed falſity in the Adjutant-General's return; for that paper, the only authentic one that could be had, ſtated no ſuch numbers as the right honourable baronet had mentioned.

Mr. *Tighe* and Mr. *Vandeleur* ſupported the original motion, and oppoſed the adjournment.

Mr. *W. Smith*. I cannot ſay how I ſhould vote, if the queſtion were put on the honourable baronet's motion; but the motion of adjournment I cannot heſitate to reſiſt. When a queſtion of ſuch moment is ſubmitted to the houſe, as whether a late viceroy had violated our law, an attempt to evade inquiry by a motion of adjournment, ſeems almoſt indecent. The charge againſt lord Weſtmorland, if unfounded, is at leaſt preciſe; it is plain, and intelligible to the commoneſt underſtanding;—if groundleſs, the imputation can be eaſily repelled. To evade the queſtion is to betray the fame of that noble lord, whom thoſe that move the queſtion of adjournment would ſupport; it is like confeſſing that they have nothing to ſay in his defence. I am not prepared to ſay whether his conduct was juſtifiable or not; I came down to the houſe, unapprized of the nature of what was to come forward—and cannot ſay whether I ſhould have voted with the honourable baronet or not; the more eſpecially, becauſe legiſlative cenſure is a harſh proceeding, and one therefore which I ſhould ſcruple to adopt againſt lord Weſtmorland, though I were even certain that he had violated our laws;—if I conceived that the violation was unintended, or committed unguardedly while in purſuit of the welfare of this country, I ſhould, in ſuch caſe, prefer to a cenſure on the viceroy's conduct ſome milder way of vindicating the inſulted dignity of our laws. But while I am expecting arguments to influence my vote, I ſee the diſcuſſion ſtifled by a queſtion of adjournment. An act of parliament has been cited;—if the honourable baronet miſtated it, or miſconſtrued, this could be ſhewn. He has accuſed lord Weſtmorland of ſtripping the country of the number of troops which the law aſſigned it.

If the accuſation be ill-founded, the documents might be referred to, and confute him; but inſtead of this you call for an adjournment.

The more doubtful it is, whether or not the accuſation be well-founded, the more improper is an attempt to get rid of the diſcuſſion; therefore I am ſpeaking to the purpoſe, and againſt the motion of adjournment, when I ſhew that this queſtion is by no means free from doubt. From any thing I have heard, I do much doubt if the law has not been violated, and ſhall ſtate my grounds of doubt as ſtrong reaſons for reſiſting a motion which precludes diſcuſſion.

Gentlemen talk as if the law were ſatisfied, by withdrawing, indeed, the regular troops, but leaving us our militia. This is idle; to talk of the militia eſtabliſhment as at all affecting the preſent queſtion, is groſſly to miſtake the letter and the ſpirit of the law,—of that compact which my lord Weſtmorland is accuſed of having violated. That compact was not merely that 12,000 troops ſhould remain in Ireland; but that *of* our augmented eſtabliſhment, *of* the 15,000 men for whom we paid, *of theſe very men*, 12,000 ſhould be left at home for our protection; this was the compact. If the inſtitution of militia rendered ſuch a contract the leſs neceſſary, the legiſlature might repeal it; but ſo long as it continued law, no individual ought to break it; beſides, in fact, as we pay the militia too, we ſeem in reaſon entitled to their *additional* protection;—not to mention that during the adminiſtration of lord Weſtmorland our dangers and emergencies had at leaſt kept pace with any increaſed ſecurity beſtowed by our militia. But we are aſſured that if it were not for our ignorance in military affairs, we would know that there is a vaſt difference between an eſtabliſhment of 15,000 men, and of 15,000 *effective* men. But, ſir, if there be this diſtinction between the men who compoſe a regiment, and the men who can meet an enemy, I am bold to ſay theſe latter were what the law intended ſhould remain in Ireland, ſince any others could contribute but little to its defence. Nay, ſir, I dare conjecture too—that the troops removed to England from this country were effective; yet, ſurely, if the diſtinction be a fair one, it ought to operate with ſtrict impartiality in both countries. Will any man ſay the ſpirit of the compact is complied with, if troops draughted from this country into England be effective, while thoſe which are left behind, to defend Ireland, are mere refuſe?

The law was ſhortly this: that our eſtabliſhment ſhould conſiſt of 15,000 men: that *of theſe* England might take three; but that *of theſe* Ireland muſt have twelve; twelve as efficient as the three we ſent away. The militia have nothing to ſay to this queſtion.

It was going wide of our ſubject to talk about expediency; I am willing to acquit my lord Weſtmorland of all ill intention; and ſhould therefore the more ſcruple to concur in a cenſure on him. But the inquiry is whether he has violated the law? not whether the violation was expedient; the law thought fit to leave no diſcretion in an individual, nor any thing to his opinions of expediency. The queſtion is, did the law preſcribe that we ſhould not have fewer men than 12,000 for our defence? Did lord Weſtmorland diminiſh the number thus preſcribed? This queſtion is too ſerious to evade by an adjournment: But I have heard it ſaid that if we complain of want of troops, we ſoon ſhall have enough.—But, ſir, this is not what we complain of—the complaint is, that a viceroy has infringed the law of Ireland; I feel no triumph at this pouring in troops upon us. Here indeed we come to queſtions of expediency, and give me leave to doubt the expediency of this proceeding; it is a worſe mode of atchieving what might be otherwiſe atchieved. I think the diſcontents which prevail in Ireland might be put a ſtop to in ſome better way than by making a barrack of every ſecond houſe in our metropolis. I cannot ſay that I ſhould ſupport the honourable baronet in his motion; but I give a hearty negative to the queſtion of adjournment.

Colonel *Wſley* and Colonel *Blaquiere* were againſt the original motion, and for the adjournment.

Dr. *Browne* ſupported the motion of cenſure.

Mr. *Curran* ſhewed that it was the intention of the compact that regular troops, and not new levies, were meant by the 12,000 men. He ſaid it might anſwer gentlemen in that houſe to ſtate jocularly that there were recruiting parties in the country, but would that kind of ſtatement ſatisfy the nation? Would 6000 clowns, without ſhoes, and with ribbons in their hats, ſerve for 12,000 men, well arrayed and diſciplined?—He aſſerted that when a direct charge of this nature was made, the houſe would abandon their duty if they did not meet it directly.—He gave a very able ſupport to the original motion in an eloquent ſpeech.

Mr *M. Beresford* ſupported the motion for adjournment.

Mr. *Hoare* ſpoke in ſupport of the original queſtion, and againſt the adjournment.

Right honourable Mr. *Ponſonby* recollected when the compact, on which the preſent motion was grounded, firſt was agreed to: no act of parliament was ever more clearly or better underſtood;—that it was groſſly violated in the preſent inſtance, he, for one, had not a ſhadow of doubt. He ſaid he was utterly at a loſs to know, why gentlemen, profeſſing to be friends to lord Weſtmorland, ſhould think it better to get ſhut of this queſtion by the queſtion of adjournment, than by meeting it on its merits.—He thought it the moſt injudicious mode poſſible; for it fixed the imputation indelibly. If they met the queſtion fairly, and negatived it, they would exculpate lord Weſtmorland's character; but if they got ſhut of it by the queſtion of adjournment, every body would ſee that they were afraid to meet the charge, becauſe they had no good arguments to meet it with. He lamented that they endeavoured to evade a queſtion of ſo much importance in ſuch a way, and hoped parliament would never agree to it.

Mr. *Grattan*. The queſtion which the houſe is now to decide on is, whether they will connive at a diſpenſing power in the viceroy of this country;—

country;—for no rational man, who has read the act, and reads the return now on your table, can doubt for a moment that my lord Weſtmorland has diſpenſed with the law of the land; for the law gives no diſcretionary power to his majeſty or his miniſter in this reſpect; it makes no exception but for a time of *actual* rebellion or *actual* invaſion.—What was the conſequence of this? That when, in the American war, the miniſter wanted to ſend away ſome part of this force, the viceroy did not think himſelf warranted in ſending away a man until he had procured the conſent of the legiſlature by an act of parliament,—unpopular as it might be to apply for it. This ſhews that he believed he would be impeachable had he neglected this precaution.

In a former adminiſtration, with whom I was connected, I remember to have ſtated, that if Iriſh troops were wanted, it would be neceſſary to have an act for the purpoſe. An act was accordingly brought in and paſſed, by which it was enacted, "that any part of the 12,000 men appointed to remain in this country, for the defence of it, not exceeding 5000, men may be removed, &c." This, in addition to the other ſimilar inſtances, forms ſuch an accumulated maſs of legal evidence, that an act of parliament is indiſpenſably neceſſary to juſtify the exportation of any part of the 12,000 men, that no rational man can doubt on the ſubject,—and if this act of my lord Weſtmorland be ſuffered to paſs without animadverſion, James the Second was injured, and William the Third and the people of England who depoſed him puniſhed him for that which an Iriſh viceroy is permitted to do with impunity.—He concluded by declaring his moſt hearty approbation of the original motion, and oppoſition to the queſtion of adjournment.

At twelve the houſe divided, for the adjournment 83—againſt it 23.

(To be continued.)

Britiſh Parliament.

Thurſday, Oct. 29, 1795.

HIS majeſty, attended by lords Onſlow and Harrington in the ſtate-coach, and by the earl of Weſtmoreland (as maſter of the horſe) in a ſtate chariot, went to the houſe of peers, where the ſeſſion of parliament was opened by the following moſt gracious ſpeech:

"*My Lords and Gentlemen,*

"IT is a great ſatisfaction to me to reflect, that, notwithſtanding many events unfavourable to the common cauſe, the proſpect reſulting from the general ſituation of affairs has, in many important reſpects, been materially improved in the courſe of the preſent year.

In Italy, the threatened invaſion of the French has been prevented; and they have been driven back from a conſiderable part of the line of coaſt which they had occupied. There is alſo reaſon to hope that the recent operations of the Auſtrian army have checked the progreſs which they had made on the ſide of Germany, and fruſtrated the offenſive projects which they were purſuing in that quarter.

The ſucceſſes which have attended their military operations in other parts of the campaign, and the advantages which they have derived from the concluſion of ſeparate treaties with ſome of the powers who were engaged in the war, are far from compenſating the evils which they experience from its continuance. The deſtruction of their commerce, the diminution of their maritime power, and the unparalleled embarraſſment and diſtreſs of their internal ſituation, have produced the impreſſion which was naturally to be expected; and a general ſenſe appears to prevail throughout France, that the only relief from the increaſing preſſure of theſe difficulties muſt ariſe from the reſtoration of peace, and the eſtabliſhment of ſome ſettled ſyſtem of government.

The diſtraction and anarchy, which have ſo long prevailed in that country, have led to a criſis, of which it is as yet impoſſible to foreſee the iſſue; but which muſt, in all human probability, produce conſequences highly important to the intereſts of Europe. Should this criſis terminate in any order of things compatible with the tranquillity of other countries, and affording a reaſonable expectation of ſecurity and permanence in any treaty which might be concluded, the appearance of a diſpoſition to negociate for general peace on juſt and ſuitable terms will not fail to be met, on my part, with an earneſt deſire to give it the fulleſt and ſpeedieſt effect. But I am perſuaded you will agree with me, that nothing is ſo likely to enſure and accelerate this deſirable end, as to ſhew that we are prepared for either alternative, and are determined to proſecute the war with the utmoſt energy and vigour, until we have the means of concluding, in conjunction with our allies, ſuch a peace as the juſtice of our cauſe and the ſituation of the enemy may entitle us to expect.

With this view I am continuing to make the greateſt exertions for maintaining and improving our naval ſuperiority, and for carrying on active and vigorous operations in the Weſt Indies, in order to ſecure and extend the advantages which we have gained in that quarter, and which are ſo nearly connected with our commercial reſources and maritime ſtrength.

I rely with confidence on the continuance of your firm and zealous ſupport, on the uniform bravery of my fleets and armies, and on the fortitude, perſeverance, and public ſpirit, of all ranks of my people.

The acts of hoſtility committed by the united provinces, under the influence and controul of France, have obliged me to treat them as in a ſtate of war with this country.

The fleet which I have employed in the North Seas has received the moſt cordial and active aſſiſtance from the naval force furniſhed by the empreſs of Ruſſia, and has been enabled effectually to check the operations of the enemy in that quarter.

I have concluded engagements of defenſive alliance with the two imperial courts; and the ratifications of the treaty of commerce with the United States of America, which I announced

to

to you laſt year, have now been exchanged.—I have directed copies of the treaties to be laid before you.

"*Gentlemen of the Houſe of Commons,*

It is a matter of deep concern to me, that the exigencies of the public ſervice will require farther additions to the heavy burdens which have been unavoidably impoſed on my people.—I truſt that their preſſure will, in ſome degree be alleviated by the flouriſhing ſtate of our commerce and manufactures, and that our expences, though neceſſarily great in their amount, will, under the actual circumſtances of the war, admit of conſiderable diminution in compariſon with thoſe of the preſent year.

"*My Lords, and Gentlemen,*

I have obſerved for ſome time paſt with the greateſt anxiety the very high price of grain; and that anxiety is increaſed by the apprehenſion that the produce of the wheat harveſt in the preſent year may not have been ſuch as effectually to relieve my people from the difficulties with which they have had to contend. The ſpirit of order and ſubmiſſion to the laws which, with very few exceptions, has manifeſted itſelf under this ſevere preſſure, will, I am ſure, be felt by you as an additional incentive to apply yourſelves with the utmoſt diligence to the conſideration of ſuch meaſures as may tend to alleviate the preſent diſtreſs, and to prevent, as far as poſſible, the renewal of ſimilar embarraſſments in future. Nothing has been omitted on my part that appeared likely to contribute to this end; and you may be aſſured of my hearty concurrence in whatever regulations the wiſdom of parliament may adopt, on a ſubject ſo peculiarly intereſting to my people, whoſe welfare will ever be the object neareſt my heart."

His majeſty having retired; the two ſecretaries of ſtate left the houſe, upon urgent buſineſs, and the proceedings were of courſe ſuſpended. At about a quarter before ſix o'clock, the duke of Portland and lord Grenville re-entered the houſe. The latter, as ſoon as he had taken his place, aroſe to ſtate, that before entering upon the order of the day, he had ſomething of the deepeſt import to communicate. The lord chancellor interrupted his lordſhip, by ordering the houſe to be cleared below the bar; in conſequence of which, all ſtrangers were immediately excluded.

(To be continued.)

POETRY.

Le Reveil du Peuple.

Air nouveau.

PEUPLE François, peuple de freres,
Veux-tu voir, ſans frémir d'horreur,
Le crime arborer les bannieres
Du carnage et de la terreur?
Tu ſouffres qu'une horde atroce
Et d'aſſaſſins et de brigands
Souille par ſon ſouffle atroce
Le territoire de brigands!

Quelle eſt cette lenteur barbare?
Hâte-toi, Peuple ſouveraine,
De rendre à monſtre de Ténare
Tous ces buveurs du ſang humain!
Guerre à tous les agens de crime!
Pourſuivons-les juſqu'au trépas;
Partage l'honneur que m'anime,
Ils ne nous échapperont pas.

Ah! qu'ils périſſent, ces infames,
Et les égorgeurs dévorants,
Qui portent à fond de leurs ames
Le crime et l'amour des tyrans?
Mânes plaintifs de l'innocence,
Appaiſez-vous dans vos tombeaux,
Le jour tardif de la vengeance
Fait enfin pâlir vos bourreaux.

Voyez déja comme ils frémiſſent!
Ils n'oſent fuir, les ſcélérats!
Les traces du ſang qu'ils vomiſſent
Décélaroient bientot leurs pas.
Oui, nous jurons ſur vôtre tombe,
Par notre pays malheureux,
De ne faire qu'un hécatombe
De ces cannibals affreux!

Repréſentans d'une peuple juſte,
Ô vous, legiſlateurs humaines,
De qui la contenance anguſte
Fait trembler nos vils aſſaſſins,
Suivez le cours de vôtre gloire,
Vos noms, chers à l'humanité,
Volent au temple de mémoire,
Au ſein de l'immortalité!

Tranſlated.

The Alarm—to the People.

MEN of France! fraternal band!
Without horror can you ſee
Vice unfold throughout the land
The bloody flag of cruelty?
Can you ſee that murd'rous train,
Robbers and aſſaſſins vile!
With their crimes your altars ſtain,
With their breath your air defile?

Why this barb'rous mercy? Why,
Sov'reign people, this delay?
To the vengeful Deity
Give thoſe blood-hounds gorg'd with prey.

Now

Now your dreadful anger ſound;
Now the trembling miſcreants drive;
Spread the glorious rage around;
Let not one eſcape alive.

Now deſtruction o'er them rolls;
Now the blood-ſtain'd wretches die;
Breeding in their murky ſouls
Guilt and ruthleſs tyranny.
Slaughter'd innocents! no more
Unappeas'd ye flit around;
Vengeance ſlow, but ever ſure,
Strews your murd'rers on the ground.

Hear the abject wretches groan:
Cowards! how they fear to fly!
Lo! by reeking gore alone
We their footſteps may deſcry;
By the tombs of ſlaughter'd friends,
By our wretched country's woes,
The hour which ev'ry murd'rer ends
Only ſhall our efforts cloſe.

Repreſentatives of France,
Juſt, humane, and glorious men,
Set your awful countenance
Firm againſt this villain train;
Follow ſtill your courſe of fame;
Juſtly then to mankind dear,
Mem'ry ſhall each deathleſs name
Through immortal ages bear.

On the Death of Andrew Gibbons, Eſq. late of Eſſex Bridge.

NOW on life's utmoſt verge juſt at the goal
Of immortality, that gen'rous ſoul
(To whom the wretched never looked in vain,
Reliev'd before the lip expreſs'd the pain,)
Feels the laſt throb of mortal union ceaſe,
And pays that pang which gains eternal peace;
'Tis done—that fatal moment ſever'd all
The tender ties of this imperfect ball—
The huſband, father, brother, patron, friend,
At once are vaniſh'd—and for ever end—
All as a fleeting ſhadow paſs away,
But that poor veſtige of remaining clay—
Oh! what an awful moment follows now!
Recoiling grief has loſt the pow'r to flow:
All ſeem around to ſhare the final doom,
Pale as the dead and ſilent as the tomb—
'Till Nature can no longer bear the load,
But gives a vent to the oppreſſive flood—

The good man's worth we know not 'till he's gone——
'Tis in his loſs we feel what he has done—
But feel in vain—the dead no longer hears
The grateful, mingled with the kindred tears.
No more, that heart ſhall vibrate to relieve—
Theſe cold, ſtiff hands no more extend to give—
Theſe eyes, that once fill'd at another's woes
And ſparkled to relieve—for ever cloſe—
The parent, patron, uncle, friend in one,
All that this world could give, from me are gone—
Gone in a moment—yet could tears recall
That happy ſpirit to this wretched ball,
To wed again, that mould'ring piece of clay,
Pine thro' its dregs, and drag its laſt decay,
I would not weep—ſhould we regret the dead,
When angels hail the kindred ſpirit freed?
Deduct the cares, diſeaſes, croſſes, ſtrife,
The firſt, and ſecond infancy of life,
And what remains? we ſcarcely can perceive
A ſpace between the cradle and the grave—
Still dying on 'till death brings a reprieve,
And when we die, we juſt begin to live—
Should we then mourn the dead? 'tis vain to mourn;
Should we not rather hail an angel born?
An embryo celeſtial, juſt diſplay'd,
Safe in that glory which can never fade—

E. T. M——

To the Rev. Anneſley Strean, M. D. Curate of Kilkenny Weſt, in the Dioceſe of Meath.

AS God thought fit the body and the ſoul
Cloſe to unite, and thus to form one whole;
That whole to keep and long preſerve entire
The ſkill, by ſtudy deep, thou didſt acquire;
And in ſo doing prove the man thou art,
Of open, tender, ſympathizing heart,
Which, as in other things, directed right
Divinity and Phyſic to unite;
That lingering ſickneſs and diſtreſs of mind
A friend in thee thus equally might find.
Go on, dear *Strean*, go on as thou haſt done,
Complete a life that emulates the ſun,
Who ſheds his light on all without reſerve,
So 'tis thy pleaſure all around to ſerve;
For poor and rich alike thy aid do claim:
To help thy fellow man's thy chiefeſt aim.
Go on, diſcharge thy double duty, given
To heal the ſick and guide the ſoul to heaven.

L. J. A.

Written at Athy, on taking leave of the Rev. Mr. Aſhe's Scholars, and a friendly Neighbourhood, the 10th Nov. 1795.

ATHY!—How painful to expreſs——Farewell!
Where ſocial converſe, goodneſs, beauty dwell.
On *Barrow*'s beauteous banks while oft I rove,
The willow wooing the coy ſtream to love!
Burdett farewell!—If I can thee forget,
Or ceaſe to love;—let my pulſe ceaſe to beat!
With every winning grace 'tis hers to ſhine,
While ſhe can every ſenſual heart refine!
In gayful innocence thy youth are ſeen,
Whipping the top, or ſporting on the green;
Long may they keep that precious innocence,
Which can ſuch joy, ſuch happineſs diſpenſe,
May all ingenious boys ſuch tutor find,
Who knows ſo well to form the tender mind!

T' *acquaint*

T' *atquaint themselves with* GOD *and be at peace**,
To learn true wisdom may they never cease!
Long may they live, and happy may they be,
In perfect *joy, in full felicity!*

Female Portraits †.

PRINCESS ROYAL.

NO, in goode soothe!—I am not one of those
To breathe out sighes for that vain creature Man
To lorde it o'er me in an unknowne clime!
Too soone the softe delusion of his tongue
A changeful husband turns to wanton dames!
Let others then in patient silence sit,
And see each ladie of their courte caress't,
Or lowlie handmaide of their house preferr'd;
But I'll ne'er pine, or fade in splendid sorrow,
Compell'd to weare the semblance of delighte,
While my swoln harte is rending with its grief!
In peace domestique rather let me dwell
Within the bosome of my native isle,
Nor barter blessings of a Britrish growthe,
For foreigne miserie in state array'd!

PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

HEAVEN bless her merrie harte! and keepe all sorrowe from it!—She is the sweet-tuned fiddle of her father's courte, where no true pastime can be known without her!—Each bower, and hall, she decks with such true grace, that you might sweare where'er she moves, perpetual spring attends her!—Oh! blithsome *Princess!* long may the mirthe of innocence be thine, and thou the faire dispenser of its power, to turn aside those barbed shaftes, which fate full oft dothe forge, wherewith to wounde the bosome of a *Kinge!*

PRINCESS MARY.

AMID the princelie blossomes which adorne
Old *Windsor*'s happie shades, can nature shewe
A fairer flower to bless each ravish'd sense?
More bloominge as she teems in beautie's scale,
Her minde with all the social graces stor'd,
Growes riper yet in sweete benevolence.—
Heroic youthes, for chivalrie renown'd,
When foreigne warfares shall no longer rage,
Turne to this isle your royale course in peace;
Here viewing well the lovelie treasure, saie,
Is't fitting this faire forme should fade unseen,
Like the pale lillie in sequester'd vale?

PRINCESS OF WALES.

——— SHE came
A lovelie stranger to a foreigne clime,
To seale her virgin vowe, and proudlie winne
A people's homage!———————
Rough was her passage o'er! for three long moones
The fretful elements conspired in wrathe
To wrest her from her LORDE!—but now arriv'd,
Of this sweete, tender plante, O thou possest,
Keepe from its roote the briar's thornie snare,
And baneful creepinge ivie of a *courte:*
So may this fair exoticke blesse our soile,
And bloome therein at peace!

DUCHESS OF YORK.

—— THAT's her, the mirrore of her sexe,
Reflecting graces that adorne her state!
Viewe ye that eye uplifte, of purest blue?
Not for her patiente selfe she askes a boone,
But sighes for blessinges wyde on all around her!

DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

SAIE, how can earthe's grosse meteors long abide,
When heaven's owne planets topple from their height?
Yon lovelie orbe which now is on the wane,
And but by shepherdes seene at twilight grey,
Was once the morning starre that did arise
Most radiantlie be-gemmed!—A gazing worlde
Confest its genial influence around!
Wise men did journie from the East to view't,
And bend in humble adoration of its power!
But now 'tis falling from its circled heighte,
To leave a darkened void 'mid beautie's sphere!

DUCHESS OF HAMILTON.

SOFT, unsuspicious sisterhood of mine,
Ere you the hand of innocence bestowe
On wooinge man—marke welle, I praie,
The temper of his minde!—Oh! wed ye not
To brutal sullenness, in lordlie shape,
Or lowe vulgaritie disguised in state.
Unheedinge this, incautiouslie I fell
From all the virgin pleasures of my youthe,
To miseries almost confined to me,
The titled shadowe of a *widowed* WIFE!

COUNTESS OF CHATHAM.

AYE! there's a creature feminine, of whome
The worlde may proudlie boast.—With store of charmes
And blandishments that so bedeck the sexe,
She, from the yieldinge of her gentle harte,
Hathe walk'd fair honour's hand-maid;—earlie shunn'd
The flauntinge scenes of *courte* parade, to acte
The humbler duties of domestique life.
Simplie attired, as innocent in minde,
With all the sweete benevolences graced,
Her polish, 'came by habit so engrained,
That Slander's biteing file could never touch it!

COUNTESS WALDGRAVE.

——— FAR from the worlde retired,
In plaintive widowhoode she passed her daies!
The deeplie-graven image of her LORDE,
Was treasured at her harte, and there faste bound
By the dear pledges of a well-tried love!
Each fleetinge houre she called her little traine,
Looked for some featured copie of their sire,
In fonde expectancie that she might trace
A buddinge likenesse in each youthful minde,
Sweet proxie of the noble worthe she lost!

NOTE.

* This is part of the motto of the Association for discountenancing Vice, of which the Rev. Nicholas Ashe is a member.

† From an ingenious work entitled, "Passages selected by distinguished Personages, on the great Literary Trial of Vortigern and Rowena, a Comi-Tragedy—*Whether it be, or be not, from the immortal Pen of Shakspeare?*"

FOREIGN

BRITISH INTELLIGENCE.

LONDON, *Sept.* 30, 1795.

ATTACK UPON THE KING.

PREVIOUS to his majeſty going to the houſe of lords, the Mall and the Parade of St. James's Park, and Parliament-ſtreet, were completely choaked up with ſpectators. The crowd was by no means ſo great at the coronation; and to ſee the king go to the houſe, there never was before more than a tenth part of the numbers of yeſterday, for they at leaſt amounted to 200,000. Several noblemen and cabinet miniſters paſſed through the park from Buckingham houſe about two o'clock. The earl of Chatham, duke of Glouceſter, &c. were hiſſed, and the duke of Portland was very much hooted.

About twenty minutes afterwards, the king left Buckingham houſe, and was violently hiſſed and hooted, and groaned at the whole way; but no violence was offered till he arrived oppoſite the ordnance office, when a ſmall pebble or marble, or bullet, broke one of the windows. (This will be particularly referred to hereafter.) In returning, the moment his majeſty entered the park the gates of the horſe-guards were ſhut, for the purpoſe of excluding the mob who followed the carriage; at which, as it paſſed oppoſite Spring Gardens Terrace, another ſtone was thrown, but it fortunately ſtruck the wood work between the windows.

The crowd now preſſed cloſely round his coach, and his majeſty, in conſiderable agitation, ſignified, by waving his hands to the horſe-guards on each ſide, his anxiety that the multitude ſhould be kept at a diſtance. In this way he paſſed on through the park and round by the ſtable yard, into St. James's Palace at the front gate, the bottom of St. James's ſtreet. A conſiderable tumult took place when his majeſty was about to alight, and one of the horſes in the ſtate coach took fright, threw down an old groom of the name of Dorrington, and bruiſed him to ſuch a violent degree, that we underſtand he is ſince dead.

A few minutes after his majeſty had entered the palace the mob attacked the ſtate coach with ſtones, and did it great injury. In its way along Pall Mall to the Mews, many things were alſo thrown at it. After a ſhort time the king went in his private coach from St. James's to Buckingham houſe; but on his way through the park, we are informed, the mob ſurrounded the carriage, and prevented it from proceeding, crying out bread! bread! peace! peace!—The guards were however ſpeedily brought up, and they protected the carriage 'till his majeſty got ſafe into Buckingham houſe.

When his majeſty entered the houſe of peers, the firſt words he uttered were theſe, to the lord chancellor,

"My lord, I have been ſhot at."

This alluded to the ſubſtance which had broke the windows while paſſing the ordnance office.

Three or four perſons were apprehended on ſuſpicion of having thrown ſtones, &c. at the king, and one of them was charged with having called out "no king," and other ſuch expreſſions. They were all examined at the duke of Portland's office; and waiting the reſult of this buſineſs, nothing was done in the houſe of lords till ſix o'clock, when lord Weſtmoreland, who rode in the carriage with the king, having previouſly moved that ſtrangers be ordered to withdraw, ſtated the inſult and outrage with which the king had been treated; and added, that his majeſty, and thoſe who had accompanied him, were of opinion, that the glaſs of his coach had been ſhot from the bow window of a houſe adjoining the ordnance office, with a view to aſſaſſinate him.

This ſtatement was corroborated and ſupported by lord Onſlow, who as one of the lords of the bedchamber had alſo accompanied his majeſty; and the houſe was reſolved into a ſecret committee to inveſtigate the ſubject. Earl Weſtmoreland, lord Onſlow, Mr. Warnton, of Pall Mall, a conſtable, Mr. Stockdale, bookſeller, of Piccadilly, and ſeveral of the Bow ſtreet officers, were then examined, and their evidence proved the general tumult, and the attacks that had been made on the king's carriage; after which, about ten o'clock, the lords agreed to addreſs the king, lamenting the treatment he had met with; congratulating him on his ſafety; and beſeeching that the whole influence of the government might be exerted to bring the offenders to immediate juſtice. It was moved and agreed, that a conference with the commons ſhould be deſired, in order that they might alſo concur in the addreſs. But this concurrence was not finally obtained, and for the proceedings on the ſubject, we refer to the debates of the commons. The conſideration of the king's ſpeech was referred till next day.

Laſt night four perſons were brought before Nicholas Bond, Eſq. charged on oath with throwing ſtones at the king's carriage, as it was going to and returning from the parliament houſe.

The firſt perſon examined was Kidd Wake, who ſtood charged with throwing a ſtone at the king's ſtate carriage in Palace-yard, previous to its ſetting his majeſty down at the houſe of lords. It was proved that the ſtone thrown had broke the glaſs, and that the priſoner had been obſerved very active in the mob all the way from St. James's. The gentleman who took him into cuſtody not being preſent, he was committed for further examination.

—— Gregory, a lad, was charged with throwing a ſtone at his majeſty's carriage juſt as it was turning into the gate of the palace, with his majeſty in it, on his return from the houſe of lords.

This charge was poſitively denied on the part of the priſoner, who appeared to be a very reſpectable

pectable young lad; and another perſon, alſo in cuſtody, and before the Magiſtrate, was charged on oath with being the guilty perſon. The reſult of the examination was Gregory's being diſcharged, and the other perſon committed for further examination.

Dingham, a baker, was charged on the oath of Jones, one of the patrole, with breaking the glaſs of his Majeſty's carriage, as it was returning to the ſtable empty; part of the glaſs was found in the priſoner's pocket, which Jones had obſerved him pick up immediately after throwing the ſecond time at the carriage.—The priſoner acknowledged the charge.—He was committed for further examination.

10.] Laſt Friday evening as J. P. Norton, eſq. collector of cuſtoms at Shoreham, was returning home from Southwick, where he had been on a viſit to his brother-in-law, Mr. Nat. Hall, he was ſtopped in a field by two men near that place, who, after rifling his pockets of every thing they contained, beat him and otherwiſe ill-treated him, till they ſuppoſed him dead, when they threw him into a ditch, and left him. About twelve the ſame night Mr. Norton was diſcovered, lying with his face to the ground, by two perſons who had attended a Court Leet at Egypt, and were returning to Shoreham; they went up to the unfortunate man, and jogged him, but being unable to make him ſenſible of his ſituation, it was imputed to drunkenneſs, which they ſaid he would ſleep off, and paſſed on, without knowing him. About five the next morning he was again diſcovered by two ſailors, who, on turning him over had a perfect knowledge of his perſon: they found ſome ſigns of life remaining, and immediately carried him to Mr. Hall's, where every means were uſed for his recovery, but in vain, for he expired in a few hours after, without uttering a ſyllable, or ſhewing the ſmalleſt ſymptoms of ſenſibility.

At camp the next morning, a ſilk handkerchief, marked with the initials of Mr. Norton's name, and a knife that he had lately purchaſed of a cutler at Brighton, were expoſed to ſale by a private in the Weſtminſter militia. This circumſtance created a ſuſpicion, that was ſtrengthened by ſome hints thrown out by a drummer of the ſame regiment, who was himſelf, in conſequence, taken into cuſtody.

The private was alſo, on Saturday, apprehended at Arundel, whither he was purſued, having marched from camp, with the firſt diviſion of his regiment, the day before. Some keys belonging to the cuſtom-houſe were found upon him.

The drummer, ſoon after being taken into cuſtody, confeſſed the fact, and ſaid, though they had reſolved on the death of Mr. Norton, to prevent talk, he did not aſſiſt in the murder, that having been committed by his accomplice, who after beating the deceaſed about the head and other parts of the body, ſeized him by the throat, and, as he thought, ſtrangled him, after which they dragged and threw him into a ditch, where he was found.

On Saturday the coroner's inqueſt ſat on the body, which exhibited many marks of violence, particularly about the head and throat, but no wound; and on opening the ſkull there appeared on the brain a large portion of coagulated blood, from which, and other ſtrong evidence that was before them, the jury delivered in their verdict, Wilful Murder againſt the two priſoners, who were in conſequence committed to Horſham jail, to take their trial for the offence.

The perpetrators of this atrocious deed are under 20 years of age.

Extract of a letter from Falmouth (Jamaica), September 16.

"On Saturday morning his excellency lord Balcarras arrived at this place from Montego Bay, on his way to Spaniſh town. In the evening, an expreſs arrived from the quarters in the Moroon Town, with the melancholy account of the death of colonel Fitch. It appears he advanced before a party of the 83d, which was going to relieve an out-poſt, when in paſſing a defile near the Old Town, he received a ſhot through his body, and whilſt he was aſſiſted to raiſe himſelf up, a ſecond hit him on the forehead, which inſtantly terminated his exiſtence. Capt. Lees received three ſhots, which are not mortal, and Major Brent loſt two fingers. Eight privates of the 83d regiment, and five Maroons of Accompong Town, fell in this affair.

"The Kingſton papers ſpeak very highly of the character of the late colonel Fitch."

Intelligence Extracted from the London Gazette.

November 12, 1795.

DISPATCHES, of which the following are copies, have been received from lieutenant colonel Craufurd, by the right honourable lord Grenville, his majeſty's principal ſecretary of ſtate for the foreign department:

Head-quarters, Weilmunſter, Oct. 18.

My Lord,

I have the honour to inform your lordſhip, that ſince the 13th inſtant, the advanced guards of the Auſtrian army under generals Boros, Kray, and Haddick, have been in conſtant purſuit of the enemy on all the roads leading acroſs the Lahn, between Weilburgh and Naſſau. General Warneck with the reſerve, marched towards Limbourg, as a central point, from which he could ſupport the advanced guards to his right or left, according to circumſtances, whilſt the main army advanced to the camp at Weilmunſter, between Uſingen and Weilbourg, ready to croſs the Lahn, at the latter place, and attack the enemy's left if they ſhould attempt to maintain a poſition on that river.

The Marſhal has taken every ſtep that he judged beſt calculated to diſtreſs their army; but their retreat has been ſo precipitate, and the country through which they marched ſo extremely interſected with woods and deep vallies, that he has only been able to bring on ſome affairs with the beſt troops of the rear guards of their

their different columns. In theſe the Auſtrians have taken ſeveral pieces of cannon, a great many ammunition waggons, and between one and two thouſand priſoners, beſides having killed and wounded conſiderable numbers.

It is expected that the enemy will raiſe the ſiege of Ehrenbreitſtein to-day, and they ſeem determined to paſs the Rhine, with the principal part of their army, at Neuwied (where they have bridges) as expeditiouſly as poſſible; their left column is directing its march towards Cologne.

The Auſtrian advanced guards, ſupported by the reſerve, are ſtill in purſuit.

The enemy have deſtroyed a great quantity of powder and other ſtores which they had not time to ſend away.—I have the honour to be, &c.

C. CRAUFURD.

Head Quarters, Weilmunſter, Oct. 19.

My Lord,

I have the honour to inform your lordſhip that the ſiege of Ehrenbreitſtein is raiſed, and the enemy are croſſing the Rhine as expeditiouſly as poſſible at Neuwied.—I have the honour to be, &c.

C. CRAUFURD.

Head Quarters of Marſhal Clairfayt's army, Limbourg, Oct. 26, 1795.

My Lord,

I have the honour to inform your lordſhip that general Wurmſer has obtained a ſignal advantage over the French in the neighbourhood of Manheim, of which the following is a detail:

In the night of the 17th to the 18th inſtant, that part of the Auſtrian army which was ſtationed before Manheim, aſſembled in five columns, commanded by general Wurmſer in perſon, to attack the different poſts that the enemy occupied in front of that place. The diſpoſition was very maſterly, and the ſpirited manner in which it was executed anſwered fully to the wiſh and expectations of the general. After a ſevere action, all the works that the enemy had thrown up were carried; their tents and a great deal of baggage were taken, beſides ſome cannon, and ſeveral ammunition waggons.

Owing to an impenetrable fog, which continued the whole night and great part of the morning, the communication between the different columns was extremely difficult, the prompt execution of orders was impoſſible, and the generals could not conduct their attacks with any degree of certainty. This unfortunate circumſtance enabled the enemy to get off the moſt of their artillery, and prevented the Auſtrians from following them into the place, as general Wurmſer intended.

The Auſtrians had upon this occaſion about 30 officers and between 6 and 700 non-commiſſioned officers and privates killed and wounded; the French had one general officer, twenty-two officers, and between five and ſix hundred non-commiſſioned officers and privates taken priſoners; their killed and wounded are ſuppoſed to amount to about 2000. In conſequence of this victory, Manheim is cloſely inveſted, and the bombardment will begin immediately. I have the honour to be, &c.

C. CRAUFURD.

Head-Quarters, Limburg, Oct. 26.

My Lord,

I have the honour to inform your lordſhip, that general Jourdan's left column, which had directed its march towards Cologne, has paſſed the Rhine, as well as thoſe troops which retired upon Neuwied. From the reports of the different corps which are now collected, it appears that the Auſtrians have taken in all, during the enemy's retreat, about 4000 priſoners, 30 pieces of cannon, and 200 ammunition waggons: the enemy deſtroyed a great quantity of military ſtores which they had not time to carry away. It is impoſſible to aſcertain, with any preciſion, the number of their killed and wounded, but it muſt have been very conſiderable, more eſpecially as the peaſants roſe againſt them in many places. The whole country through which the French have marched, upon this occaſion, bears the moſt evident marks of their depredations: There is no village, and, I may almoſt ſay, no houſe, that has not ample reaſon to lament this invaſion; for however ſhort its duration has been, the effects will be felt for many years to come. The inhabitants have been plundered of their cattle, grain, and whatever could be found that was valuable. In many places what could not be carried off was deſtroyed: even women and children have been murdered; in ſhort, the manifeſt acts of atrocity which are proved in the cleareſt manner, are ſuch as could only be perpetrated by men loſt to every ſentiment of humanity.—The Pruſſian troops that were on the line of demarkation, and the guard, which they ſtationed at different places for the purpoſe of affording protection, were ill-treated and driven away by the French, with expreſſions of reſentment and contempt.

I have the honour to be, &c.

C. CRAUFURD.

Head-Quarters of Marſhal Clairfayt, Mayence, Oct. 30, 1795.

My Lord,

I have the honour to inform your lordſhip, that on the 28th inſtant the Auſtrian troops under general Wurmſer, ſtormed Galyenberg, an intrenched height, which formed an advanced poſt to the fortreſs of Manheim. The poſſeſſion of this important point facilitated extremely the approaches againſt the body of the place. To favour the aſſault of Galyenburg, a falſe attack was intended to be made upon the Necker Fort; however, the impetuoſity of the troops was ſuch, that they ſtormed it without having orders to do ſo; but as it could not be maintained, being immediately under the fire of the town, they abandoned it after ſpiking 13 pieces of cannon.

I have the honour to be, &c.

C. CRAUFURD.

Head-Quarters of Marshal Clairfayt, Mayence, Oct. 30.

My Lord,

I HAVE the honour to inform your lordship, that marshal Clairfayt attacked the enemy's intrenched camp before Mayence yesterday, and gained a complete victory. The following is a detail of this very brilliant and important operation:

Your lordship will recollect that in the month of November the French took a position upon the heights in the front of Mayence, with their right to Laubenheim, and their left to Budenheim, both which are on the Rhine; the former above and the latter below the fortress. This position completely invests the place on that side, and from the time they first occupied it, almost to the day of the attack, they were constantly employed in constructing and perfecting the most formidable intrenchments; these consisted of two lines; the first was composed of large detached works, closed on the rere, and covered and joined with each other by three distinct ranges of Trous de Loups; the second was a complete connected intrenchment, covered in the same manner. The ditches of both lines were of a depth and breadth far beyond what is usual in field works; every possible advantage had been taken of the ground, which is particularly favourable for the formation of a fortified camp, and the French generals have been known to say, frequently in private, that they considered this position as wholly impregnable.

Marshal Clairfayt, after having forced general Jourdan to repass the Rhine, returned with a part of his army to the camp of Wickert, about five English miles from Mayence, and in consequence of information received by him, that the enemy intended to reinforce the army before that place very considerably, he, without waiting for those troops that had advanced beyond the Lahn, determined to attack general Schaal, who occupied the intrenchments above described, with 52 battalions of infantry, and 5 regiments of cavalry.

The army that was destined for this attack consisting of 32 regular battalions, some light infantry, and 28 squadrons of cavalry, taken partly from the garrison of Mayence, was formed into four divisions; one, of ten battalions, under general New; one, of ten battalions and six squadrons, under general Staader; one, of five battalions and sixteen squadrons, under general Colloredo; and one of seven battalions of grenadiers, under general Werneck. Generals New and Staader were to direct their march, the former towards the heights above Laubenheim, the latter towards Heiligy Creutz, an old church in front of the enemy's right wing, forming their infantry into three lines, and attacking the right of the position in immediate connexion with each other, whilst the Waradine light infantry got round the village of Laubenheim, and about 1000 Sclavonians, who were embarked on the Rhine, landed under the protection of six gunboats behind the enemy's right, and kept up a heavy fire for the purpose of making a diversion. General Colloredo was to march towards Bretzenheim, a village in front of the enemy's centre, from whence he was to detach a part of his troops, particularly cavalry, to co-operate with general Staader, and with a part of the remainder he was to make demonstrations towards different points of the centre, whilst two of the battalions, and two squadrons, with a considerable portion of heavy artillery, made false attacks upon Mombach and Gonsenheim, two villages in front of the enemy's left. Some light troops were to land behind the left of the position for the same purpose as those who landed behind the right. General Werneck's division was to remain on the glacis of Mayence, as a reserve.

It must be observed, that marshal Clairfayt directed his real attack upon the most commanding, and by far the strongest part of the camp, because the immediate retreat of the enemy's whole army was the inevitable consequence of success on that point.

The attack commenced in this order at half past five in the morning; the disposition was executed with the utmost accuracy, and in a very short time the battle was decided in favour of the Austrians, who displayed exemplary discipline and bravery.—The general officers, finding they could not advance on horseback on account of the trous de loups, dismounted, and entered the intrenchments on foot, at the head of the troops. The enemy did not in the least expect to be attacked, and although they certainly had some time to prepare for their defence, from the difficulties that the Austrian troops had to surmount in approaching the works, yet it is to the circumstance of the surprize, as well as to the uncommon intrepidity with which the attack was executed, that must be attributed their having abandoned, without more resistance, one of the most formidable positions ever occupied.

One hundred and six pieces of cannon, two hundred ammunition waggons, and about two thousand prisoners, (among't these are two generals and sixty other officers) are already brought into Mayence, while great quantities of stores of various kinds, collected for the purposes of the siege, have likewise fallen into the hands of the Austrians.

The enemy's killed and wounded are supposed to amount to about 3000.

The Austrians had on this occasion between 60 and 70 officers, and about 1500 non-commissioned officers and privates, killed and wounded; among the former were lieutenant-general Schmertring and major general Wolckenheim.

General Naundorf crossed the Rhine in the afternoon, with part of his troops that had been stationed in the neighbourhood of Gerau, and took possession of Oppenheim.

The Marshal is now encamped in front of Mayence, and his light troops are passing in all directions. I have the honour to be, &c.

C. CRAUFURD.

Right Hon. Lord Grenville, &c.

[The trous de loups, mentioned as above, are round pits of considerable depth, each range composed of several rows of pits, placed irregularly, and quite close together.]

DOMESTIC

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

DUBLIN, *Nov.* 1, 1795.

WILLIAM ROBERTS was indicted for aſſaulting Jane Aſhe, Jane Merle, and Anne Maguire.

The indictment conſiſted of ſeven counts—three of which went to charge the aſſaults on the firſt named perſon, and two counts on each of the others.

The traverſer is a glover reſident in Back-lane—the proſecutors were three female children, apprenticed to him by the governors of the Hiberniſan School, for educating the children of ſoldiers, and the aſſaults charged conſiſted in wanton cruelties practiſed by the traverſer upon thoſe children.

The caſe was ſtated for the proſecution with much force and feeling, by counſellor Jameſon, and the children before mentioned were ſucceſſively called, ſworn, and gave their evidence with much clearneſs, ſimplicity, and conſiſtency. The eldeſt child was not 16, and the youngeſt about 13. It appeared from their teſtimony, the whole of which went to prove a ſyſtem of cruelties pretty much of the ſame kind—that thoſe children were apprenticed to the traverſer ſucceſſively in the years 1791, 2, 3

The firſt, Jane Aſhe, proved that he uſed to pinch her ears in ſo violent a manner that her blood ran down her neck and breaſt, and that this treatment was frequently repeated—that he frequently beat her with a rattan over the ſhoulders, neck, arms, and back, ſo as to make them black and blue—that one night in particular he made her ſtrip off her jacket, and the ſleeves of her ſhift, and whipped her with a ſcourge called a cat-of-nine-tails, made of whip-cord and twiſted with wire, and cut and welted her in a deſperate manner, and then told her the beating he had juſt given her was but a token to what ſhe ſhould get in the morning, which ſo terrified her apprehenſions, that ſhe leaped from a three pair of ſtairs cloſet window in the yard, to avoid a repetition of his cruelty—that ſhe had been confined to her bed for a week together, in conſequence of ill treatment, and that one Friday in particular, he had beaten her nine times ſucceſſively, in conſequence of which ſhe had been confined a week to her bed. In conſequence of this treatment ſhe was brought before the lord mayor, and diſcharged. It appeared on her croſs-examination that thoſe flagellations were uſually inflicted in a back room, the door of which her maſter bolted after he had kicked or dragged in his victim, and that no third perſon was preſent.

Ann Maguire, another of the apprentices, proved that ſhe was apprenticed to the traverſer in 1792, and that he had frequently beaten her with both horſewhip and rattan over the back and ſhoulders, ſo as to make her black and blue, and cut her ſo that the marks were to be ſeen yet, and that her maſter himſelf had given plaiſters to one of her fellow apprentices to apply to her wounds—that in the year 1794, he uſed to beat her with the cat of whip and wire---that his cuſtom was, on thoſe occaſions, to drag or kick her into a back cloſet, to bolt the door, to ſtrip her ſtark naked---to tie her hands with his garters to the bed-poſt, and then beat and cut her with the cat about the ſhoulders, body, and legs, with ſuch ſeverity as to make her blood run down.

Jane Merle, the third of the proſecutors, proved ſhe was apprenticed to the traverſer in 1793-- and that before ſhe was a fortnight in her apprenticeſhip, her maſter puſhed her againſt a table and gave her a black eye---that he uſed to beat her with the glove-ſticks, and with the rattan till her limbs were black and blue. That he once tied a log to her leg with a cord, which he made her wear day and night for twelve months, and being left without ſhoes or ſtockings, her leg ſwelled ſo much by the tightneſs of the cord, that it ſunk into her fleſh ſo deep, that her maſter could not find the knot by which it was faſtened, and was obliged to cut away the log from the cord. That at other times he lifted her from her ſeat by the hair of her head, dragged her into the back cloſet, ſtripped her naked, and whipped and cut her with the cat, and one day cut her about the hams, ſo as to make her blood run down her legs---that on another day he lifted her from her ſeat by the hair and threw her againſt the croſs-lock of a door ſo as to cut her eye---on another day he lifted her by her ears from her ſeat, ſo as to tear one of her ears nearly off---which ſhe exhibited to the court and jury.

This child too, as well as the others, had been diſcharged, on being brought before the lord mayor.

It appeared from the concurring teſtimony of theſe children---that the cauſes by which this cruelty was incurred was their not being able to complete the taſk ſet them by their maſter within the hour.

Each underwent a long croſs-examination, and were clear and conſiſtent in their teſtimony, exhibiting ſuch a degree of intelligence, modeſty, decorum, and reſpectful propriety of behaviour, as reflects high credit upon the inſtitution under which they were brought up. They complained of no improper treatment on the ground of food or raiment.

A perſon named Kennedy, friend of the traverſer, Ann Pardon, the traverſer's apprentice, James Pardon, the witneſs's father, and Catherine Harlowe, the traverſer's journeywoman, were adduced in evidence for the defence, but their teſtimony had no weight in exculpation of the traverſer.

Counſellors M'Nally, Lyſaght, and Green, for the traverſer, made the utmoſt of their inſtructions for their client.

Mr. Recorder cloſed the buſineſs with an able and feeling appeal to the jury.

Mr. Juſtice Finucane and Mr. Juſtice George, ſucceſſively ſummed up the evidence, and addreſſed the jury, who, without retiring, after a few

few minutes conſideration, returned the traverſer guilty on the whole ſeven counts.

3.] William Roberts, the glover, convicted for ſeveral aſſaults and acts of peculiar cruelty, upon three female children his apprentices, being put to the bar, addreſſed the court in a ſhort well connected appeal, couched in very correct language.—He ſaid, that preſſed by that weight of popular odium thrown upon him by a conviction under charges of monſtrous cruelty, and tortured as his feelings were under a degree of ignominy which he was unconſcious of deſerving, his mind was in a very inapt ſtate to addreſs himſelf to the benevolent conſideration of the court with any proper degree of recollection. He was ſenſible of the fairneſs of the verdict of conviction, under the circumſtances which appeared to the jury, and he was far from arraigning the conduct of the governors of the Hibernian School, who, he was convinced, had acted from the moſt humane and laudable motives—but his own character, conduct, and means of future livelihood, in this affair had been ſacrificed to the malice of a woman, from which cauſe alone originated the whole of the proſecution.

He intreated leave to appeal to the recollection as well as to the underſtanding of the court, on ſome circumſtances of the evidence againſt him. The principal part of the charges adduced were ſtated to have been incurred in 1791 and 1792. He had, however, a document in his hand, dated in 1793, ſigned by the ſecretary of the governors of the ſame ſchool, to certify their approbation of his conduct to the two firſt apprentices, marked by the conſignment of a third of thoſe children to his care. If then it were poſſible he could be ſuch a monſter of unmanly cruelty, as to have treated his two firſt apprentices in the manner he was accuſed, was it a probable thing that ſome hint of the matter ſhould not have found its way to the governors, and have prevented them from conſigning another of the children to his care?

Another circumſtance charged in his proſecution was, that one of thoſe children, terrified by his cruelty, had precipitated herſelf from a three pair of ſtairs window! Was it conſiſtent with reaſon or probability, that a child of ſuch years, or any human being, could be precipitated from a three pair of ſtairs window in a flagged area, and immediately walk from Back-lane to Chapel-lzod, as had appeared from the child's own teſtimony; and he had a witneſs now in court, ſtanding near him, who went with him on that very day to Chapel-lzod, and found this child, who was ſaid to have leaped from the window, ſitting on the ſteps of a hall-door there, mending ſtockings for a ſoldier's wife; and that this very child at the time declared to the witneſs, that ſhe had no ill treatment to complain of from her maſter.

His humble repreſentation was, that notwithſtanding he now conſidered himſelf as ruined for ever in his character and his trade (though he maintained himſelf and his family for twenty-five years with an unblemiſhed character for honeſty and induſtry, during which time he had reared a number of apprentices, who are now uſeful and reputable members of ſociety) he had ſtill a family to ſupport, who muſt rely on his induſtry, and who muſt be plunged into miſery and ruin, if the ſentence of the court ſhould go to cut him from their aid, or deprive them of the little remnant of his means for their ſubſiſtence.

Mr. Juſtice Finucane anſwered, that the priſoner had been fully convicted of a moſt atrocious and wanton ſeries of barbarity againſt three innocent children, by a moſt reſpectable jury, after a trial of many hours, upon the cleareſt, and moſt concurrent teſtimony, and on which trial the priſoner had every opportunity of bringing forward all the witneſſes he could to vindicate his own conduct, or diſprove the charge againſt him. Thoſe charges, however, remained uncontradicted by evidence. The jury were unanimous, prompt, and decided in their verdict. There appeared not the ſlighteſt tittle of evidence to warrant a contrary deciſion, and under theſe circumſtances he could not ſuffer his mind to ſuppoſe the traverſer innocent. He had conferred with Baron George, who was not now preſent, as to the nature of the charge, and the puniſhment to be aſſigned; this he felt no reaſon to alter, and therefore ſentenced the traverſer to twelve months impriſonment, 70l. fine, and ſurety for the peace.

Nov. 8.] Mr. Caſtles moved in the court of king's bench that a writ of habeas corpus might iſſue, directed to the right hon. Robert Cuninghame, commander in chief of his majeſty's forces in this kingdom, and to John Huddleſton, keeper of the marſhalſea of the provoſt, to bring up the bodies of twenty four men then confined in his cuſtody, and who were tranſmitted from the jail of Armagh, on a charge of being deſerters from his majeſty's forces.

An affidavit being read on which the motion was grounded, the court was pleaſed to order that the writ ſhould iſſue. And on Tueſday they were brought into court, under a ſtrong military guard.

On the return of the writ, and the tranſmiſſion warrant being read, Mr. Caſtles moved that the perſons be now diſcharged, as the warrant of tranſmiſs was illegal; as it did not ſtate that any information was laid before his excellency the lord lieutenant that theſe men had been enliſted ſoldiers; and by the ſixth ſection of the mutiny act it ſtates, that to conſtitute a deſerter it muſt be proved that he had been an enliſted ſoldier; and they were tranſmitted from the jail of Armagh without any poſitive charge of their being deſerters.

He ſtated, that the committal from the magiſtrate who committed them to the jail of Armagh was held back; he contended that the proviſions preſcribed by the mutiny act were not complied with in the caſe of theſe unfortunate men; he ſaid that a whole village was depopulated, and that thoſe men were never enliſted and that it was a trick to deprive them of their liberty. In ſupport of his argument he cited two caſes in Burrough; and he relied upon it that the tranſmiſs warrant was not competent in point

law to hold them in cuſtody, as it did not ſpecify that they had been enliſted, nor into what regiment they had been enliſted; and under the whole circumſtance of the caſe he called upon the humanity of the court to exerciſe its juriſdiction, and to order that thoſe men be now diſcharged. After the keeper of the marſhalſea of the provoſt being examined, and the affidavit on which the writ of habeas was granted being read, and hearing the attorney general, the ſolicitor general, and Mr. Mahaffy, againſt the motion, the court obſerved, that it was a caſe of great conſequence, and ordered that it ſhould ſtand over to the next day.

On Mr. Caſtles's ſtating that thoſe unfortunate men were kept in cloſe cuſtody, and all acceſs of their friends to them kept back, the court obſerved, that every perſon named in the Habeas Corpus, was under the particular protection of the court, and their lordſhips humanely ordered, that every accommodation ſuitable to their ſituation ſhould be afforded them, and that their agent and friends ſhould have free acceſs to them.

On Wedneſday they were brought up, when the court, after hearing the Attorney General, Prime Serjeant, and Solicitor General, on the part of the Crown; and Mr. Caſtles and Mr. Samſon, on the part of the unfortunate men, ordered that they ſhould be remanded to the Sheriffs' Priſon, till further order; and that a Habeas Corpus ſhould forthwith iſſue, to John Cole, eſq. a magiſtrate of the co. of Armagh, and colonel of the 128th regiment of foot, and the jailer of the ſaid county, to bring up the bodies of the ſaid perſons to be further dealt with.

9.] Captain Wiggan, who had been apprehended at his houſe near Bray, in conſequence of a large quantity of hardware being ſeized in his houſe by the officers of juſtice, ſuppoſed to have been brought there by a young man, his near relation, named George King, who was apprehended at the ſame time on a charge of robbing Mr. Parker, hardware man, to whom he was apprentice, was on Thurſday releaſed from his impriſonment, and admitted to bail, but on his return to Bray, he wrote a letter to a medical gentleman, his particular friend, requeſting him to undertake the trouble of adjuſting his affairs, and then cut his throat in ſo deſperate a manner, as to remain without hopes of recovery.

Captain Wiggan held a place of confidence in the Royal Hoſpital, and always bore a fair character, and is ſuppoſed to have been prompted to this raſh and precipitate act by highly exquiſite and irritated feelings at the diſgrace of being implicated in ſuch a charge.

On Saturday night Mr. Shee proceeded to Bray and took into cuſtody the wife of Thomas Wiggan, on a charge of having received part of the goods ſtolen from Mr. Parker, of Kennedy's-lane. Mr. Shee being accompanied but by a ſingle attendant on this occaſion, ſome of the towns-people diſcovered a very ſtrong diſpoſition to reſcue the priſoner; two gentlemen, however, interfered, and helped to awe them from a purpoſe which might have proved fatal in its iſſue. She has ſince been committed to the New Priſon.

Extract of a Letter from Weymouth, Nov. 19.

"To give a true deſcription of the ſcenes of horror I have ſince yeſterday been witneſs to, would be impoſſible. The outward-bound Weſt India fleet ſailed from St. Helen's on Sunday night, and paſſed by Weymouth on Tueſday morning, with ſo light a breeze, that every ſail was hoiſted to it. In the afternoon, however, it began to blow very freſh; in the evening quite a gale of wind, and all night a moſt dreadful hurricane. The fleet could not make Torbay, though very near it, the wind blowing from the weſt, they therefore put about, in order to make for Weymouth. The convoy (a 74, with frigates, &c.) came ſafely to anchor in Portland Roads, but many of the tranſports could not ſtretch out far enough (the wind being ſouth-weſt) to get out of what is called the Weſtern Bay, ſo as to clear the Iſle of Portland, conſequently ſeveral of them were loſt by ſtriking on a bank of pebbles, extending from Portland nearly to Bridport. Here the dreadful ſcene began!—Conceive a tranſport with near two hundred troops on board, including officers, ſinking within fifty yards of the ſhore; the bodies floating on the waves; hundreds of people on the ſhore, but the means of affording aſſiſtance impracticable. Of two hundred, ten lives are ſaved, by the waves throwing the bodies upon the beach. But inſtead of the ſpectators (who are chiefly people from Portland, and who are always praying for wrecks on their coaſt) attempting to reſcue the drowning wretches from the water, their whole attention was devoted to plunder, and I was myſelf witneſs to a ſcene the moſt unpardonable that ever humanity ſhuddered at: An officer being driven on ſhore, a party of the Portland people ran towards him for the purpoſe of plunder; a cheſt, however, coming on ſhore at the inſtant, the body was left to be waſhed back by the next wave, while the inhuman wretches were ſolely intent on preſerving the cheſt, which they bore away in triumph. The officer, however, was ſaved by ſome of our people, and is now living.

"Three veſſels went to pieces in this way in the ſpace of an hour. Out of one only two lives were ſaved; out of another ten: and out of a third three; of thoſe ſaved one was a lady, whoſe huſband, an officer in the 26th light dragoons, was drowned. She had been ill, and was in bed when the ſhip ſtruck, but was miraculouſly carried through a port-hole, and thrown on ſhore naked and very much bruiſed. She was conveyed to a houſe ſenſeleſs, and has ſince been delirious, at times only waking to a recollection of the miſery of her ſituation. Of the ten who eſcaped from one of the ſhips, one, a ſoldier, had his leg broken and cruſhed by a piece of the wreck, in ſo ſhocking a manner, that he juſt crawled on the land, and then very ſoon died, from the loſs of blood. Some veſſels were loſt farther up the country, and out of theſe ſome, but not many lives were ſaved. Among theſe, a lieutenant colonel Roſs, and a ſurgeon, are the only officers I have heard of. During the whole time, the Portland people, and a conſiderable mob from different

ferent parts, were ſolely intent on plunder, neglecting, with more than ſavage indifference, to give the wretched ſufferers the ſmalleſt aſſiſtance. An officer's party from our regiment at length put a ſtop to their proceedings, and we remained on the ſands during the whole of laſt night to protect the property. One merchantman ran on ſhore without bulging, and though all but ten of her hands were drowned, the property of this veſſel was ſaved, and great part of it brought aſhore, and we poſted ſentinels over it during the night and our men were obliged to fire in order to diſperſe the marauders. I counted 275 dead bodies which the tide had thrown upon the ſands."

The Friends of Belfaſt, in ballaſt, is loſt off the iſland of Mull, the crew ſaved.

23.] Friday the remains of the 4th Dragoon Guards were landed at the Pigeon-houſe.

We are ſorry to learn, by a letter from Rich-hill, dated the 17th inſtant, that the unhappy diſputes between thoſe parties denominated Defenders and Orange Boys, or in fact, Catholics and Proteſtants, have not altogether ſubſided. The Orange Boys who have been completely victorious in ſome conteſts, have not, it ſeems, contented themſelves with the mere gratification ariſing from ſuperiority, but have plundered the habitations of their antagoniſts, and driven many, from circumjacent quarters, to hurry off with their flax, oats, &c. to Rich-hill, as a ſanctuary. Some of the offenders have been ſeized by the army in acts of outrage. In a few days a greater number of military were expected in the perturbed quarters, which it was hoped by the writer of the letter would reſtore tranquillity.

£30,000 PRIZE.

Dec. 1.] The Ticket No. 2710, drawn this day a prize of £30,000, was ſold by Walker and Diſrael at the LEINSTER OFFICE, No. 105, Grafton-ſtreet, to the Jaſon Club, conſiſting of ſixteen gentlemen.

BIRTH.

IN Glouceſter-ſtreet, the lady of James Creed, eſq. of a ſon.

MARRIAGES.

AT Mingham-houſe, Berkſhire, England, Oct. 9, the right hon. lord viſcount Dungarvon, eldeſt ſon to the earl of Cork and Orrery, to the hon. Miſs Iſabella Henrietta Poyntz, one of the maids of honour to her majeſty, and third daughter of William Poyntz, eſq. of ſaid place.—Stephen Trotter, of Duleek, co. Meath, eſq. to Miſs Suſanna Gorges, fourth daughter of Hamilton Gorges, eſq. one of the knights of the ſhire for the county of Meath.—James Foote, eſq. ſon of Lundy Foote of the city of Dublin, eſq. to Miſs D'Olier, daughter of Jeremiah D'Olier, of ſaid city, eſq.—Francis Savage, of Ardkeen eſq. one of the knights of the ſhire for the county of Down, to Miſs Crawford, daughter of the late James Crawford, eſq. and niece to John Crawford, of Crawfordſburn, eſq.—John Braughall, of the county Kildare, eſq. to Miſs Forreſter of Stafford-ſtreet.—George Chapman, of Scarteen, county Limerick, eſq. to Miſs Morriſon, daughter of Owen Morriſon, eſq.—Captain O'Mara, of major general count Conway's regiment of Royal Iriſh Brigade, to Miſs Frances Maſterſon.—John Ferguſon of Carrickmacroſs, eſq. to Miſs Pace, of Balbriggen.—Walter Macle, of Galway, eſq. to Miſs Blake, daughter of John Blake, eſq. and niece to the right hon. James Cuffe.—Addiſon Hone, of the Batchelor's-Walk, eſq. to Miſs Hartley, daughter of Travers Hartley, eſq.

DEATHS.

AT New York, aged 71, lieutenant general John Maunſell; he was 54 years a commiſſioned officer, and ſerved at the ſiege of Ports L'Orient, Louiſbourgh, Quebec, Montreal, Martinique, and the Havanna. He was at the battle of the plains of Abraham, under general Wolfe, and in the action under general Murray, at the ſame place, and was twice wounded on ſervice.—The rev. Mr. Emerſon, ſon to alderman Emerſon of Uſher's Iſland.—In Porto Bello, Roger Taylor, eſq. of the cuſtom-houſe.—At his ſeat in the county Leitrim, the right hon. Henry Theophilus Clements, only brother to the earl of Leitrim, and ſon in law of the right hon. John Beresford, receiver general and pay maſter general of all his majeſty's revenues, one of his majeſty's moſt honourable privy council, and a knight of the ſhire for the county of Leitrim.—At Donnybrook, county Tipperary, Mrs. Poe, lady of William Poe, eſq.—At Bath, the right rev. ſir John Hotham, bart. lord biſhop of Clogher; his lordſhip was conſecrated biſhop of Oſſory in 1779, and was tranſlated to the ſee of Clogher in 1782, on the death of Dr. Garnett, late biſhop thereof.—In Cork, the hon. Mrs. Meade, lady of the rev. Richard Meade, and ſiſter to the right hon. lord Kinſale.—At the Bay of Honduras, major Richard Hoare.—In Eccles-ſtreet, of an inflammation in her bowels, Mrs. Anne M'Alliſter, widow of the late Dr. M'Alliſter, and only ſiſter to the late amiable Mrs. Frances Griffith, wife of Amyas Griffith, eſq. formerly inſpector general of the province of Munſter.

PROMOTIONS.

THE right hon. John Monck Maſon, to be a commiſſioner of the treaſury board.—Charles Henry Coote, eſq. to be a commiſſioner of the revenue.—The hon. George Jocelyn, to be a commiſſioner of Impreſt accounts.—Nath. Hone, of Hanna Villa, near Dundrum, eſq. to be a juſtice of the peace for the county of Dublin.

10 SE 56

W. Sedgwick sculp.

The Duke of Bedford.